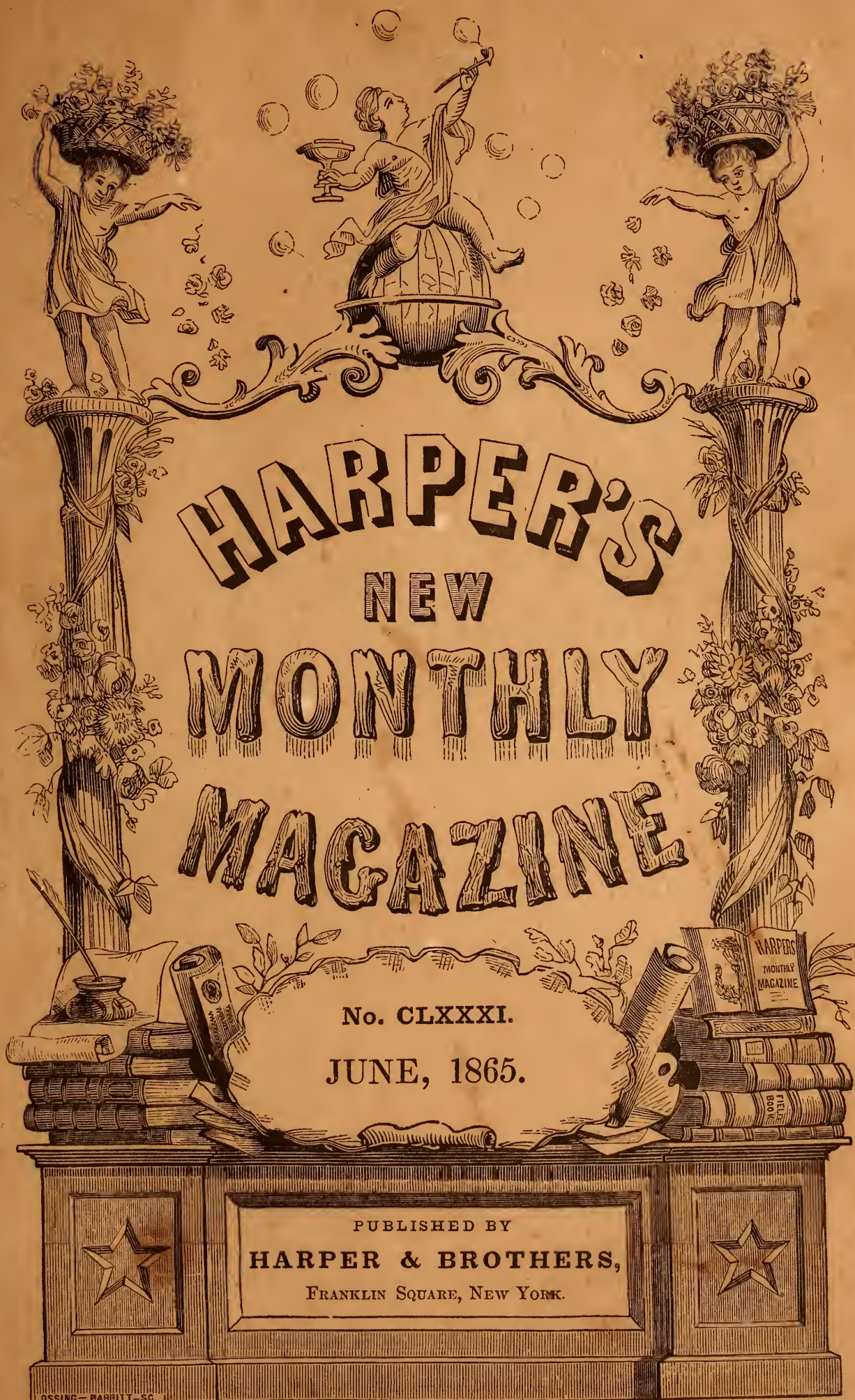


Lincoln pp. 123, 124, 126, 127.



**HARPER'S**  
**NEW**  
**MONTHLY**  
**MAGAZINE**

No. CLXXXI.

JUNE, 1865.

PUBLISHED BY  
**HARPER & BROTHERS,**  
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

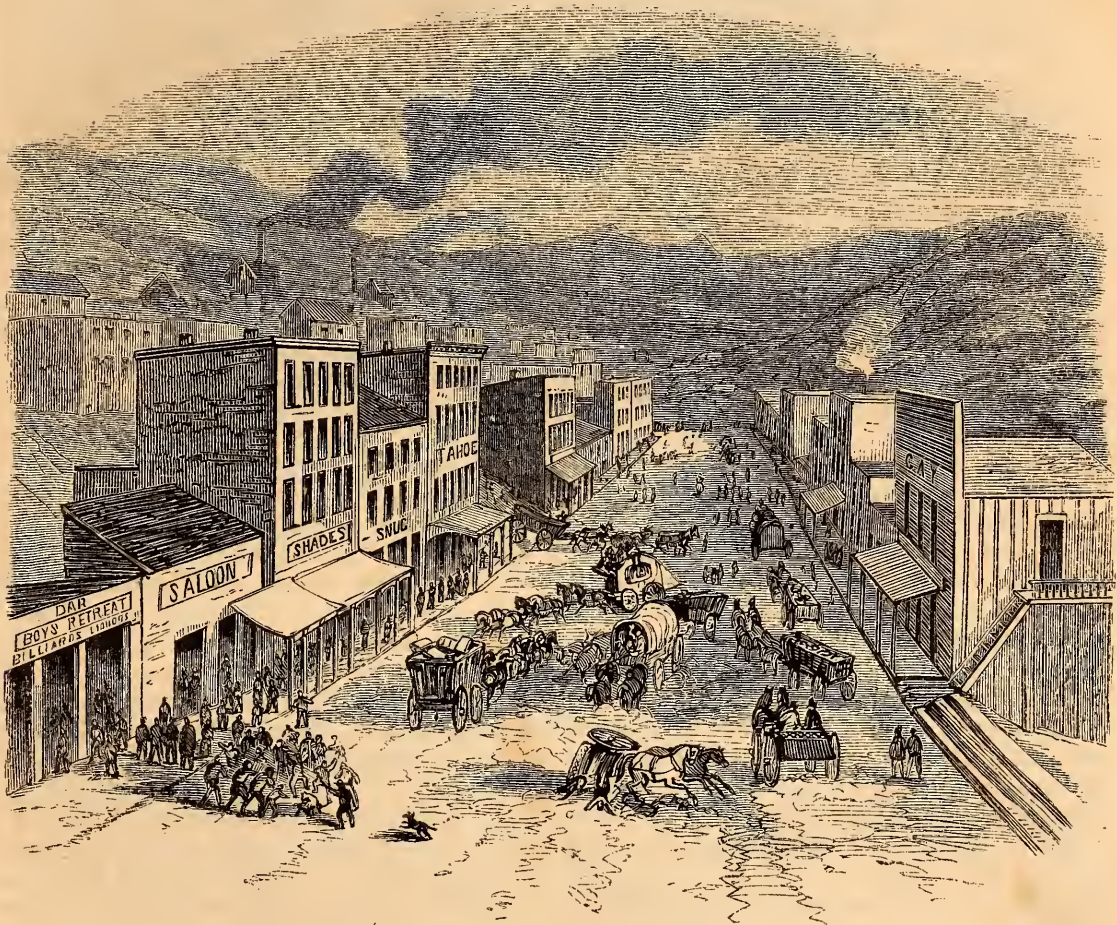
WASHOE REVISITED.—( <i>Second Paper.</i> ).....	1
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Scene in Virginia City.—Hauling Ore to the Mills.—A Blasted Scrape.—The Hurdy-Gurdy Girls.—Home for the Boys.—Auction Sales Every Day.—The Author's Reception in Virginia City.—Dividends.—Assessments.—Climate of Virginia City.—Office and Dwelling of the Gould and Curry Company.—Ladies of the Hotel.	
FROM TEHERAN TO SAMARCAND .....	13
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Reception by Turkoman Chief on the Caspian Shore.—Intruding upon the Haunts of the Wild Boar.—Wild Man in the Desert.—Receiving Payment for Human Heads.—The Ferry across the Oxus.—Sand-Storm in the Desert.—Entry of the Emir into Samarcand.—Market on Horseback, among the Ozbegs.—Tent in Central Asia.—Tartar Horse-Race, Pursuit of a Bride.	
THE SUN-DIAL.....	27
HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—VII. THE CHANGE OF BASE EFFECTED .....	28
ILLUSTRATIONS.—George A. McCall.—The Single Combat.—Samuel P. Heintzelman.—Philip Kearney.—Battle of Malvern Hill.—Gun-Boats at Malvern Hill.—Captain Reed and Son.	
DIRGE FOR THE FALLEN .....	40
DOBBS'S DINNER AT DELMONICO'S.....	41
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Departure of the Early Bird.—The Late Bird at Home.	
ANDREW KENT'S TEMPTATION.....	42
THE AMERICANS ON THEIR TRAVELS .....	57
CONTRAST.....	63
RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT.....	68
With a Portrait.	
ARMADALE. By WILKIE COLLINS.....	76
CHAPTER V. Mother Oldershaw on her Guard.	
CHAPTER VI. Midwinter in Disguise.	
CHAPTER VII. The Plot Thickens.	
ILLUSTRATION.—The Resident Gentry.	
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. ( <i>Concluded.</i> ).....	91
IN MEMORIAM W. S.....	98
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By CHARLES DICKENS.....	101
CHAPTER VIII. The End of a long Journey.	
CHAPTER IX. Somebody becomes the Subject of a Prediction.	
CHAPTER X. Scouts out.	
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bibliomania of the Golden Dustman.—The Evil Genius of the House of Boffin.—The Flight.—"Threepenn'orth Rum."	
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS .....	121
Abandonment of Richmond.—Davis's Danville Proclamation.—The Conflagration at Richmond.—Lee's Retreat.—The Pursuit.—Sheridan to Grant.—Battle of Deatonville.—Correspondence between Grant and Lee.—The Terms of Surrender.—The Paroles.—Lee's Army and its Losses.—Sherman in North Carolina.—His Interview with Grant and Lincoln.—His Operations in North Carolina.—Negotiations with Johnston.—The Assassination of President Lincoln.—Attempt to Murder Mr. Seward.—Arrest of the Perpetrator.—Pursuit of Booth.—His Death.—Rewards offered for Davis and others.—The Funeral of Lincoln.—Johnson as President.—Agreement between Sherman and Johnston.—Disavowed by Government.—The Surrender of Johnston.—Capture of Mobile.—Stoneman's Expedition.—Wilson's Raid.—Halleck's Amnesty Order.—Schofield's Order respecting Slaves.—The President's Orders respecting Trade, Cruisers, and the Government of Virginia.	
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.....	126
Mourning for the Murdered President.—The eventful Month of April.—Aspect of the Nation.—Triumph of the American Principle.—May-Day.—Services at the Plymouth Church.—Opening of the National Academy.—The new Edifice.—The Inaugural Exercises.—Bryant's Address.—Critics and Artists.—A few Opinions about a few Pictures.—Over-Songs.	
EDITOR'S DRAWER.....	130
Ballard and Curtis.—Sherman's Rear.—A Goose-Case.—Pat's Rye Face.—Dreadful Dry.—A Hoop Snake.—The Committee Rising.—A Disappointment.—A Trial by Speed.—Giving the Lie to the Court.—Hurting Eyes.—Scarpa's Triangle.—Winning Chickens.—Please Whip.—Take your Turn, Governor.—Knowing a Nose.—A Present for Bob.—Prentice as Beau.—Seeing the Remains.—A Notice.—Transversaria.—Military Orders.—Snitz's Troubles.—Judge Smith.—A sure Thing.—Adjourning the Funeral.—Trifling Evidence.—Beans and Votes.—An old Bear Story.—Burning up Cigars.—Writing to General Washington.—A General's Staff.—Hurt in a short Time.—An Autographic Telegraphic Dispatch.	

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CLXXXI.—JUNE, 1865.—VOL. XXXI.

WASHOE REVISITED.

[Second Paper.]



SCENE IN VIRGINIA CITY.

I WAS prepared to find great changes on the route from Carson to Virginia City. At Empire City—which was nothing but a sage-desert inhabited by Dutch Nick on the occasion of my early explorations—I was quite bewildered with the busy scenes of life and industry. Quartz-mills and saw-mills had completely usurped the valley along the head of the Carson River; and now the hammering of stamps, the hissing of steam, the whirling clouds of smoke from tall chimneys, and the confused clamor of voices from a busy multitude, reminded one of a manufacturing city. Here, indeed, was progress of a substantial kind.

Further beyond, at Silver City, there were

similar evidences of prosperity. From the descent into the cañon through the Devil's Gate, and up the grade to Gold Hill, it is almost a continuous line of quartz-mills, tunnels, dumps, sluices, water-wheels, frame shanties, and grog-shops.

Gold Hill itself has swelled into the proportions of a city. It is now practically a continuation of Virginia. Here the evidences of busy enterprise are peculiarly striking. The whole hill is riddled and honey-combed with shafts and tunnels. Engine-houses for hoisting are perched on points apparently inaccessible; quartz-mills of various capacities line the sides of the cañon; the main street is well flanked by brick stores,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 181.—A



HAULING ORE TO THE MILLS.

hotels, express-offices, saloons, restaurants, grogeries, and all those attractive places of resort which go to make up a flourishing mining town. Even a newspaper is printed here, which I know to be a spirited and popular institution, having been viciously assailed by the same. A runaway team of horses, charging full tilt down the street, greeted our arrival in a lively and characteristic manner, and came very near capsizing our stage. One man was run over some distance below, and partially crushed; but as somebody was killed nearly every day, such a meagre result afforded no general satisfaction.

Descending the slope of the ridge that divides Gold Hill from Virginia City a strange scene attracts the eye. He who gazes upon it for the first time is apt to doubt if it be real. Perhaps there is not another spot upon the face of the globe that presents a scene so weird and desolate in its natural aspect, yet so replete with busy life, so animate with human interest. It is as if a wondrous battle raged, in which the combatants were man and earth. Myriads of swarthy, bearded, dust-covered men are piercing into the grim old mountains, ripping them open, thrusting murderous holes through their naked bodies; piling up engines to cut out their vital arteries; stamping and crushing up with infernal machines their disemboweled fragments, and holding fiendish revels amidst the chaos of destruction; while the mighty earth, blasted, barren, and scarred by the tempests of ages, fiercely affronts the foe—smiting him with disease and death; scoffing at his puny assaults

with a grim scorn; ever grand in his desolation, ever dominant in the infinity of his endurance. "Come!" he seems to mutter, "dig, delve, pierce, and bore, with your picks, your shovels, and your infernal machines; wring out of my veins a few globules of the precious blood; hoard it, spend it, gamble for it, bring perdition to your souls with it—do what you will, puny insects! Sooner or later the death-blow smites you, and Earth swallows you! From earth you came—to earth you go again!"

The city lies on a rugged slope, and is singularly diversified in its uprisings and downfallings. It is difficult to determine, by any system of observation or measurement, upon what principle it was laid out. My impression is that it was never laid out at all, but followed the dips, spurs, and angles of the immortal Comstock. Some of the streets run straight enough; others seem to dodge about at acute angles in search of an open space, as miners explore the subterranean regions in search of a lead. The cross-streets must have been forgotten in the original plan—if ever there was a plan about this eccentric city. Sometimes they happen accidentally at the most unexpected points; and sometimes they don't happen at all where you are sure to require them. A man in a hurry to get from the upper slope of the town to any opposite point below must try it under-ground or over the roofs of the houses, or take the customary circuit of half a mile. Every body seems to have built wherever he could secure a lot. The two main streets, it must be admitted, are so far

regular as to follow pretty nearly the direction of the Comstock lead. On the lower slope, or plateau, the town, as viewed from any neighboring eminence, presents much the appearance of a vast number of shingle-roofs shaken down at random, like a jumbled pack of cards. All the streets are narrow, except where there are but few houses, and there they are wide enough at present. The business part of the town has been built up with astonishing rapidity. In the spring of 1860 there was nothing of it save a few frame shanties and canvas tents, and one or two rough stone cabins. It now presents some of the distinguishing features of a metropolitan city. Large and substantial brick houses, three or four stories high, with ornamental fronts, have filled up most of the gaps, and many more are still in progress of erection. The oddity of the plan, and variety of its architecture—combining most of the styles known to the ancients, and some but little known to the moderns—give this famous city a grotesque, if not picturesque, appearance, which is rather increased upon a close inspection.

Immense freight-wagons, with ponderous wheels and axles, heavily laboring under prodigious loads of ore for the mills, or groaning with piles of merchandise in boxes, bales, bags, and crates, block the narrow streets. Powerful teams of horses, mules, or oxen, numbering from eight to sixteen animals to each wagon, make frantic efforts to drag these land schooners over the ruts, and up the sudden rises, or through the sinks of this rut-smitten, ever-rising, ever-sinking city. A pitiable sight it is to see them!

Smoking hot, reeking with sweat, dripping with liquefied dust, they pull, jerk, groan, fall back, and dash forward, tumble down, kick, plunge, and bite; then buckle to it again, under the galling lash; and so live and so struggle these poor beasts, for their pittance of barley and hay, till they drop down dead. How they would welcome death if they had souls! Yet men have souls, and work hard too for their miserable pittance of food. How many of the countless millions of the earth yearn for death or welcome its coming? Even the teamsters that drive these struggling labor-worn brutes seem so fond of life that they scorn eternity. Brawny, bearded fellows they are; their faces so ingrained with the dust and grit of earth, and tanned to such an uncertain hue by the scorching suns and dry winds of the road, that for the matter of identity they might as well be Hindoos or Belooches. With what malignant zeal they crack their leather-thonged whips, and with what ferocious vigor they rend the air with their imprecations! O Plutus! such swearing—a sliding scale of oaths to which swearing in all other parts of the world is as the murmuring of a gentle brook to the volume and rush and thunder of a cataract. The fertility of resource displayed by these reckless men; their ready command of metaphor; their marvelous genius for strange, startling, and graphic combination of slang and profanity; their grotesque originality of inflexion and climax; their infatuated credulity in the understanding of dumb animals; would in the pursuit of any nobler art elevate them to a niche in the temple of fame. Surely if murder be deemed



A BLASTED SCRAPE.



THE HURDY-GURDY GIRLS.

one of the Fine Arts in Virginia City, swearing ought not to be held in such common repute.

Entering the main street you pass on the upper side huge piles of earth and ore, hoisted out of the shafts or run out of the tunnels, and cast over the "dumps." The hill-sides, for a distance of more than a mile, are perfectly honey-combed. Steam-engines are puffing off their steam; smoke-stacks are blackening the air with their thick volumes of smoke; quartz-batteries are battering; hammers are hammering; subterranean blasts are bursting up the earth; picks and crow-bars are picking and crashing into the precious rocks; shanties are springing up, and carpenters are sawing and ripping and nailing; store-keepers are rolling their merchandise in and out along the way-side; fruit vendors are peddling their fruits; wagoners are tumbling out and piling in their freights of dry goods and ore; saloons are glittering with their gaudy bars and fancy glasses, and many-colored liquors, and thirsty men are swilling the burning poison; auctioneers, surrounded by eager and gaping crowds of speculators, are shouting off the stocks of delinquent stock-holders; organ-grinders are grinding their organs and torturing consumptive monkeys; hurdy-gurdy girls are singing bacchanalian songs in bacchanalian dens; Jew clothiers are selling off prodigious assortments of worthless garments at ruinous prices; bill-stickers are sticking up bills of auctions, theatres, and new saloons; news-boys are crying the city papers with the latest telegraphic news; stages are dashing off with passengers for "Reese;" and stages are dashing in with passengers from

"Friseo;" and the inevitable Wells, Fargo, and Co. are distributing letters, packages, and papers to the hungry multitude, amidst tempting piles of silver bricks and wonderful complications of scales, letter-boxes, clerks, account-books, and twenty-dollar pieces. All is life, excitement, avarice, lust, devilry, and enterprise. A strange city truly, abounding in strange exhibitions and startling combinations of the human passions. Where upon earth is there such another place?

One of the most characteristic features of Virginia is the inordinate passion of the inhabitants for advertising. Not only are the columns of the newspapers filled with every possible species of advertisement, but the streets and hill-sides are pasted all over with flaming bills. Says the proprietor of a small shanty, in letters that send a thrill of astonishment through your brain:

"LOOK HERE! For fifty cents YOU CAN GET A GOOD SQUARE MEAL at the HOWLING WILDERNESS SALOON!"

A square meal is not, as may be supposed, a meal placed upon the table in the form of a solid eubic block, but a substantial repast of pork and beans, onions, cabbage, and other articles of sustenance that will serve to fill up the corners of a miner's stomach.

The Jew clothing-stores present the most marvelous fertility of invention in this style of advertising. Bills are posted all over the doorways, in the windows, on the pavements, and on the various articles of clothing hung up for sale. He who runs may read:

"NOW OR NEVER! Cheapest coats in the world!! PANTS GIVEN AWAY!!! WALK IN, GENTS."



HOME FOR THE BOYS.

And so on without limit. New clothes and clothes doubtful are offered for sale at these prolific establishments, which are always selling off at cost or suicidal prices, yet never seem to be reduced in stock. I verily believe I saw hanging at the door of one of these shops the identical pair of stockings stolen from me several years ago at Strawberry.

Drinking establishments being rather numerous, the competition in this line of business gives rise to a very persuasive and attractive style of advertising. The bills are usually printed in florid and elaborately gilt letters, and frequently abound in pictures of an imaginative character. "Cosy Home," "Miner's Retreat," "Social Hall," "Empire," "Indication," "Fancy-Free," "Snug," "Shades," etc., are a few of the seductive names given to these places of popular resort; and the announcements are generally followed by a list of "choice liquors" and the gorgeous attractions of the billiard department, together with a hint that Dick, Jack, Dan, or Jerry "is always on hand, and while grateful for past favors will spare no pains to merit a continuance of the same. By catering to the

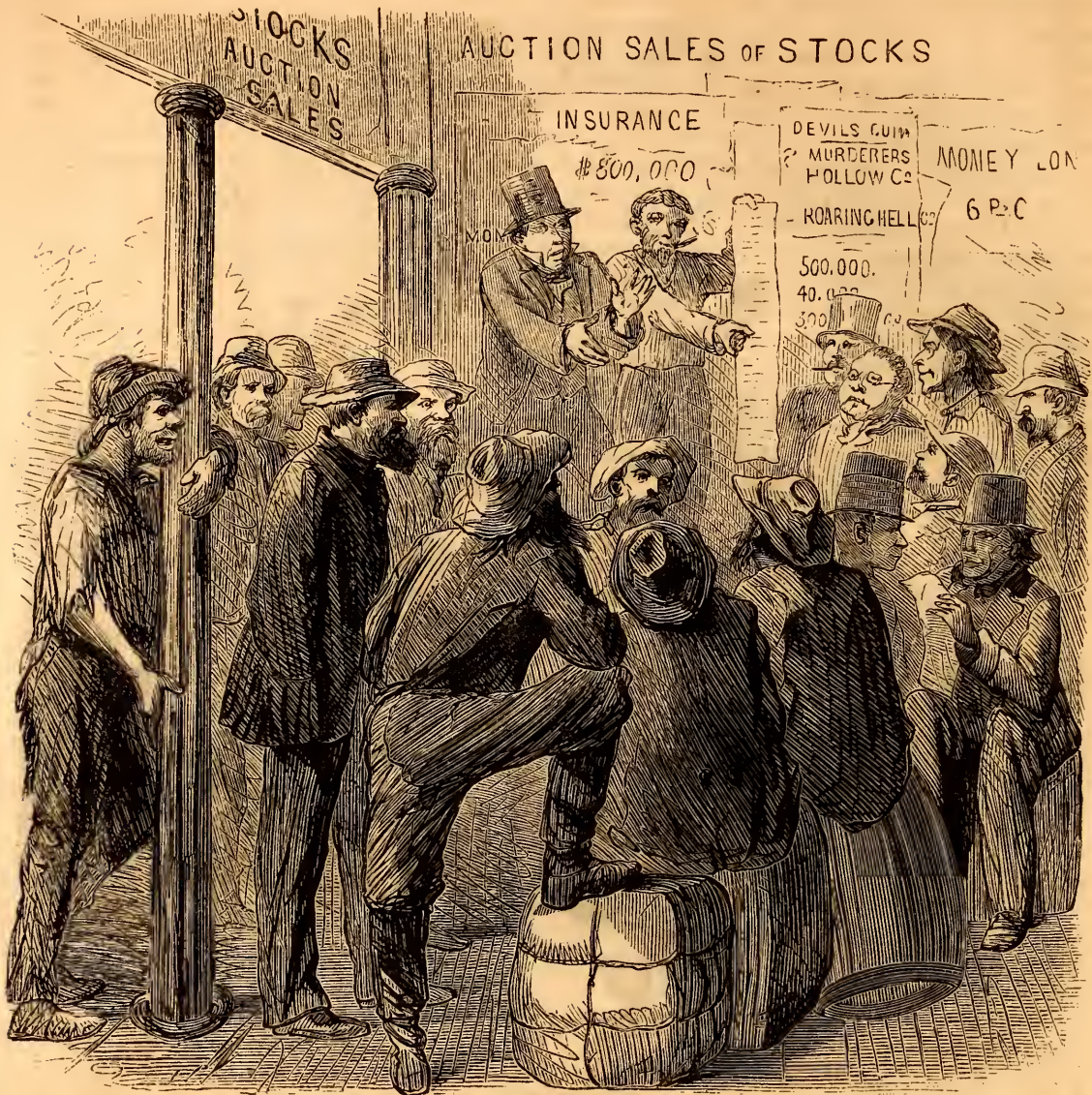
public taste he hopes to make his house in the future, as it has been in the past, a real HOME for the Boys!" Nice homes these, and a nice family of boys that will come out of them! Where will they live when they grow to be men? A good idea it was to build a stone penitentiary.

"Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!"

"AUCTION SALES EVERY DAY!"

This is another form of advertisement for a very prolific branch of trade. Day and night auctions are all the rage in Virginia as in San Francisco. Every thing that can't go any other way, and many things that can, go by auction. Stocks, horses, mules, boots, groceries, tinware, drugs and medicines, and rubbish of all kinds are put in flaming bills and auctioned off to the highest bidder for cash. "An'af! an'af! an'af! shall I have it?" is a part of the language popularly spoken on the principal streets.

A cigar store not much bigger than a dry-goods box must have its mammoth posters out over the town and hill-sides, displaying to the public eye the prodigious assortments of Regalias, Principes, Cheroots, etc., and choice brands



AUCTION SALES EVERY DAY.

of "Yellow-leaf," "Honey-dew," Solace," and "Eureka," to be had within the limits of their cigar and tobacco emporium. If Archimedes were to rush from the solace of a bath and run naked through the streets of Virginia, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!" it would merely be regarded as a dodge to dispose of an invoice of Fine-Cut.

Quack pills, sirups, tonics, and rectifiers stare you in the face from every mud-bank, rock, post, and corner, in red, black, blue, and white letters; in hieroglyphics, in cadaverous pictures of sick men, and astounding pictures of well men.

Every branch of trade, every conceivable species of amusement, is forced upon the public eye in this way. Bill-posting is one of the fine arts. Its professors are among the most notable characters in Virginia. They have a specific interest in certain corners, boards, boxes, and banks of earth and rock, which, with the brush and pot of paste, yield them a handsome revenue. To one who witnesses this bill-mania for the first time the effect is rather peculiar. He naturally imagines that the whole place is turned

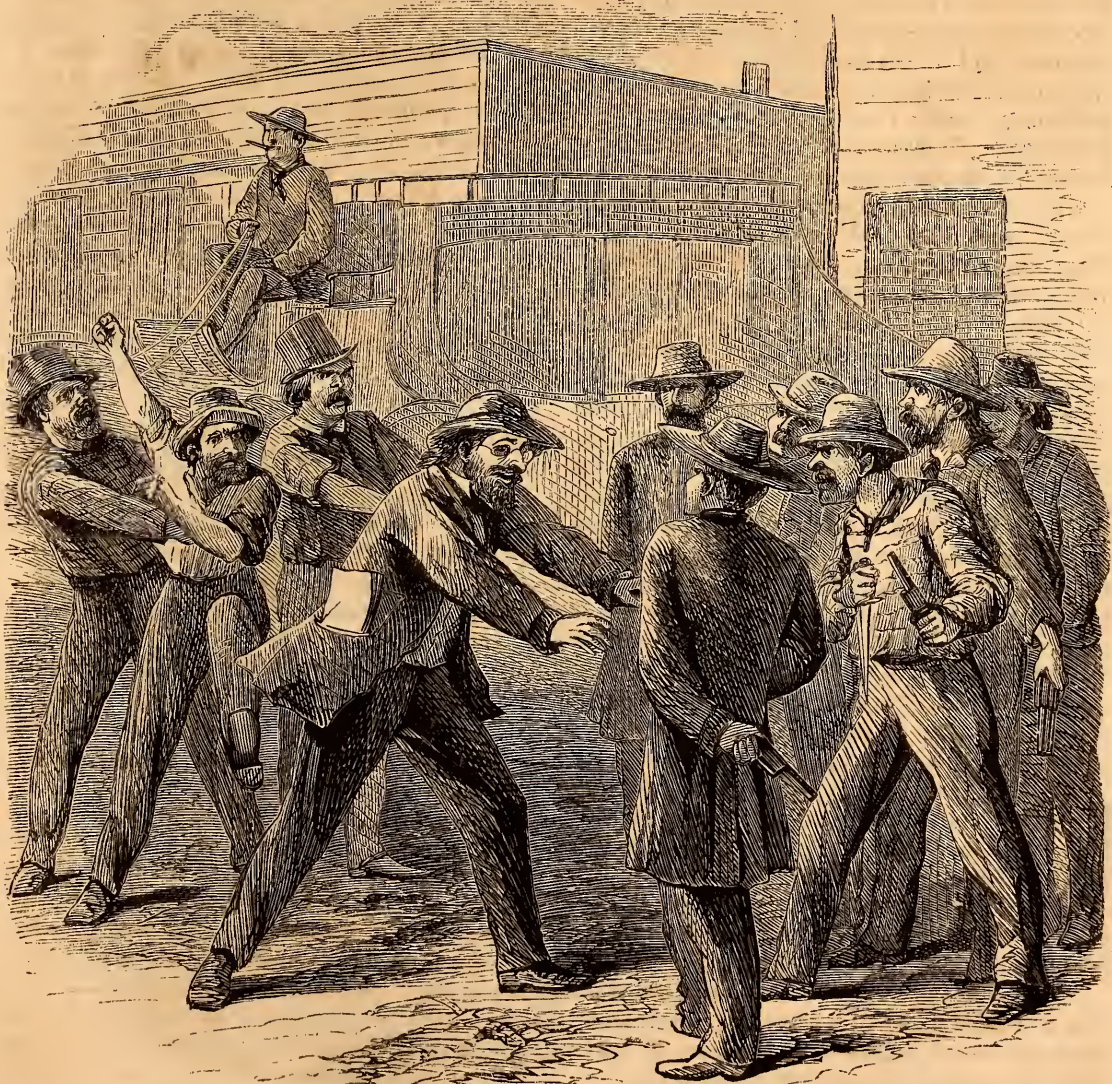
inside out. Every man's business fills his eye from every point of view, and he can not conceive the existence of a residence unless it be that where so much of the inside is out some portion of the outside may be in. With the exception of the silver mines this is, to a casual observer, an inverted city, and may well claim to be a city of anomalies.

I had occasion, during my stay, to avail myself of the services of a professional bill-sticker. For the sum of six dollars he agreed to make me notorious. The bills were printed in the approved form: "A Trip to Iceland," etc. Special stress was given to the word "ICELAND," and my name was printed in extravagantly conspicuous letters. In the course of a day or two I was shocked at the publicity the Professor of Bill-Posting had given me. From every rock, corner, dry-goods box, and awning post; from every screen in every drinking saloon, I was confronted and brow-beaten by my own name. I felt disposed to shrink into my boots. Had any body walked up to me and said, "Sir, you are a humbug!" it would have been an absolute relief. I would have grasped him by the hand, and an-

swered, "I know it, my dear fellow, and honor you for your frankness!" But there was one consolation: I was suffering in company. A lady, popularly known as "The Menken," had created an immense sensation in San Francisco, and was about to favor the citizens of Virginia with a classical equestrian exhibition entitled "Mazeppa." She was represented as tied in an almost nude state to the back of a wild horse, which was running away with her at a fearful rate of speed. My friend the Professor was an artist in the line of bill-sticking, and carefully studied effects. He evidently enjoyed Mazeppa. It was a flaming and a gorgeous bill. Its colors were of the most florid character; and he posted accordingly. First came Mazeppa on the mustang horse; then came the Trip to Iceland and myself. If I remember correctly we (that is to say "The Menken" and I) were followed by "Ayer's Tonic Pills," "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and "A good Square Meal at the Howling Wilderness Saloon." Well, I suppose it was all right, though it took me rather aback at the first view. If the lady had no reason to complain, it was not for me, an old traveler, to

find fault with the bill-sticker for placing me prominently before the public. Perhaps the juxtaposition was unfortunate in a pecuniary point of view; perhaps the citizens of Virginia feel no great interest in icy regions. Be that as it may, never again so long as I live will I undertake to run "Iceland" in the vicinity of a beautiful woman tied to the back of a wild horse.

But I anticipate my story. Scarcely had I descended from the stage when I was greeted by several old friends, who expressed themselves highly gratified at my arrival. Their remarks, indeed, were so complimentary that I hesitate to repeat them. Truth, however, must be regarded, even at the expense of modesty. "Your sketch of Washoe," said they, "was a capital burlesque. It was worthy of Phoenix or Artemus Ward! A great many people thought it was true! Of course we understood it, but you know one-half of mankind doesn't know a joke from a demonstration in Euclid!" Here was glory! Here was a reward for all my past sufferings! An unfortunate gentleman walks all the way over from Placerville to Washoe, with



THE AUTHOR'S RECEPTION IN VIRGINIA CITY.



DIVIDENDS.

his blankets on his back; endures the most extraordinary privations; catches the rheumatism, tic-douloureux, and dysentery; invests in the Dead Broke; fails to make an agency pay; drags his weary limbs back again, and writes out what he conceives to be a truthful account of his experiences, and is then complimented upon having made a capital hit, perpetrated a most admirable burlesque, worthy the distinguished humorists of the age! It was a sorry joke for me. I was terribly in earnest about it, at all events.

"You will admit," said these excellent friends, "that the richness of this country surpasses any thing ever known in the world before; that you were altogether mistaken about the silver leads?"

"No, gentlemen," was my answer, "I can't admit any such thing. I said the Comstock was wonderfully rich, so far as any body could judge from the specimens of ore taken out; but I thought there was considerable doubt as to where the most valuable running feet might run. That doubt is not yet removed from my mind. I advised people not to invest in the ten thousand outside leads that were then in existence. Where are your Flowery Diggings now? What is your Desert worth per running foot? How much will you give me for my Scandalous Wretch, or Bobtail Horse, or Root Hog or Die—all first-class leads in the neighborhood of the Devil's Gate? Show me a single lead that pays assessments, or pays any thing at all, or is likely ever to pay fifty cents per acre, outside of the main lead in Gold Hill and Virginia City; show me how many of your best mines pay dividends, and I will take back all I said."

At this there was a general look of blankness, as if the facts had not occurred to them before in that point of view.

"But you'll admit that a man can't see much of a mineral district in a few days. You ought to spend a week or two in each mine; then you would be prepared to say something about it."

Strange, isn't it, that people will never get over this idea! Wherever I travel I am told

that nothing can be seen short of a few weeks or a few months or a few years! If I undertake to look at a potatoe-patch or a cabbage-garden, it is urgently represented that I can "form no conception how potatoes and cabbages grow in this section" without a month's careful examination of the roots or fibres. I am occasionally so bothered in this way as to feel tempted to offer rather a rude reply, viz.: that one who makes it his business to observe things around him can, with an ordinary share of penetration and some common-sense, see as much in a day as many people who live on the spot see in a lifetime. It might be effrontery to tell these Virginians, upon so brief an inspection, that I knew more of their city and its resources than they did; but I would even venture something on that point.

"You did us great injury," said they, "by so casual a glance at our mines. For example, you cast contempt upon the whole Comstock lead by representing its dips, spurs, and angles in a sort of burlesque map resembling a bunch of straw."

Alas, poor human nature! These very parties, who complained of my map because it resembled a bunch of straw—illustrating the assertion that every body's dips, spurs, and angles were running into every body else's—were at that very moment, and doubtless are yet, at daggers' points of litigation with other parties who had run into their dips, spurs, and angles. I don't know of a mine on the Comstock which does not infringe upon the alleged rights of some other mine. The results of an actual survey are precisely the same as those produced by a bundle of straw well inked and pressed upon a sheet of paper. To call a map so accurately truthful as mine a burlesque calculated to throw contempt upon the subject, manifests a degree



ASSESSMENTS.

of visual obliquity, if not moral assurance, absolutely refreshing.

The citizens of Virginia, like the citizens of Timbuctoo in Africa and Reykjavik in Iceland, are enthusiastic admirers of their own place of residence. Not satisfied with the praise usually bestowed upon the city by every stranger who enters it and who desires to maintain friendly relations with the inhabitants, they are exacting to a degree bordering on the despotic. A visitor is required to go into ecstasies over the climate, should there chance to occur, during his sojourn, a passably fine day. He is called upon at every turn to do homage to the

wonderful progress of improvement, which they consider far ahead of any thing ever achieved by human beings constructed in the usual form. He is expected to pay the tribute of admiration to the magnificence of the buildings and the sumptuous accommodations of the hotels. If he does not boldly, firmly, and without reservation, express the opinion that the mines are richer by a thousand to one than those of Mexico or South America, he is at once set down as a man whose opinion is worth nothing. Should a stray bullet whiz by his head and kill some equally innocent party within a distance of three paces, he is gravely assured and required to be-

lieve that there is as much respect paid to life and limb in Virginia City as there is in any city in the Union. At any hour of the night, when the noise around his lodgings would shame Bedlam, his attention is exultingly directed to the elysian repose of this delectable metropolis. Passing those dens of infamy that abound on every street, he is invited, with an assurance almost incredible, to render homage to the exalted condition of public morals. In full view of the most barren, blasted, and horribly desolate country that perhaps the light of heaven ever shone upon, he is appealed to, as a lover of nature, to admire the fertility of the soil, the luxuriance of the vegetation, and the exquisite beauty of the scenery. Surrounded by an enthusiastic dozen of citizens, most of whom are afflicted with sore throat, mountain fever, erysipelas, bleeding of the nose, shortness of breath, heart disease, diarrhea, and loss of appetite, he is urged to observe the remarkable salubrity of the climate, and to disabuse his



CLIMATE OF VIRGINIA CITY.

mind of those prejudices against it arising from the misrepresentations of interested parties.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us—"

But what's the use? It would only make us miserable. We are better off as it is. Men who can see heaven in Virginia City are to be envied. Their condition is such that a change to a better world would not seem materially necessary to their exaltation; and I am sure the worst that could happen them would be borne with as much fortitude as lost sinners are permitted to exercise.

Making due allowance for the atmosphere of exaggeration through which a visitor sees every thing in this wonderful mining metropolis, its progress has been sufficiently remarkable to palliate in some measure the extraordinary flights of fancy in which its inhabitants are prone to indulge. I was not prepared to see so great a change within the brief period of three years; for when people assure me "the world never saw any thing like it," "California is left in the shade," "San Francisco is eclipsed," "Montgomery Street is nowhere now," my incredulity is excited, and it takes some little time to judge of the true state of the case without prejudice. Speaking then strictly within bounds, the growth of this city is remarkable. When it is considered that the surrounding country affords but few facilities for the construction of houses; that lumber has to be hauled a considerable distance at great expense; that lime, bricks, iron-work, sashes, doors, etc., cost three or four times what similar articles do in San Francisco; that much indispensable material can only be had by transporting it over the mountains a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles; and that the average of mechanical labor, living, and other expenses is correspondingly higher than in California, it is really wonderful how much has been done in so short a space of time.

Yet, allowing all this, what would be the impressions of a Fejee Islander sent upon a mission of inquiry to this strange place? His earliest glimpse of the main street would reveal the curious fact that it is paved with a conglomerate of dust, mud, splintered planks, old boots, clippings of tinware, and playing-cards. It is especially prolific in the matter of cards. Mules are said to fatten on them during seasons of



OFFICE AND DWELLING OF THE GOULD AND CURRY COMPANY.

scarcity when the straw gives out. The next marvelous fact that would strike the observation of this wild native is that so many people live in so many saloons, and do nothing from morning till night, and from night till morning again, but drink fiery liquids and indulge in profane language. How can all these able-bodied men afford to be idle? Who pays their expenses? And why do they carry pistols, knives, and other deadly weapons, when no harm could possibly befall them if they went unarmed and devoted themselves to some useful occupation? Has the God of the white men done them such an injury in furnishing all this silver for their use that they should treat His name with contempt and disrespect? Why do they send missionaries to the Fejee Islands and leave their own country in such a dreadful state of neglect? The Fejeeans devour their enemies occasionally as a war measure; the white man swallows his enemy all the time without regard to measure. Truly the white man is a very uncertain native! Fejeeans can't rely upon him.

When I was about to start on my trip to Washoe, friends from Virginia assured me I would find hotels there almost, if not quite, equal to the best in San Francisco. There was but little difference, they said, except in the matter of extent. The Virginia hotels were quite as good, though not quite so large. Of course I believed all they told me. Now I really don't consider myself fastidious on the subject of hotels. Having traveled in many different countries I have enjoyed an extensive experience in the way of accommodations, from my mother-earth to the foretop of a whale-ship,

from an Indian wigwam to a Parisian hotel, from an African palm-tree to an Arctic snow-bank. I have slept in the same bed with two donkeys, a camel, half a dozen Arabs, several goats, and a horse. I have slept on beds alive with snakes, lizards, scorpions, centipeds, bugs, and fleas—beds in which men stricken with the plague had died horrible deaths—beds that might reasonably be suspected of small-pox, measles, and Asiatic cholera. I have slept in beds of rivers and beds of sand, and on the bare bed rock. Standing, sitting, lying down, doubled up, and hanging over; twisted, punched, jammed, and elbowed by drunken men; snored at in the cars; sat upon and smothered by the nightmare; burnt by fires, rained upon, snowed upon, and bitten by frost—in all these positions, and subject to all these discomforts, I have slept with comparative satisfaction. There are pleasanter ways of sleeping, to be sure, but there are times when any way is a blessing. In respect to the matter of eating I am even less particular. Frogs, horse-leeches, snails, and grasshoppers are luxuries to what I have eaten. It has pleased Providence to favor me with appetites and tastes appropriate to a great variety of circumstances and many conditions of life. These facts serve to show that I am not fastidious on the subject of personal accommodations.

Perhaps my experience in Virginia was exceptional; perhaps misfortune was determined to try me to the utmost extremity. I endeavored to find accommodations at a hotel recommended as the best in the place, and was shown a room over the kitchen stove, in which the thermometer ranged at about 130 to 150 degrees of Fahrenheit. To be lodged and baked at the rate of \$2 per night, cash in advance, was more than I could stand, so I asked for another room. There was but one more, and that was pre-empted by a lodger who might or might not come back and claim possession in the middle of the night. It had no window except one that opened into the passage, and the bed was so arranged that every other lodger in the house could take a passing observation of the sleeper and enjoy his style of sleeping. Nay, it was not beyond the resources of the photographic art to secure his negative and print his likeness for general distribution. It was bad enough to be smothered for want of light and air; but I had no idea of paying \$2 a night for the poor privilege of showing people how I looked with my eyes shut, and possibly my mouth open. A man may have an attack of nightmare, his countenance may be distorted by horrible dreams; he may laugh immoderately at a very bad pun made in his sleep—in all which conditions of body and mind he doubtless presents an interesting spectacle to the critical eyes of a stranger, but he doesn't like to wake up suddenly and be caught in the act.

The next hotel to which I was recommended was eligibly located on a street composed principally of grog-shops and gambling-houses. I was favored with a front-room about eight feet

square. The walls were constructed of boards fancifully decorated with paper, and afforded this facility to a lodger—that he could hear all that was going on in the adjacent rooms. The partitions might deceive the eye, but the ear received the full benefit of the various oaths, ejaculations, conversations, and perambulations in which his neighbors indulged. As for the bed, I don't know how long it had been in use, or what race of people had hitherto slept in it, but the sheets and blankets seemed to be sadly discolored by age—or lack of soap and water. It would be safe to say washing was not considered a paying investment by the managers of this establishment. Having been over twenty-four hours without sleep or rest I made an attempt to procure a small supply, but miserably failed in consequence of an interesting conversation carried on in the passage between the chamber-maids, waiters, and other ladies and gentlemen respecting the last free fight. From what I could gather this was considered the best neighborhood in the city for free fights. Within the past two weeks three or four men had been shot, stabbed, or maimed close by the door. "Oh, it's a lively place, you bet!" said one of the ladies (the chamber-maid, I think), "an uncommon lively place—reely hexcitin'". I look out of the window every mornin' jist to see how many dead men are layin' around. I declare to gracious the bullets flies around here sometimes like hailstones!" "An' shure," said a voice in that rich brogue which can never be mistaken, "it's no wonder the boys shud be killin' an' murtherin' themselves forinst the door, whin they're all just like me, dyin' in love wid yer beauteeful self!" A smart slap and a general laugh followed this suggestion. "Git away wid ye, Dinnis; yer always up to yer mischief! As I was sayin', no later than this mornin', I see two men a poppin' away at each other wid six-shooters—a big man an' a little man. The big man he staggered an' fell right under the window, wid his head on the curb-stone, an' his legs a stickin' right up in the air. He was all over blood, and when the boys picked him up he was dead as a brickbat. 'Tother chap he run into a saloon. You better b'leeve this is a lively neighborhood. I tell you hailstones is nothink to the way the bullets flies around." "That's so," chimes in another female voice; "I see myself, with my own eyes, Jack's corpse an' two more carried away in the last month. If I'd a had a six-shooter then you bet they'd a carried away the fellow that nipped Jack!"

Now taking into view the picturesque spectacle that a few dead men dabbled in blood must present to the eye on a fine morning, and the chances of a miscellaneous ball carrying away the top of one's cranium, or penetrating the thin board wall and ranging upward through his body as he lies in bed, I considered it best to seek a more secluded neighborhood, where the scenery was of a less stimulating character and the hail-storms not quite so heavy. By the kind aid of a friend I secured comparatively

agreeable quarters in a private lodging-house kept by a widow lady. The rooms were good and the beds clean, and the price not extravagant for this locality—\$12 a week without board.

So much for the famous hotels of Virginia. If there are any better, neither myself, nor some fellow-travelers who told me their experiences, succeeded in finding them. The concurrent testimony was that they are dirty, ill-kept, badly attended by rough, ill-mannered waiters—noisy to such a degree that a sober man can get but little rest, day or night, and extravagantly high in proportion to the small comfort they afford. One of the newspapers published a statement which the author probably intended for a joke, but which is doubtless founded upon fact—namely, that a certain hotel advertised for 300 chickens to serve the same number of guests. Only one chicken could be had for love or money—a very ancient rooster, which was made into soup and afterward served up in the form of a fricasee for the 300 guests. The flavor was considered extremely delicate—what there was of it; and there was plenty of it such as it was.

Still if we are to credit what the Virginia newspapers say—and it would be dangerous to intimate that they ever deal in any thing save the truth—there are other cities on the eastern slope of the Sierras which afford equally attractive accommodations. On the occasion of the recent Senatorial contest at Carson City, the prevailing rates charged for lodgings, according to the *Virginia Enterprise*, were as follows: "For a bed in a house, barn, blacksmith-shop, or hay-yard (none to be had—all having been engaged shortly before election); horse-blanket in an old sugar hogshead per night, \$10; crockery - crate, with straw, \$7 50; without straw, \$5 75; for cellar-door, \$4; for roosting on a smooth pole, \$3 50; pole, common, rough, \$3; plaza fence, \$2 50; walking up and down the Warm Springs road—if cloudy, \$1 50; if clear, \$1 25. (In case the clouds are very thick and low \$1 75 is generally asked.) Very good roosting in a pine-tree, back of Camp Nye, may still be had free, but we understand that a company is being formed to monopolize all the more accessible trees. We believe they propose to improve by putting two pins in the bottom of each tree, or keep a man to boost regular customers. They talk of charging six bits."

I could scarcely credit this, if it were not that a friend of mine, who visited Reese River last summer, related some experiences of a corroborative character. Unable to secure lodgings elsewhere, he undertook to find accommodations in a vacant sheep corral. The proprietor happening to come home about midnight found him spread out under the lee of the fence. "Look-a-here, stranger!" said he, gruffly, "that's all well enough, but I gen'rally collect in advance. Just fork over four bits or mizzle!" My friend indignantly mizzled. Cursing the progressive spirit of the age, he walked some distance out of town, and was about to finish the night under the lee of a big quartz boulder, when a fierce-looking speculator, with a six-shooter in his hand, suddenly appeared from a cavity in the rock, saying, "No yer don't! Take a fool's advice now, and git! When you go a prospectin' around ov nights agin, jest steer ov this boulder ef you please!" In vain my friend attempted to explain. The rising wrath of the squatter was not to be appeased by soft words, and the click of the trigger, as he raised his pistol and drew a bead, warned the trespasser that it was time to be off. He found lodgings that night on the public highway to Virginia City and San Francisco.



LADIES OF THE HOTEL.

## FROM TEHERAN TO SAMARCAND.\*

ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY is a young Hungarian, lame, but a fearless traveler, and an intelligent observer. Determined, for some years, to penetrate into Central Asia, at all risks, he prepared himself for this undertaking by living several years among the Turks, in Constantinople. Frequenting Islamite schools and libraries, he trained himself until he became a very good Turk, in appearance, and knowledge of the Koran.

Thus prepared, he pushed farther Eastward, upon an adventurous exploration, which he was compelled to make as a dervish, clad in rags, without necessary food, among a people where even the slightest signs of a traveler's curiosity would have exposed him to suspicion, and suspicion to tortures and a cruel death—a people among whom “to hear is regarded as impudence, to ask as crime, and to take notes as a deadly sin;” where, in brief, ignorance is bliss, and ‘tis rashness to be wise.

Mr. Vámbéry arrived at Teheran, the capital of Persia, “somewhat in the condition of a half-boiled fish,” on the 13th of July, 1862. Here he was kindly received at the Turkish Embassy, where he was made at home. The traveler in those slow old Eastern countries needs, first of all, a good stock of patience. After several years spent in preparing himself to travel as an Osmanli dervish, our author was at last ready to set out; but at Teheran, at the very outset of his journey, found himself delayed for nearly nine months—months of weary waiting. Thus it was the 28th of March, 1863, when he at last set out upon the interesting adventure which he has modestly recounted in the volume whose title we have given below.

The traveling companions with whom “the dervish Reshid Effendi,” as Vámbéry called himself, at length left Teheran, consisted, as its chief said, of “young and old, rich and poor, men of piety, learned men, and laity,” who “live together with the greatest simplicity, since we are all from Khokand and Kashgar, and have among us no Bokhariot—no viper of that race.” Twenty-four in number, they were all wild men, but honest; some so poor that they counted on begging their way through a region a large part of which is a desert; none rich enough to excite the cupidity of robbers. To persuade these honest pilgrims to take him for companion he was obliged, of course, to conceal his true motives. “The Oriental does not understand the thirst for knowledge, and does not believe much in its existence,” he says. “I told them that I had long silently, but earnest-

ly, desired to visit Turkestan (Central Asia), not merely to see the only source of Islamite virtue that still remained undefiled, but to behold the saints of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand. It was this idea, I assured them, that had brought me hither out of Roum (Turkey). I had now been waiting a year in Persia, and I thanked God for having at last granted me fellow-travelers such as they were (and I here pointed to the Tartars), with whom I might proceed on my way and accomplish my wish.”

Hadji Bilal, the chief of the caravan, replied (the conversation reads like a piece out of the Arabian Nights): “We are all ready not only to become your friends, but your servants, but we must still draw your attention to the fact that the routes in Turkestan are not as commodious nor as safe as those in Persia and in Turkey. On that which we shall take, travelers meet often for weeks with no house, no bread, not even a drop of water to drink; they incur, besides, the risk of being killed, or taken prisoners and sold, or being buried alive under storms of sand. Ponder well, effendi, the step! You may have occasion later to rue it, and we would by no means wish to be regarded as the cause of your misfortune. Before all things, you must not forget that our countrymen at home are far behind us in experience and worldly knowledge, and that, in spite of their hospitality, they invariably regard strangers from afar with suspicion; and how, besides, will you be able, without us and alone, to perform that great return journey?”

“I know,” rejoined the excellent Vámbéry, “that this world on earth resembles a hotel, in which we merely take up our quarters for a few days, and whence we soon move away to make room for others; and I laugh at the Mussulmans of the present time, who take heed not merely for the moment, but for ten years of onward existence. Yes, dear friend, take me with you; I must hasten away from this horrid kingdom of Error, for I am too weary of it.” Such entreaties were irresistible, and accordingly he was hugged and kissed by his twenty-four fellow-pilgrims, strongly advised to leave every thing behind which he could not carry upon his person; and, when duly accoutred in orthodox rags, set out upon the long and dangerous journey, in which he had to keep up a double disguise; for, while his companions knew him only as a Turk, to the people among whom he chiefly traveled even that admission would have made him hateful, and he had to be represented as a Tartar of the Tartars.

Traveling, in the East, is the enjoyment, chiefly, of beggars; the wealthy, like “the gentlemen of England” in the old song, “stay at home at ease.” It is fortunate, then, that a beggar, if he only lays claim to piety, is, among the good Mohammedans, pretty sure of a welcome; and as piety and medical skill are thought

\* *Travels in Central Asia*; being the Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand; performed in the year 1863. By ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, by whom he was sent on this Scientific Mission. Harper and Brothers.



RECEPTION BY TURKOMAN CHIEF ON THE CASPIAN SHORE.

to go together, if the pilgrim prudently falls in with the prevailing belief, and freely dispenses blessings, charms, and medical advice, he is certain of his reward in the gifts of the faithful. When the caravan landed at Gömüshtepe, on the borders of the Caspian Sea, the chief of that ilk, Khandjan, received them with open arms, and kept them a month, for the mere pleasure of having visitors. Here the dervish Reshid

Effendi took his first lessons in the profession he had adopted.

"Hadji Bilal," he writes, "invited me to take a short walk with him, and when we had got to a short distance from the tchatma he observed to me that it was now high time to lay aside entirely my effendi character, and become body and soul a dervish. 'You must have already remarked,' said the excellent pilgrim,

INTRUDING UPON THE HAUNTS OF THE WILD BOAR.



‘that both I and my associates bestow upon the public fatiha (blessings): this you must do also. I know that this is not the custom in Roum, but people here will expect and demand it. It will occasion great surprise if, representing yourself to be a dervish, you do not carry out the character to its full extent. You know the form of benediction; assume, therefore, a serious face, and distribute your fatiha (blessings);

you can also give the nefes (holy breath) when you are summoned to the sick, only never forget to extend your hand at the same time, for it is a matter of notoriety that we dervishes subsist by such acts of piety, and they are always ready with some little present or other.’ Hadji Bilal apologized for presuming to school me; still, he said that it was for my benefit, and that I must have heard the story of the traveler who,

when he reached the land of the one-eyed nation, to put himself upon an equality with them, kept one of his eyes closed." But not only had he to act the part of dervish, he had to conceal carefully his curiosity about the people or the country. They have as strong an aversion to political preachers in Turkestan as they used to have in the South. "I had only to touch upon a question relating to ordinary life, or to show a curiosity for some matter or other, to make men wonderingly ask what a dervish, whose proper business was only God and religion, had to do with the affairs of this transitory world."

At last they set out for Khiva, and at the outset of the journey met with a curious adventure, which well exhibits the wildness of these "Elder lands." Some great marshes they had to pass through were filled with wild hogs, and our traveler incautiously rode into the nest of a litter of pigs, at whose shrill squeals the mother hog ran up, furiously showing her tusks to the two travelers who had been unhorsed and lay upon the ground. Fortunately they were saved from attack by the spears of their companions. One of these presently brought him back his horse, with the remark, that "I might regard myself as lucky, for that a death by the wound of a wild boar would send even the most pious Mussulman nedjis (unclean) into the next world, where a hundred years' burning in purgatorial fire would not purge away his uncleanness."

Presently they reached the borders of the desert, and carefully filled their goat-skins with water. When they had got a day's journey into the desert the kervanbashi suddenly came to the cheerful conclusion that the dervish Reshid Effendi was none other than a Frenghi—European—in disguise, and proposed to leave him just there to perish as a spy. Fortunately Vámbéry's friends were faithful, and on their remonstrances the chief at last consented to take him along, "on the condition that thou wilt, first, permit thyself to be searched to see if thou hast any drawings or wooden pens (lead-pencils), as the Frenghis generally have; and, secondly, that thou promise to take away with thee no secret notes respecting the hills and routes." The poor kervanbashi was much annoyed with the contrary advices he received on this matter; but he referred the whole matter elsewhere, repeating to himself continually "Khudaïm bilir!"—God knows.

On their way to Khiva they frequently fell in with the nomadic tribes who wander over this country. To many individuals of these our traveler became serviceable because he could write; he was employed, when they halted, to draw up for them notes of indebtedness. These, he remarks, when duly signed by the debtor in the sight of the creditor, were carefully pocketed by the debtor. "When I questioned the creditor as to this remarkable manner of procedure, his answer was, 'What have I to do with the writing? The debtor must keep it by him as a reminder of his debt.'"

These Turkoman tribes are the most sav-

age and brutal of man-stealers and slave-masters, but at the same time honest in their dealings with each other and hospitable to strangers. Some of their superstitions have the smack of extreme humanity; a basket, in the desert, must not be destroyed, because it had once formed the seat, on a camel's back, of a man, and, said these people, to destroy what had held men was regarded as a sin. But the very person who told Vámbéry this was a monster of cruelty, who denied water to a poor slave whom he had fed for two days upon salt-fish; and while a basket which has held a man is too sacred to be destroyed, the life of man is so endangered by their unbridled passions that they found a poor wretch living in a cave in the desert, like a wild beast, to escape his tribesmen, who had sworn to murder him. He had lived there solitary for many years. "Amanbol"—peace be unto thee—murmured this poor wretch, as he slunk back into his lair, when he found the travelers meant him no harm.

They fell short of water in the desert. Each watched jealously his decreasing store. It was rumored that the kervanbashi had concealed an extra supply, and while greedy and suspicious glances were cast at the leader, no doubt many of the company conceived the idea of robbing him. But no one was so foolish as to ask his neighbor for the charity of a drink. When they halted, one evening, all were in extremity. "This evening my appetite left me. I had not the slightest craving even for the smallest piece of bread: my sensations were those of extreme debility; the heat of the day was indescribable. My strength was gone, and I was lying there extended, when I perceived that all were pressing round the kervanbashi; they made a sign to me also to approach. The words 'Water, water,' gave me fresh vigor. I sprang up; how overjoyed and how surprised I was when I saw the kervanbashi dealing out to each member of the caravan about two glasses of the precious liquid! The honest Turkoman told us that for years it had been his practice in the desert to keep concealed a considerable quantity, and this he doled out when he knew that it would be most acceptable; that this would be a great sevab (act of piety), for a Turkoman proverb says that a drop of water to the man thirsty in the wilderness washes away a hundred years' sins." This was the man who intended, without hesitation or compunction, to leave our traveler to perish in the desert!

This humane monster's suspicions were allayed, but not satisfied. When they entered Khiva, all were called to an audience of the Mehrem or principal officer of the khan. To him said the kervanbashi, "We have brought to Khiva three interesting quadrupeds (buffaloes), and a no less interesting biped," pointing at the dervish Reshid Effendi. To be suspected is to die, in those countries; and our traveler, thus held up to general attention, heard the multitude about him whisper, "Spy," "Frenghi," "Urus"—Russian—any one of the three accusations fatal.

WILD MAN IN THE DESERT.



Khiva, the capital of Kharesme, is better known to us, perhaps, as the scene of some interesting missionary operations than for any thing else. It lies near the River Oxus, in a wide plain; its people are fanatical Mohammedans, and it is a commercial centre of the wandering Turkoman tribes. Its sovereign and people keep up little connection with the outer world—they are savages, with just enough of

civilization to make them narrow-minded, boastful, and vicious. Luckily for Vámbéry, there resided here one Shükrollah Bay, an officer who had in previous years lived at Constantinople. Him our traveler sought, and by his knowledge of persons in the head-quarters of Islamism, was able to establish a character as a veritable Turk, which saved his life, and made him free from suspicion.

This ground gained, the dervish Reshid Effendi assumed a haughty air, as one who knew his value, a holy man born in the Holy Land. When he was presented to the khan it was to give a blessing to his majesty. The khan inquired about his means, but received for reply: "We dervishes do not trouble ourselves with such trifles. The holy nefes (breath) which my pir (chief of my order) had imparted to me for my journey can support me four or five days without any nourishment. My words," he writes, "seemed to have given satisfaction, for his royal highness was pleased to order that I should be presented with twenty ducats and a stout ass. I declined the ducats, with the remark that for a dervish it was a sin to keep money; thanked him, however, warmly for the second part of his most gracious favor, but begged permission to draw his attention to the holy commandment which prescribed a *white* ass for pilgrimages, and entreated him, therefore, to vouchsafe me such a one. I was on the point of withdrawing when the khan desired that, at least during my short stay in the capital, I should be his guest, and consent to take for my daily board two *tenghe* (about one franc and fifty centimes) from his *haznadar*."

This was acting his character faithfully, and the result was a great increase in popularity and a wonderful number of invitations to feasts. "My hair stands on end at the recollection how often I was forced to seat myself, between three and four o'clock in the morning, before sunrise, opposite a colossal dish of rice swimming in the fat of the sheep-tail, which I was to assail as if my stomach was empty." These invitations were not purely hospitable, for the entertainers sought information on many important subjects from the learned dervish. "These gentlemen, who give the preference to Turkey and Constantinople beyond all other places, were desirous of receiving from me, the standard of Turkish Islamite learning, an explanation of many *mesele* (religious questions). Oh, how warm those thick-headed *Özbegs* made me, with their colossal turbans, when they opened a conversation concerning the prescriptions as to the mode of washing hands, feet, face, and occiput; and how a man should, in obedience to his holy religion, sit, walk, lie, and sleep, etc.! The Sultan (a recognized successor of Mohammed) and his *grandees* are accounted in Khiva the practical examples of all these important laws. His majesty the Emperor of Turkey is here designated as a Mussulman whose turban is at least fifty ells in length, whose beard extends below his breast, and his robe to his toes. A man might place his life in jeopardy who should assert the fact that the Sultan has head and beard shaved *à la Fiesco*, and clothes made for him at Paris by *Dusetoye*. One wanted religious instruction; another asked if the world offered elsewhere places as beautiful as Khiva; a third wished, once for all, to receive authentic information whether the great Sultan really had his each day's dinner and supper forwarded to

him from Mecca, and whether they passed to his palace from the Kaaba in one minute." It may interest our fashionable readers to know that the dinner and walking dress for gentlemen in Khiva is a high, round fur hat, a thick pair of boots, a long shirt, and nothing else!

In Khiva, among other pleasant customs, they gouge out the eyes of elderly prisoners of war; and the dervish Reshid Effendi was by accident witness, with the general public, to this spectacle. I found about three hundred *Tchadors*, prisoners of war, covered with rags. They were so tormented by the dread of their approaching fate, and by the hunger which they had endured several days, that they looked as if they had just risen from their graves. They were separated into two divisions, namely, such as had not yet reached their fortieth year, and were to be sold as slaves, or to be made use of as presents, and such as, from their rank or age, were regarded as *aksakals* (graybeards) or leaders, and who were to suffer the punishment imposed by the khan. The former, chained together by their iron collars in numbers of ten to fifteen, were led away; the latter submissively awaited the punishment awarded. They looked like lambs in the hands of their executioners. While several were led to the gallows or the block I saw how, at a sign from the executioner, eight aged men placed themselves down on their backs upon the earth. They were then bound hand and foot, and the executioner gouged out their eyes in turn, kneeling to do so on the breast of each poor wretch; and after every operation he wiped his knife, dripping with blood, upon the white beard of the hoary unfortunate. Ah, cruel spectacle! As each fearful act was completed the victim, liberated from his bonds, groping around with his hands, sought to gain his feet. Some fell against each other, head against head; others sank powerless to the earth again, uttering low groans, the memory of which will make me shudder as long as I live."

As he went one day to the treasurer to receive his daily stipend he found that worthy engaged in a singular occupation. A number of horsemen had ridden in from the camp to receive the reward of bravery. The more heads the better soldier is the rule in Khiva. In battle the trooper not only kills his enemy—he cuts off his head; and these braves were now to receive robes of honor, varying in splendor and value according to the number of heads they were able to produce to the treasurer. Some received the robe of forty heads; some the twenty-headed; others, less lucky, the four-headed robe. As each emptied his sack upon the ground an accountant took note of the number of skulls produced.

Yet it was in Khiva that Vámbéry passed the pleasantest days of his long journey. The people were full of pious charity; gifts abounded; and when he departed toward Bokhara he had a good stout donkey, money, clothing, and provisions—the gifts of the faithful. Nor was he alone; all the pilgrims were equally well fur-

RECEIVING PAYMENT FOR HUMAN HEADS—KHIVA.



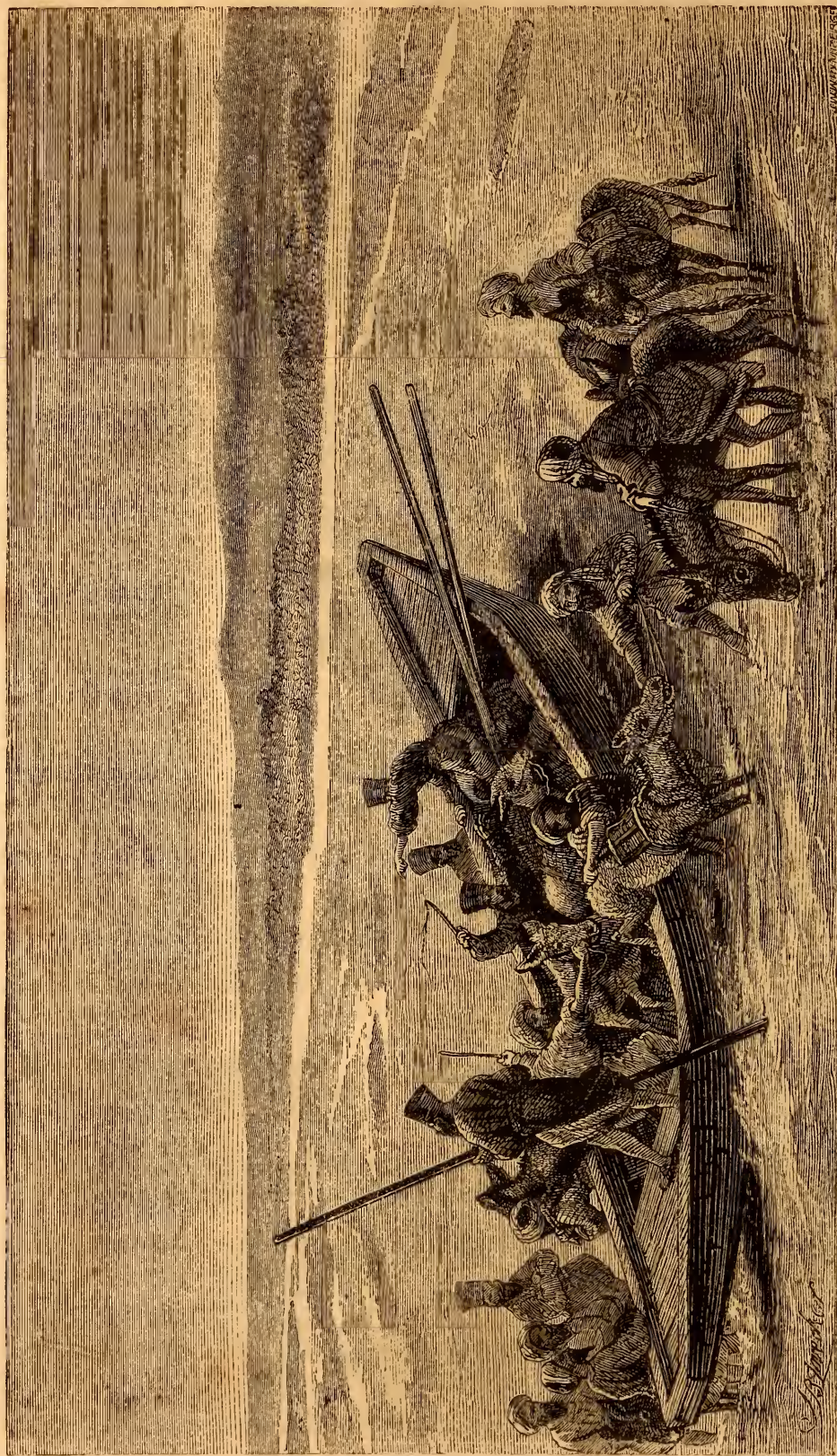
nished. They were even what a Western man would call "dead-headed" across the Oxus, the following writing having the effect of a railroad "pass" with us:

"It is notified to the watchers of the frontiers and the toll-collectors that permission has been given to the Hadji Mollah Abdur Reshid Effendi, and that no one is to trouble him."

It will be noticed that our pilgrim gathered

titles as he went. It required the greater part of a day to cross the Oxus; and when they got to the other side, the donkeys, who have an aversion to water, had to be carried on shore, like so many babes in arms. Hadji Yakoub took his donkey "pickaback," the poor, frightened little brute hiding its head in the neck of its master.

Leaving the Oxus they presently came to an-



THE FERRY ACROSS THE OXUS.

other desert, in passing which they were nearly shipwrecked, for besides horrible sufferings from thirst; they were threatened by robbers, and overwhelmed by the *tebbad*, a hot whirlwind, which fortunately overtook them only when they had reached the farther edge of the sands. "The kervanbashi and his people drew our attention to a cloud of dust that was approaching, and told us to lose no time in dismounting from the

camels. These poor brutes knew well enough that it was the *tebbad* that was hurrying on; uttering a loud cry, they fell on their knees, stretched their long necks along the ground, and strove to bury their heads in the sand. We entrenched ourselves behind them, lying there as behind a wall; and scarcely had we, in our turn, knelt under their cover, than the wind rushed over us with a dull, clattering sound, leaving us,

TEHRAD—SAND-STORM IN THE DESERT.



in its passage, covered with a crust of sand two fingers thick. The first particles that touched me seemed to burn like a rain of flakes of fire. Had we encountered it when we were six miles deeper in the desert, we should all have perished. I had not time to make observations upon the disposition to fever and vomiting caused by the wind itself, but the air became heavier and more oppressive than before."

The gallows may be, as a certain Englishman supposed, a sure sign of civilization, but the custom-house is quite as unfailing a token. At two leagues from Bokhara, custom-house officers met the caravan of pilgrims, and stopped them, to take an inventory of their goods. Here Vámbéry was at once recognized as a European, but he brazened it out, and when asked to exhibit his trunk and other possessions drove his

donkey up stairs into a carpeted room, to be duly inspected. His companions also came to his rescue. "Hadji Reshid is not only a good Mussulman," they proclaimed every where, "but at the same time a learned mollah; to have any suspicion of him is a mortal sin." Nevertheless spies were set to track him in the city; and shrewd fellows sent to speak with him; but with a huge turban on his head, a copy of the Koran suspended from his neck, a wise tongue, and a pious demeanor, he eluded all traps, and presently found himself a popular man. "What extreme piety!" exclaimed the populace, "to come all the way from Constantinople to Bokhara alone, to visit our Baha-ed-din"—the great saint of this region. "They praised me," he writes, "but not a farthing did I ever get from them." He was lucky, however, to get off with his life.

The "noble Bokhara" is a delightful spot. It is not only extraordinarily hot; but one in ten of the inhabitants are affected with a singular disease, the rishte (*filaria Medinensis*), which, horrible as it seems to us, is thought as little of there as a cold in the head here. "One feels, at first, on the foot, or on some other part of the body, a tickling sensation, then a spot becomes visible whence issues a worm like a thread. This is often an ell long, and it ought some days after to be carefully wound off on a reel. This is the common treatment, and occasions no extraordinary pain; but if the worm is broken off an inflammation ensues, and instead of one, from six to ten make their appearance, which forces the patient to keep his bed a week, subjecting him to intense suffering. The more courageous have the rishte cut out at the very beginning. The barbers in Bokhara are tolerably expert in this operation. The part where the tickling sensation is felt is in an instant removed, the worm extracted, and the wound itself soon heals. Sometimes this malady, which is also common in Persia, recurs in the following summer, and that, too, even when the patient is in a different climate. It happened so with Dr. Wolff, the well-known traveler, who dragged with him all the way from Bokhara one of these long memorials of his journey. It did not show itself till he came to England, when it was extracted, in Eastern fashion, by the late Sir Benjamin Brodie." The only prevention is to drink constantly of warm water and tea.

Samarcand, the pride of the Turcomans, the city which is famous through the East for the beauty of its situation, for the excellence of its water, and for the tomb of the great Timour—Tamerlane as we call him, from Timurlenk, the lame—Samarcand, which, in the fond opinion of the Asiatics, "resembles Paradise," was the next step in the author's journey. He found it a dull but interesting city, mostly in ruins, and the only notable incident during his stay was the arrival and reception of the Emir Mozaffared-din, who looked, with his escort of high functionaries, clad in snow-white turbans and wide silk garments, "more like the chorus of women in the opera of Nebuchadnezzar than like a troop

of Tartar warriors." It is pleasant to know that the costumes worn in operatic representations resemble any thing actually used by mortal men in the nineteenth century.

The emir called Vámbéry to a special audience, in which he was submitted to a close cross-examination, but succeeded, "through the flexibility of my tongue, which is really impudent enough," says he, with some truth, in disarming suspicion. Arrived in the audience chamber, he walked, unasked, up to the emir, roughly pushed aside an astonished prime-minister, and after reciting a prayer, seated himself in that worthy's place. "The boldness of my proceeding—quite, however, in accordance with the character which I assumed—seemed not displeasing to him. I had long forgotten the art of blushing, and so was able to sustain the look which he now directed full in my face, with the intention, probably, of disconcerting me.

"'Hadji, thou comest, I hear, from Roum, to visit the tombs of Baha-ed-din and the saints of Turkestan?'

"'Yes, takhsir (sire); but also to quicken myself by the contemplation of thy sacred beauty' (djemali mubarek), according to the forms of conversation usual on these occasions.

"'Strange! and thou hadst, then, no other motive in coming hither from so distant a land?'

"'No, takhsir (sire); it had always been my warmest desire to behold the noble Bokhara and the enchanting Samarcand, upon whose sacred soil, as was remarked by Sheikh Djelal, one should rather walk on one's head than on one's feet. But I have, besides, no other business in life, and have long been moving about every where as a djihangeshte' (world pilgrim).

"'What, thou, with thy lame foot, a djihangeshte! That is really astonishing.'

"'I would be thy victim' (an expression equivalent to 'pardon me'). 'Sire, thy glorious ancestor (peace be with him!) had certainly the same infirmity, and he was even djihanghir' (conqueror of the world). This reply was agreeable to the emir, who now put questions to me respecting my journey, and the impression made upon me by Bokhara and Samarcand."

From Samarcand Vámbéry was offered escort to Thibet and China—a long and unheard of journey, in which he would have been handed over from caravan to caravan, and from nation to nation, every where to excite new suspicions, and brave fresh deaths. But he had done enough for the first attempt. He remembered the Turkish proverb, "Better is an egg to-day than a fowl to-morrow." He determined to return homeward, being tired of savagery; and he had yet, at best, a long and perilous journey back to Teheran, by a new route, through Karshi, Maymene, and Herat. The reader who is anxious to learn how he fared on this homeward journey, how he nearly starved, lay for days among ruins, was refused the slightest aid, and did not cease to be suspected, though his misery was devouring him, must seek his own vivid ac-

ENTRY OF THE EMIR INTO SAMARCAND.



count, in the book from which we have taken some of its adventures. There he will find also a curious and instructive account of the peculiar virtues and vices, habits and customs, of the Turkoman tribes—the most honorable of monsters, the most honest of man-stealers, the most pious and inhuman of mankind.

On one occasion there was in the caravan a young woman who had been treacherously sold

by her own husband to an aged Tadjik for thirty tilla. It was not until she reached the desert that she became fully aware of the cruel trick to which she was victim: "The wretched creature, shrieking, and weeping, and tearing her hair, ran up to me like one distracted, and exclaimed, 'Hadjim (my hadji), thou that hast read books, tell me where it is written that a Mussulman can sell his wife who has borne him chil-



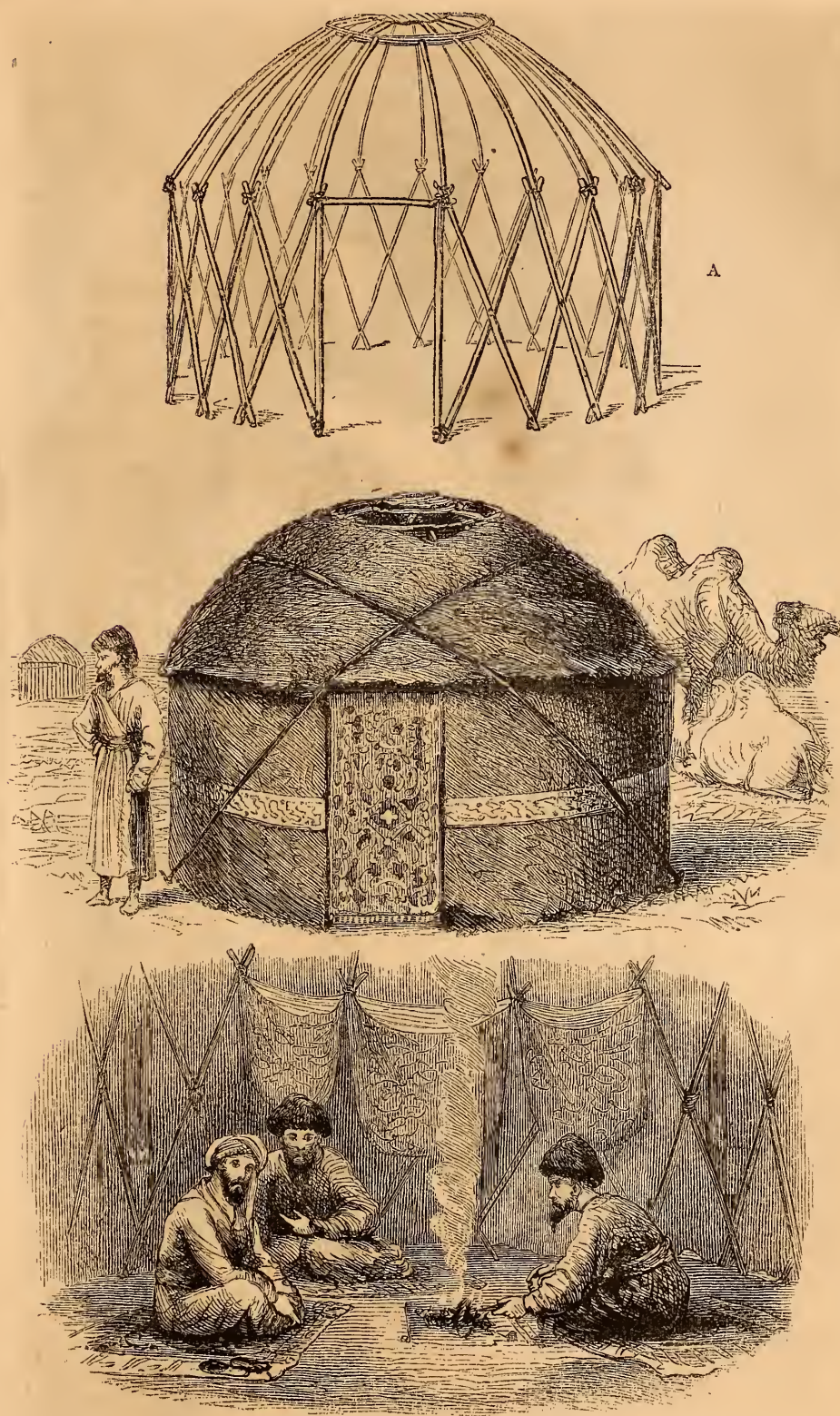
MARKET ON HORSEBACK—AMONG THE ÖZBEGS.

dren!" I affirmed it to be a sin, but the Tadjik only laughed at me, for he had, probably, already an understanding with the kazi kelan (superior judge) of Karshi, and felt sure of his purchase."

Another time Vámbéry inquired of "a robber, noted for his piety," how he could make up his mind to sell his brother religionists into slavery, when the Prophet's words were "Kul-

li Iszlam hurre (Every Mussulman is free)?" "Behey!" said the Turkoman, with supreme indifference; "the Koran, God's book, is certainly more precious than man, and yet it is bought or sold for a few krans. What more can you say? Yes, Joseph, the son of Jacob, was a prophet, and was himself sold. Was he, in any respect, the worse for that?"

Neither women nor their Mohammedan brethren



TENT IN CENTRAL ASIA.

(A. Framework. B. Covered with Felt. C. Interior.)

ren are sacred from their rapacity; nor will they submit to government. The Turkoman himself is wont to say, "Biz bibash khalk bolamiz (We are a people without a head), and we will not have one. We are all equal; with us every one is king." Yet in spite of all this seeming anarchy, in spite of all their barbarism, so long as enmity is not openly declared, less robbery

and murder, fewer breaches of justice and of morality, take place among them than among the other nations of Asia whose social relations rest on the basis of Islam civilization.

They live on horseback; they are the true dwellers in tents; the camel is their patient beast of burden; the slave-trade—the profession of man-stealing—is their livelihood. In



TARTAR HORSE-RACE—PURSUIT OF A BRIDE.  
(KÖKBÜRL.)

Khiva, the markets are held on horseback ; sellers as well as buyers are mounted ; and "it was extremely droll to see how the Kirghis women, with their great leathern vessels full of kimis, sitting on the horses, hold the opening of the skin above the mouth of the customer. There is adroitness in both parties, for very seldom do any drops fall aside."

As among our Indian tribes, the women do

the drudgery of the camp. The tent, with the exception of the wood-work, is entirely the work of the Turkoman woman, whose duty it is, also, to put it up and to take it down. She even packs it up upon the camel, and accompanies it in the wanderings of her people, close on foot. The tents of the rich and poor are distinguished by their being got up with a greater or less pomp in the internal arrangements. There are

only two sorts: 1. The karaoy, a black tent, that is, the tent which has grown brown or black from age; 2. The akoy, a white tent, that is, one covered in the interior with felt of snowy whiteness: it is erected for newly-married couples, or for guests to whom they wish to pay particular honor. The tent made a very pleasant impression on the mind of our traveler, being cool in summer and genially warm in winter.

Even in their marriage ceremonial there are strong traces of their rude, boisterous life. The young maiden, attired in bridal costume, mounts a high-bred courser, taking on her lap the carcass of a lamb or goat, and, setting off at full gallop, is followed by the bridegroom and other young men of the party, also on horseback; but she is always to strive, by adroit turns, etc., to avoid her pursuers, that no one of them approach near enough to snatch from her the burden on her lap. This game, called Kōkbūri (green wolf), is in use among all the nomads of Central Asia. Sometimes two, sometimes four days after the nuptials, the newly-married couple are separated, and the permanent union does not begin until after the expiration of an entire year.

Another singular custom has reference to the mourning for the decease of a beloved member of the family. It is the practice, in the tent of the departed one, each day for a whole year, without exception, at the same hour that he drew his last breath, for female mourners to chant the customary dirges, in which the members of the family present are expected to join. In doing so, the latter proceed with their ordinary daily employments and occupations; and "it is quite ridiculous to see how the Turkoman polishes his arms and smokes his pipe, or devours his meal, to the accompaniment of these frightful yells of sorrow." A similar thing occurs with the women, who, seated in the smaller circumference of the tent itself, are wont to join in the chant, to cry and weep in the most plaintive manner, while they are at the same time cleaning wool, spinning, or performing some other duty of household industry. The friends and acquaintances of the deceased are also expected to pay a visit of lamentation, and that even when the first intelligence of the misfortune does not reach them until after months have elapsed. The visitor seats himself before the tent, often at night, and, by a thrilling yell of fifteen minutes' duration, gives notice that he has thus performed his last duty toward the defunct. When a chief of distinction, one who has really well earned the title of bator (valiant), perishes, it is the practice to throw up over his grave a joszka (large mound); to this every good Turkoman is bound to contribute at least seven shovelfuls of earth, so that these elevations often have a circumference of sixty feet, and a height of from twenty to thirty feet. In the great plains these mounds are very conspicuous objects; the Turkoman knows them all, and calls them by their names—that is to say, by the names of those that rest below.

## THE SUN-DIAL.

**T**IS an old dial, dark with many a stain;  
In summer crown'd with drifting orchard bloom,  
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,  
And white in winter like a marble tomb;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow  
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:  
"I am a Shade: a Shadowe too arte thou:  
I marke the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?"

The tardy shade slid forward to the noon;  
There came a dainty lady to the place,  
Smelling a flower, humming a quiet tune,  
Smoothing the willful waving of her lace:

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed;  
About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone;  
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,  
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little space,  
Then drew a jeweled pencil from her zone,  
Scribbled a something with a frolic face,  
Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;  
There came a second lady to the place,  
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale,  
An inner beauty shining from her face,

All the mute loveliness of lonely love:  
She, straying in the alleys with her book,  
Herrick or Herbert, watched the circling dove,  
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation finds  
Of some dread secret half accounted true,  
Who knows what hands and hearts the letter binds,  
And argues loving commerce 'twixt the two,

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;  
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;  
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearled and shone  
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;  
There came a soldier gallant in her stead,  
Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume,  
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head;

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,  
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;  
So kindly fronted that you marveled how  
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;  
Uncrowned three lilies with a backward sweep;  
And standing somewhat widely, like to one  
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to creep

As courtiers do, yet gentleman withal,  
Took out the note, held it as one who feared  
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;  
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his vest;  
Laughed softly in a flattered happy way,  
Shifted the brodered baldrick on his breast,  
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.....

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;  
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;  
But for a little time the brass will show  
A small gray spot—the record of a tear.



GEORGE A. M'CALL.

## HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

### VII.—CHANGE OF BASE EFFECTED.

Perils of the March.—Battle of Frayser's Farm, or Glendale.—Heroism of M'Call's Division.—Incidents of the Battle.—Barbarity of the Rebels.—Nobility of a Young Patriot.—Hospital Scenes.—The Final Battle at Malvern Hill.—Signal Repulse of the Foe.—The Retreat continued.—Disappointment and Indignation of Patriot Generals.—Popularity of General M'Clellan with the Soldiers.

**I**N our last Number we left the heroic patriot army in its disastrous march from the Chickahominy to the James, toiling through the mire

and forest of White Oak Swamp. During the long hours of the night of Sunday, the 29th of June, the rear-guard toiled slowly along through the swamp roads, over which the army they had rescued had gone before them. The iron Sumner, chafing and rebelling against the order to fall back, and scarcely consoled by the thought of his salvation of the Army of the Potomac, carried his men, his guns, and his flags safely through to the other side of the morass. At 9 o'clock on Monday morning, June 30, he looked back

defiantly upon Jackson, Longstreet, and Hill, as they prepared to descend from the opposite hills and enter the swamp in pursuit.

The danger was now imminent of a flank movement, by which the army might be cut into two portions, and the helpless rear surrounded and destroyed. The roads were intricate. We knew them but imperfectly, while to the rebels they were familiar routes. When we look back upon the position of our army at this crisis its final escape appears providential, and almost miraculous. The road to Turkey Bend or Malvern Hill, called Quaker Road, is the great highway from Savage's Station to James River, and is intersected repeatedly by the roads running from Richmond to the East. Over this road our troops must pass. By any of these Richmond roads a force might be suddenly thrown across our lines of retreat, hampered and choked by artillery and baggage-trains.

In the centre General Sumner still held the perilous rear. General Franklin was with him. General Slocum was on his left, and General Heintzelman on the right, to guard, so far as was possible, against the anticipated attempt to flank and divide our forces. Generals Hooker, Kearney, Sedgwick, and M'Call, were all there in the most exposed posts of peril, with the wearied remnants of their divisions, ready for the sixth day and the sixth battle.

The early summer day of July 1 broke with parching heat on the already smoking field. Our troops had been drawn up in a line of battle three or four miles long, taking advantage of the cleared farm lands to the right and left of the road. They placed, wherever it was possible, an open field in their front across which the enemy must advance to attack them. With the first light a rebel battery was discovered, which during the night had been moved very nearly up to our lines. Our rifled cannon were at once brought to bear upon it, and in a short time five of the guns were dismounted. Still the rebels, with desperate bravery, held their post and continued their fire.

Until 10 o'clock the cannonading was incessant on both sides. Then, from the woods in front of General M'Call's division, poured out a vast body of rebels for an overwhelming charge. General M'Call's division was posted across the New Market Road, and consisted of Pennsylvania regiments; regiments that did such gallant service at Gettysburg a year later, and that had suffered terribly in Gainesville and Mechanicsville three days before. It has been said that these reserves broke into inextricable confusion early in the day. But the incontrovertible proof of their brave fighting was to be seen the next morning in the number of their dead lying upon the ground where they fell, and in the wounded being borne away to the hospitals.

The imputations, so cruel and undeserved, which have been cast on the bravery and endurance of these troops can not easily be explained. Even the Commander-in-Chief lent his assistance to the unmerited stigma, which was a hard

return for a division which maintained the position at the Cross Roads from morning till night, leaving it strewn with their dead, and held as reserves at Malvern Hill, on the next day plunged boldly in, at the critical moment of the last charge, from which they came out reduced one half in number. Justice, however, is eternal, though slow of speech, and brave men are not called cowards for long. The written testimony of Fitz John Porter and General Meade, among others, will remain as a record of the bravery of M'Call's division.

"Had not M'Call," writes Fitz John Porter, Major-General Commanding the Fifth Corps, "held his place on New Market Road, June 30, that line of march would have been cut by the enemy."

"It was only the stubborn resistance," writes General Meade, "offered by one division—the Pennsylvania Reserves—prolonging the contest till after dark, and checking, till that time, the advance of the enemy, that enabled the concentration during the night of the whole army on the James River which saved it."

The whole force which attacked M'Call's troops consisted of the divisions of Hill, Longstreet, Anderson, Cobb, and Whitticomb; and they fought with bloody will. Twice they captured M'Call's batteries of sixteen guns. Twice our men, rallying under the sting of their loss, retook them, and the last time held them, to do deadly work the next day at Malvern Hill. Through the sultry hours of the long summer's day the fortunes of the fight rose and fell. Now the sweeping fire of our rifled cannon bore the masses of the rebels back in hopeless terror, and as they receded our men sprang forward, and with the old cry, "On to Richmond!" pressed so hard that only superhuman exertions on the part of the rebel officers prevented the entire giving way and rout of their army.

Then, rallying under some powerful leader, they would stem and reverse the torrent, and we, in our turn, would yield. Rarely has there been seen more desperate fighting. One of the thrilling incidents of the day has been thus eloquently described by the Rev. J. J. Marks. A single brigade of the rebels had made a desperate charge upon one of our divisions, coming on steadily, under a raking fire, with their guns trailed:

"They were led by a man of vast muscular strength and prowess. Cheering and shouting to his men he ran on the gunners. The reserve infantry rushed forward to the rescue; and around the cannon, between them and over the bodies of fallen horses and comrades, commenced a contest of the most furious character. Scarcely a single shot was fired. Bayonet crossed bayonet; and frequently after a death-struggle for two or three minutes, the foes stood breathless, with guns locked, foot to foot and face to face, each afraid to move, lest that would give his enemy the advantage; and in that awful moment, when the whole being was fired by a frenzy that seemed supernatural, the counte-



THE SINGLE COMBAT.

nance of each was painted on the mind of the other forever. The shouts of command, the yells of fury, the thrust, the parry, the spouting blood, the death-ery, the stroke and the crash of clubbed muskets, the battle receding into the forest, and every tree and bush the scene of a tragedy; and then again the pressing out around the cannon, the officer mounted on the broken wheels, cheering and calling his men, the pause of a moment from exhaustion or to rally, and then the renewal of the fight with greater fury than ever, made this a spectacle of awful grandeur.

“In all this conflict the leader of the Confederates had been successful in every struggle, and had hauled to the ground with scornful ease less powerful men. Every where a path opened before him, until a man of equal strength sprang forward to meet him. After they had parried each other's thrusts for a moment, they paused, looked at each other intently, as if to determine what next to do; each feeling that he had met a foe worthy of his steel; and again they rushed forward, with renewed desperation, each intent upon pressing back the other, until some fall or stumble would give him the victory. But they



SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN.

were so equally matched that not a foot did either recede; backward and forward they bent and dashed, then again, foot to foot and arm to arm they struggled; unlocking their guns, which had been twisted together, they would start back and then dash forward with the fury of gladiators.

"Many on both sides stopped to look on this desperate personal rencontre; around the wounded, taking purchase for blows on the bodies of the dead, they continued the struggle, until, with gun pressed against gun, they breathed into each other's faces; and while they thus stood the rush of battle bound, for a second, the arm of the Southern giant. His enemy was swift to improve the advantage. He darted back, lifted his clubbed gun, and brought it down with crushing force on the neck of his foe. The musket of the rebel dropped from his hands, and, throwing up his arms in the air, his whole body quivered convulsively and he fell dead. The conqueror turned his head, looked up with a grim smile of satisfaction into the face of his

general, and disappeared in the whirl and cloud of battle."

Acts of heroic bravery on both sides signalized this day. A young boy, son of a rebel major, fell helpless to the ground, both legs shattered. His father, a few yards in advance, casting one look of unutterable pain and love upon his bleeding child, exclaimed,

"I will help you when we have beaten the enemy. I have other sons to lead in the path to glory."

These were his last words. In a moment he too fell to the earth mortally wounded.

Great apprehensions were entertained by the rebel leaders as to the result of the battle. They were prepared for the worst. Orders were dispatched to Richmond with all possible haste to insure the removal to a place of safety of all the public documents and property; and the whole population of the city was thrown into a state of suspense and alarm. General Lee gave orders to Stonewall Jackson to hold his corps in readiness to cover the retreat of the



PHILIP KEARNEY.

army in case it should become necessary. Every thing betokened their realization of peril. Nothing more clearly showed it than the mad recklessness with which they risked the lives of whole divisions in hopeless charges upon our lines. But our undismayed men, strong and ready in spite of the six days through which they had toiled and marched and fought, held their ground and drove back their foes.

The chivalrous Kearney, omnipresent on the field, gave electric strength to his men wherever he appeared. Waving his brave one arm, more to be dreaded than two, and saying with a smile,

into the eyes of every man, "Gayly, my boys, go in gayly!" he drew them on, into the thickest fight, with an abandon which must have been seen to be realized. General Kearney possessed that rarest gift of intuitive anticipation of the enemy's plans—that sure instinct of the nearest danger, which is almost a battle second-sight, and which would have made him, had he lived, one of our most famous generals.

General Heintzelman deserves the greatest credit for the coolness with which he guided the intricate movements of the day, executed, as many of them were, in the deep woods, in com-

parative uncertainty as to the number and situation of the enemy, and with the disheartening consciousness that he was fighting merely to secure a road for retreat. Nightfall found us unquestioned victors. But with barely time for reorganizing our forces in line of march, we stole away again in the darkness, leaving the rebels busily engaged in burying their own dead and rifling the bodies of ours. Our retreat was so hurried that the wounded were left behind, to meet a fate worse than death under any form—lingering, torturing life in rebel hands. The heart turns away speechless from the story of their sufferings.

Many of our men also were taken prisoners before morning, in consequence of their having fallen asleep upon the ground immediately upon the cessation of the battle at midnight; sleeping undisturbed through the indescribable noise and confusion of the commencement of the march, waking at daylight to find confronting their astonished gaze the unfamiliar and unfriendly faces of rebel guards, strongly posted at every point, rendering their escape impossible. Gloomily they gave themselves up, and turned their faces toward the Richmond they had hoped to enter in triumph, but which would give to them now only a loathsome dungeon. Bitter as was their fate, however, we forget them as we turn to the hundreds of wounded left helpless in their agonies, to be picked up by merciless foes or to die alone.

Before nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, July 1, the entire army had reached Malvern Hill in safety. The five protecting gun-boats lay full in view in the sparkling water to the southeast. Our siege guns were on the heights. The daring retreat was accomplished. Malvern Hill is about two miles to the northwest from James River, sloping gently to the north and east, but difficult of ascent on the south and west. The fine old country seat called Crow House stands on the summit, bowered in the vines and foliage of a century's growth. General M'Clellan himself superintended the planting on this hill of three hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, which, with indomitable energy and wise provision, had been brought out of and through the swamps and the battles of the previous six days.

To this artillery and to the gun-boats we owed our victory in the great battle which soon ensued. Without these our exhausted men, broken down by alternate marchings and battles for six days and nights, and broken-spirited at the humiliation of the abandonment of their campaign, could never have borne the furious onsets of the rebels on this seventh, last, and desperate day. The batteries were protected by rifle-pits, dug during the night, and covered with straw, so that no token was discernible of the ten thousand muskets lying in wait there to flash out upon charging foes.

Early in the forenoon the rebel forces slowly advanced, feeling their way by shelling the woods to the right and left, uncertain at what precise points we were posted. General Magruder was

in command, assisted by Generals Jackson, Longstreet, Hill, and Huger. Our lines were drawn up in still readiness for the attack. General Keyes held the right flank, supported by General Smith in the rear. On his left was General Sumner's corps; and still farther to the left were Hooker and Kearney. The lines were three miles in length; and no road by which the rebels could advance was left unguarded.

General Magruder's first movement, after discovering our position, was to advance a few batteries into a field in our front. In the twinkling of an eye they were dismantled and shattered to fragments by the rain of our shot, and nothing could be seen in the clearing smoke and dust but a few gunners escaping into the woods. His next effort was made against General Sumner's corps. Upon this part of our line he threw his entire left wing, composed of the finest troops in the Southern army—the brigades of Toombs, Cobb, Wright, Armistead, and others.

Unflinchingly the first column advanced toward the smoking hill, from which such death had come to their comrades. But before they had crossed half-way they were mown down. Only a few crept back on their faces with no guns. A new column stepped forward over the same strewn road. Our gunners groaned with pity and admiration for brave men as they dealt the same death again. Once the thin column rallied, pressed a little nearer the cannon, and then they too melted away. The open plain lay piled with dead. When the air had cleared still a third column came on, swifter and more resolved than the others, closing up over its dead, and rushing at last, little more than a handful of men, into the reserved musket fire, which swept all the cannon had spared.

General Slocum's division was hurried up to support General Sumner, and until six o'clock the battle raged in this part of our lines. But the great struggle was on the extreme left, where Generals Heintzelman, Kearney, and Hooker found themselves in the centre of the sorest fight. Only their veteran valor and the heroic endurance of their tried troops could have resisted the fierce persistence of the rebels. Late in the afternoon a large body of the rebels was thrown boldly forward from Magruder's centre, with orders to press on in the face of every obstacle, and not to fall back while a man was left alive. It has been said that these men had been drugged by whisky and gunpowder. Their reckless self-sacrifice is hardly explainable upon any other supposition. They were no longer men; they were maddened fiends.

As the plowing balls struck them down dead by hundreds the living rushed on with yells that seemed exultant. Again and again and again they closed up and neared the mouths of the guns on the top of the hill till the shot flew over their heads, leaving them unharmed. Then, just as the gunners quailed before their approach, the rifle-pits blazed, and a thousand



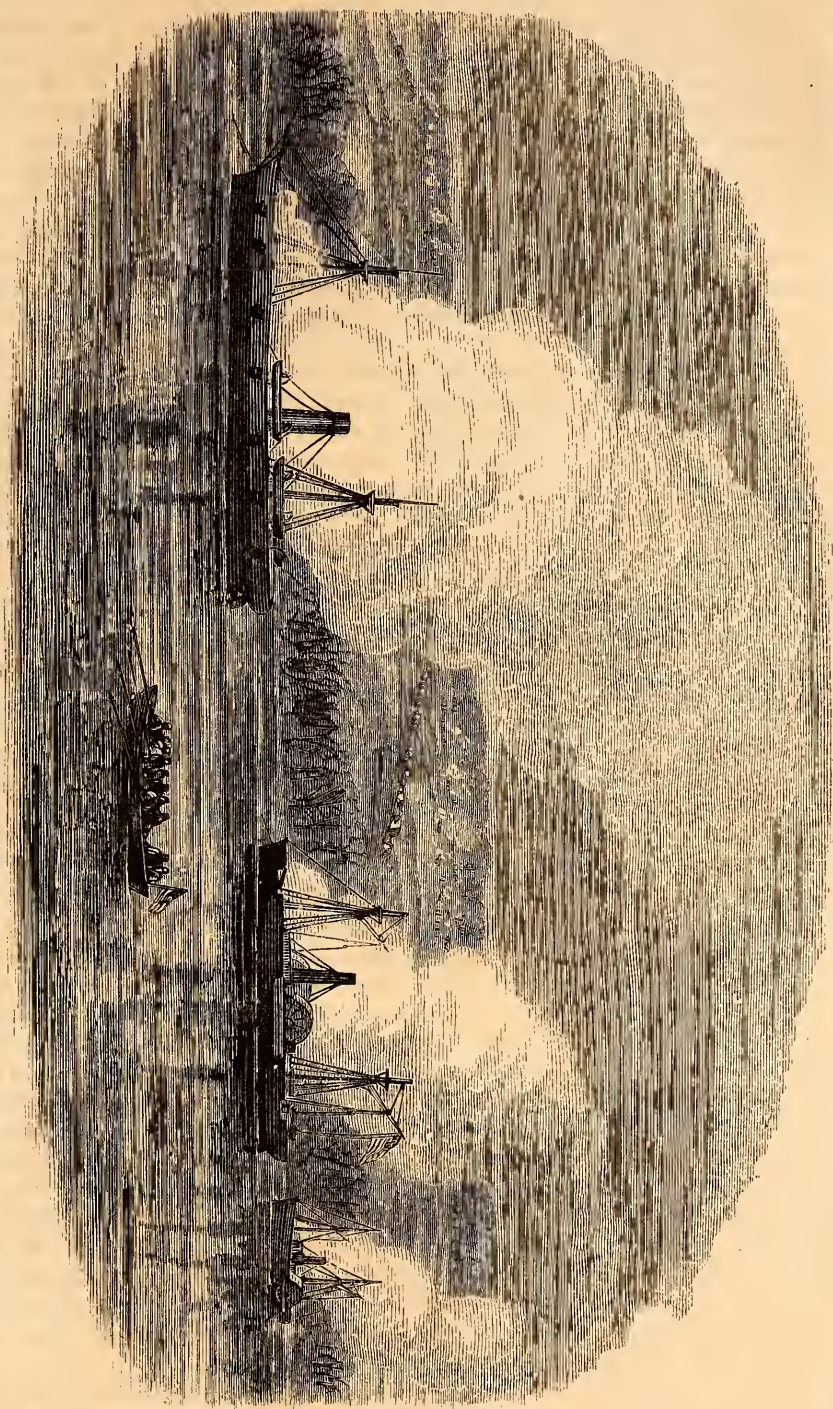
BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

close, deadly musket-shots clicked through the air. The rebels wavered and fell back, but still fought bravely down the hill, and left its base thick with their dead. At six o'clock in the evening the rebels made another furious charge, which bore back our left. General M'Call's exhausted and reduced division was the last reserve which could come to its aid; but in a few moments it was routed, slaughtered, its General taken prisoner, and Biddle and Kuhn mortally wounded.

General Sedgwick's division was then sent from the centre to aid the left, and Generals

Hooker and Kearney rallied their divisions for a grand charge. Four batteries of artillery were hurried forward and opened with effect. The gun-boats *Aroostook* and *Galena*, having taken their position about a mile above Turkey Bend, opened fire with their gigantic guns, when suddenly, in one tremendous panic, the entire rebel army turned and fled. The shells from the unseen gun-boats, crashing through the forests and dropping from high into the air in their midst, struck such terror to the foe that they ran in abject fright, seeking blindly for shelter in swamps and caves. The day was ours! The foe was in

GUN-BOATS AT MALVERN HILL.



full retreat, having lost more than twice as many men as we.

"If at this moment," writes an eye-witness, "we could have brought ten thousand reserves into the field, we might have marched back again, retaken all we had lost, and, without difficulty, have reached Richmond."

Others, upon the ground, felt and dared to say that our army was as strong to follow as the rebel army to flee, and General M'Clellan's order to retreat to Harrison's Landing was received with a storm of incredulous indignation by many of his generals. Dr. Marks writes:

"General Martindale shed tears of shame. The brave and chivalrous Kearney said, in the presence of many officers, 'I, Philip Kearney,

an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order to retreat. We ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the enemy and take Richmond. And in full view of all the responsibility of such a declaration, I say to you all, such an order can only be prompted by cowardice or treason.'"

It is probable that General M'Clellan was not fully aware of the extent to which the rebel army was shattered and demoralized. He had been so depressed through the day with the most melancholy forebodings, that the final repulse of the enemy possibly appeared to him more as a temporary escape than the positive victory which it really was. He had not been alone in these forebodings. The Prince of Joinville had left

the field early in the morning, in company with his nephews, the Duc de Chartres and the Count de Paris, and had taken refuge in a steamer. The fact that they who had hitherto been foremost in every danger and undeterred by any fears had apparently recoiled from the prospect of this last day seemed a significant one. The paymasters, also, were all ordered on board of the gun-boats; and the evident apprehension and distrust on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, who remained for the greater portion of the day on the steamer, had diffused general distrust and alarm.

Our forces, moreover, were most undeniably in a deplorable state. Whole regiments were missing; divisions reduced to little more than a regiment; more than one half of the Grand Army of the Potomac, as it landed at Fortress Monroe, dead from sickness or battle, or wounded and in prison. It is estimated that during the three months of this Peninsular campaign nearly sixty thousand patriot troops melted away. It was not strange that it seemed impossible for this exhausted remnant to make one more effort. It is not strange that the commanding General could not realize that, bitterly smitten as his own army was, the army of his foe was still more enfeebled, and might be crushed. But his failure to realize this, and his persistent retreat to Harrison's Landing, closed the door for months, and even years, to our success on the Peninsula. As a part of the history of this campaign, it is a duty here to record the following statement, from the *Report of the Congressional Committee on the Operations of the Army of the Potomac*.

"It would appear, from all the information your Committee can obtain, that the battles were fought, the troops handled, new dispositions made and old ones changed, entirely by the corps commanders, without directions from the commanding General. He would place the troops in the morning, then leave the field and seek the position for the next day, giving no directions until the close of the day's fighting, when the troops would be ordered to fall back, during the night, to the new position selected by him. In that manner the army reached the James River."

The Battle of Malvern Hill was the most severe of all the battles of this memorable retreat. The loss of the rebels was terrible, owing to our artillery fire—equaling the total of our losses in the whole seven days. Our own loss was not so severe as in the other engagements. But the sufferings of our wounded, whom we were forced to abandon to the inhumanities of their foes, were more terrible than have been elsewhere known in the history of the rebellion.

Four days after the battle of Glendale no bread or meat had been sent to some of the hospitals, in which our men were starving by scores. Ambulances, wagons, private carriages, and vehicles of all descriptions, had driven out from Richmond, bringing food and wine to the rebel wounded, and carrying them tenderly back to

the city. They were sons, husbands, and brothers, and we do not complain that loving hands turned first to them; but Nature as well as Christianity must blush at the heathen neglect which, after their own sufferers had been cared for, left ours to die unsuccored. Appeal after appeal was made to the Confederate agents by those of our devoted surgeons who had remained behind, but to no purpose. Our men lay night after night on the wet ground where they fell, and no stretchers, no ambulances, no nurses, could be obtained to bring them in. Even the few stores our surgeons had of medicines, bandages, and food were taken from them by the orders of the Confederate surgeons to be applied to their own uses. In one instance a Federal surgeon lent his case of surgical instruments to a prominent surgeon in the rebel service, trusting to his sense of professional honor for its safe return. It could never be obtained again, and the Federal surgeon was forced to stand by powerless to relieve, and see his brave fellows die from loss of blood. From another of our surgeons were forcibly taken both his case of instruments and his horse.

The heavy army-wagons were loaded with our wounded men as with produce, and then left standing for hours in the July sun, until some officer should remember to give the order for them to start on their fatal journey to Richmond. Some of them died before starting; some died on the road; all were jolted on together, and unloaded together at the prison gates, living, dying, and dead! Others, again, were forced to fall into line with the prisoners, and march, shedding their life-blood at every step, only to fall dead at the end of the fourteen miles. So many the less to feed! But "the tender mercies of" these "wicked," which "were cruel" and speedy death, are less harrowing to the soul than the conduct of those Confederate officers who had charge of the supplies, and day after day refused to our imploring surgeons the articles necessary to keep life in the bodies of their men. So long as men shall live to read the story of this war, so long shall these things make the names of those officers accursed on earth.

One hundred men, wounded at Gaines's Mill on Friday the 27th of June, had nothing from that day till the 16th of July but raw flour and water—not even salt, to enable them to swallow the nauseous porridge or rough-baked cake. During these twenty days many died of hunger. When the surgeons entered their tents the skeletons lifted themselves, and, with tears in their sunken eyes, cried, "Bread! bread!" The pain of their gaping wounds was forgotten in the more gnawing pangs of days and nights of hunger. Finally, in answer to the burning remonstrances and appeals of the surgeons, the Confederate authorities sent to Savage Station, where there were over 1500 men, stores as follows: camphor, 1 lb.; cerate, 1 lb.; adhesive plaster, 5 yds.; iodine, 1 oz.; opium,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb.; tincture of iron,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.; whisky, 5 galls.; bandages, 6 doz.;

lint, 1 lb. These were sent as the supply for a fortnight!

In the mean time the fields and hills were purple with the most luscious blackberries and whortleberries, which would have given life to the sufferers. But every hand of nurse and surgeon, for night and day, had more than its burden of work; and, moreover, it was with the risk of being shot down by Confederate soldiers that one of our men appeared in the fields. At Carter's house, however, was a hospital of less severe cases, and, in response to an appeal from one of their surgeons, this feeble band hobbled to the woods, and for days busied themselves in filling their tin cups with the fruit, and sending it by the bushel to the poor fellows at Savage's Station. Such acts as these shed a holy light on the dark picture of woe. It brought tears from eyes which had learned not to weep before suffering or death to see these helpless soldiers in their beds look with speechless delight on the familiar berries, which they had gathered in peace on the hills of their New England homes. Rough, hard men, with moistened eyes, kissed the hands that held the cool fruit to their hot lips; and the givers were more blessed than the receivers.

Among our wounded officers at Meadow Station was a Captain Reed, of the Twentieth Indiana. When he volunteered to serve his country with his sword, his son, a heroic boy of sixteen, insisted upon leaving college to accompany his father to the field. In one of the actions a ball pierced his body, and he fell, calling to his father, who was near him, "I am shot; I am badly hurt." Captain Reed rushed to him; found him shot through the bowels, and, as it seemed, soon to die. Raising him up, William rallied a little, looked at his father, and said, smiling, "Father, leave me; take care of the men." Placing a pillow, made of an overcoat and some leaves, under his head, and tenderly bidding him farewell, he left his brave son to die, and resolutely nerved himself to duty. Ere long a rebel shot stretched the captain upon the ground; yet heroically he continued to direct the fire of his company.

At night the battle closed. Colonel Gorman, of the Fourteenth South Carolina, passed over the ground, viewing the result of the day's strife. To him Captain Reed surrendered his sword. To the honor of Colonel Gorman be it recorded that he nobly refused it, and with his own hands replaced it in the sash of the wounded officer.

After a time Captain Reed and his son were placed in a negro hut, where for five days they received neither food nor medicine. Here a party from Richmond visited them. One of these persons was Rev. Mr. Moore, said to be pastor of a Presbyterian church in Richmond, who, approaching the noble, suffering boy, tauntingly said,

"I declare! here is a fine blue-eyed boy among the wounded Yankees! Why did you come from your father and mother and school

to murder us, burn our houses, and destroy our cities?"

The father's soul was roused in hearing this brutal attack upon his loved child.

"Stop, Sir," said he. "This is my son. I brought him. The fault is mine, if fault there be; and mine must be the punishment. I think it cruel in you to come and insult us, and instead of bringing us relief, to add to our misery. You know we are in no condition to answer you."

"Sir," said Mr. Moore, "I beg pardon," and left the hut.

William Reed was a true Christian hero; more anxious for his father than for himself; patient, submissive, cheerful. Seeing one morning some dead soldiers on the grass-plot under his window, lying with upturned faces upon which the night-dews had fallen, he said, "Father, the sweetest tears Heaven sheds are the dew on a dead soldier's face."

In suffering and in privation William lived about fourteen days, and then closed his eyes upon earth's woes, in the long-to-be-remembered Libby Prison. "I reached the room in which he lay," says a chaplain who had watched him tenderly, "just in season to commend his spirit to God; one of the most precious offerings laid on our country."

The suffering at the hospital in Willis's Church, on the Quaker Road, was, perhaps, more severe than that at any other. This hospital was under the charge of Dr. Marsh, of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, surgeon of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and contained one hundred wounded men, who were mostly from General Sumner's corps, and of New York regiments. For four days they were absolutely without any other supplies than such as the surgeon and his assistant could gather in a neighborhood where the inhabitants, in addition to their own vindictive hostility, had orders from Richmond not to sell to the Yankees. Our men died of hunger; and before any food was sent to them they had reached such extremities that a single cracker found in the haversack of a dead soldier would be eagerly seized, broken, and distributed among twenty ravenous mouths.

At last, after imploring appeals to General Lee and General Jackson themselves, there came, on the evening of the fourth day, two hundred crackers and one hundred and fifty pounds of fat bacon, which was totally unfit to eat. On the next day two barrels of flour completed the list of the provision deemed necessary for one hundred wounded Yankees. Could we believe that there was the shadow of a necessity for this restriction of supplies we could regard the agonies and death of our brave men as only a part of the chances of a war waged against starving foes. But their own statements at this time pointed to no such famine and destitution in their midst as would justify these inhumanities. Later in the war they were undoubtedly, at times, too near starvation themselves to be able to give food to their prisoners.



CAPTAIN REED AND SON.

While our wounded men were thus slowly dying day by day on the fields where they had fallen, the remainder of the army was pressing on in its retreat toward Harrison's Landing. The exhausted soldiers, with but a few hours at a time to rest, were alternately marching and fighting the guerrillas who harassed their rear. Nobly the rear-guard did their work—corps relieving corps, as one after the other they became exhausted in the severe skirmishing. The wagons were all brought off in safety, or when the horses died were so broken up that they could never be used again. The pursuing enemy

found nothing upon the track that could be of any service to them. Wood was burned up, and stores of whisky and molasses emptied into the dust. Muskets which grew too heavy for the sick arm to carry were left bent and broken by the roadside. Knapsacks were emptied of their contents and torn into shreds. It was a march of horror. Heat, thirst, hunger, pain of wounds, and terror of pursuing foes, all combined to exhaust the already exhausted army.

General M'Clellan was still importunate in his call for reinforcements. In response to a very earnest appeal, on the 1st of July, for more

troops, President Lincoln replied on the 2d as follows:

"Your dispatch of yesterday morning induces me to hope your army is having some rest. In this hope allow me to reason with you for a moment. When you ask for fifty thousand men to be promptly sent you, you must surely labor under some gross mistake of fact. Recently you sent papers showing your disposal of forces made last spring for the defense of Washington, and advising a return to that plan. I find included in and about Washington 75,000 men. Now please be assured that I have not men enough to fill that very plan by 15,000. All of General Frémont's men in the Valley, all of General Banks's, all of General M'Dowell's not with you, and all in Washington taken together, do not exceed, if they reach, 60,000, with General Wool and General Dix added to those mentioned. I have not, outside of your army, 75,000 men east of the mountains. Thus the idea of sending you 50,000 men, or any other considerable force, is simply absurd. If in your frequent mention of responsibility you had the impression that I blame you for not doing more than you can, please be relieved of such impression. I only beg that, in like manner, you will not ask impossibilities of me. If you think you are not strong enough to take Richmond just now, I do not ask you to try just now. Save the army, material and personnel, and I will strengthen it for the offensive as fast as I can."

The persistent importunity of General M'Clellan in calling for reinforcements is certainly a historic marvel. The very next day after the receipt of the above telegram from Washington, he writes to the Secretary of War from Harrison's Bar:

"I am in hopes that the enemy is as completely worn-out as we are. He was certainly very severely punished in the last battle. It is of course impossible to estimate, as yet, our losses, but I doubt whether there are to-day more than 50,000 men with their colors. To accomplish the great task of capturing Richmond and putting an end to this rebellion, reinforcements should be sent me, rather much over than less than 100,000 men."\*

There probably will never be any very accurate statistics in reference to the losses during this disastrous campaign. From testimony afforded the Congressional Committee, by Mr. Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War, it appears that prior to the 5th of April, 1862, there were landed on the Peninsula 121,500 men. Soon after the divisions of Franklin and M'Dowell, numbering 12,000, were sent down. Then M'Call's division of 10,000, and 11,000 from Fortress Monroe, were sent; and soon after 5000 men of Shields's division. Total, 159,500 men.

On the 22d of July, 1862, by returns from General M'Clellan to the Adjutant-General's office, the army consisted of—present for duty,

101,691; special duty, sick, and in arrest, 17,828. This indicates a total loss, on the battle-field and in the hospital, of 39,981. There are other statements that 60,000 of the Army of the Potomac were buried on the Peninsula.

Four or five miles above City Point, on the Richmond bank of the James River, is a rude landing called Turkey Landing—a low, sterile plain, scorched black by the July sun, deserted, and desolate. But it gave to our weary army a Heaven of rest. They plunged, men and horses, up to their necks, in the muddy water. They laid down on bare planks, and slept for the first time for seven nights without the sound of skirmishing shots in their ears. The festering wounds were dressed, and some attempts made at reorganizing the regiments. On the evening of the 1st of July, and the morning of July 2, the army moved on to Harrison's Landing, the place which General M'Clellan had selected for his final encampment. A pitiless storm poured down with the morning, and added, what had seemed impossible, one more discomfort to their load—mud, Virginia mud, ankle deep. But the hospital transports and the supply ships were seen anchored close at hand, and each breeze which came over their sails to the bank of the river carried strength to the hearts of the men.

For the next two days all was confusion. The heights were not occupied, and the troops were not so placed as to be able to resist an attack. But for the heavy rain which made it impossible for the enemy to bring on their artillery, the disastrous seven days, the "Change of Base" would have perhaps terminated in a still more disastrous massacre of the remaining half of our army. But on the 3d of July the heights were properly fortified, and the Fourth found the army able once more to hold its ground against any probable attack.

A slight demonstration by the enemy on Thursday, the 3d, was met so vigorously that they retired for the last time, having lost a number of prisoners and guns. The sun of the Fourth rose as undimmed as if only peace and happiness lay beneath its light. The troops were reviewed by General M'Clellan in the afternoon, and they received him with the most irrepressible enthusiasm. Storms of cheers rent the air and followed him from line to line. During the review a proclamation was read to them, which must have stirred their blood almost to forgetfulness of the woes and the losses of the campaign.

Those losses were appalling. General M'Clellan gives the figures in his official returns of the losses during the Seven Days' Battles as follows: killed, 1565; wounded, 7711; missing, 5958. Total, 15,224. The losses of the rebels were even greater, and were estimated by their own papers as high as 18,000.

It is easy to find fault. It is not difficult in a review of events to point out errors which could not have been foreseen. The causes of failure in this humiliating campaign are now

\* Report of Congressional Committee, p. 13.

obvious. In December, 1861, the Army of the Potomac was about as perfect in numbers, organization, and discipline as it ever became. Four months had been devoted in the perfecting of this majestic engine of war. And yet after this, for five months, more than 100,000 magnificently arrayed and highly disciplined troops loitered restless in their tents doing nothing; while the Potomac, the great avenue to the capital, was blockaded, and the rebels, far inferior in numbers, equipment, and organization, were within twenty miles of our lines. No satisfactory reason has ever been rendered for this astounding inaction.

Norfolk could easily have been taken. Our gun-boats could easily have cleared the banks of the Potomac of the rebels by whom they were infested. The navy implored permission to open the blockade, but were forbidden to do so. The loss of Washington at that time, when France and England were supposed to be upon the point of recognizing the rebel Confederacy, would have been an incalculable disaster. And yet when the army did move, it advanced circuitously upon a line which uncovered Washington, and which exposed it to the most imminent peril of capture. Our advance upon Richmond, by the route finally taken, should have been like the swoop of the eagle; it was the creeping of the snail. Four long weeks were wasted before Yorktown. It might have been taken in as many hours, and with less loss of life from the bullets of the foe than was experienced from the pestilence of the marsh.

The fight at Williamsburg, without reconnoitering the position, without any concert of action, with but a handful of troops from an army of over 100,000 men within sound of its guns, with uncertainty even as to who was in command, was a gross military blunder. Through the heroism of division commanders and the bravery of the soldiers we gained a victory, but at a sad and altogether unnecessary loss of life. One day's delay at Williamsburg would have placed Franklin's division in their rear at West Point, and would have effectually cut off the retreat of the foe.

It is forty miles from Williamsburg to Bottom's Bridge, on the Chickahominy. We scarcely caught sight of a rebel on the march. Most of the encumbrances of our army were conveyed by steamers up the York River. And yet fourteen days were occupied in the march—an average of less than three miles a day. If we had wished to give the rebels time to concentrate their troops from all quarters, and to throw up defenses around Richmond, we could not better have served their purpose. Vigilantly and energetically they improved the hours with which we thus favored them.

Upon the destruction of the *Merrimac*, on the 11th of May, there was no obstacle in the way of our transports and gun-boats passing up the James River almost to within cannon-shot of Richmond. The battle of Williamsburg was fought on the 5th of May. Our troops should

immediately have seized upon the James River approach, and thus have secured the effectual co-operation of the navy. The delay of this movement until the disastrous "change of base" in the Seven Days' fight was a fearful error.

## DIRGE FOR THE FALLEN.

*Requiem eternam da tibi Domine.*

UNDER the Winter snows,  
Shielded from harm,  
Past all the pain that knows  
Battle's alarm;  
Safe from all mortal foes,  
Free from all earthly woes,  
Sleeping in sweet repose,  
Death's holy charm:

Under the Summer sod  
Still shall they sleep,  
Called to thy peace, O God!  
Tranquil and deep.  
Naught may disturb their rest,  
Mansioned among the blest;  
Them shall the Shepherd's breast  
Tenderly keep.

Theirs is no troubled night,  
Vexed with its grief;  
Watch they no morning's light,  
Wait no relief.  
Not to their slumbers come  
Voices of fife or drum;  
Hushed and forever dumb  
War's tumult brief.

Pillow their weary heads  
Here where they fell,  
Make them their warrior-beds  
Where they fought well.  
Under the Southern sun  
Here was their brave work done,  
Here their good fight was won—  
Here weave their spell.

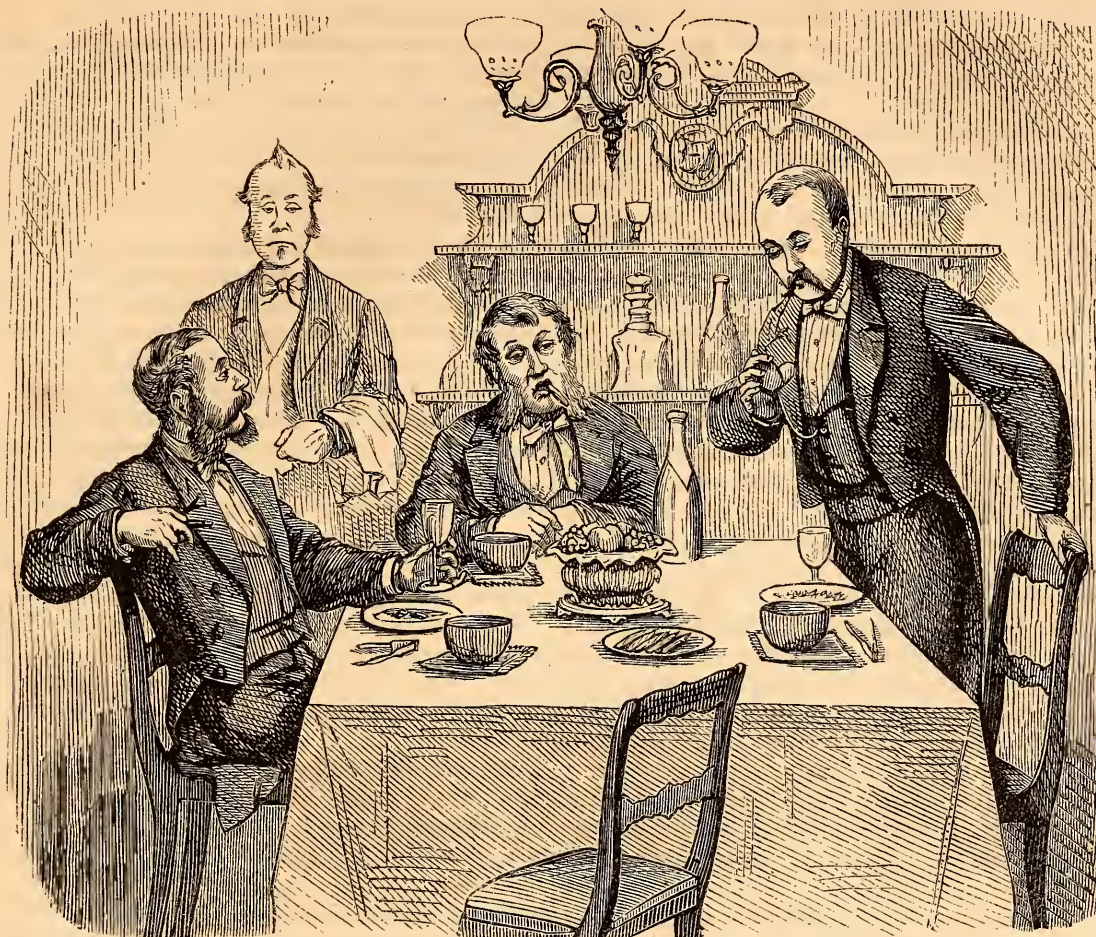
What matter where they lie,  
Nameless, unknown?  
Better beneath His eye  
Than beneath stone  
Carved with an empty name,  
Speaking a craven's shame,  
Voicing a coward's blame  
When life has flown.

Give them thy heavenly peace,  
God of our trust!  
Now may their troubles cease,  
And from their dust  
Soar their souls unto Thee,  
Clad in thy purity.  
Make them, O Father, free,  
Thou who art just!

J. F. F., 114th N. Y. Vols.

STEVENSON, VA., March, 1865.

## Dobbs's Dinner at Delmonico's.



BROWN.—"Twelve o'clock, boys; I told Jennie I'd be home at half-past. Good-by, Dobbs. You've given us a capital dinner."

JONES.—"Don't let's go yet! what's twelve o'clock among three of us? only four apiece. Let's keep her up!"



JONES (at home, time 4 A.M.)—"Set'nup f'me, Molly! What's er use? Dobbs's dinner y' know, cap'l lem'nade, c'gars little too strong, made me sick—tha's all."

## ANDREW KENT'S TEMPTATION.

A SUMMER'S day! The very heart and heat of summer, with all its golden glow, its mellowness of light and shade, the dazzle of its sun upon a cloudless sky, and its parched earth panting thirstily.

Perhaps a ride in an open wagon, upon a dusty road, with the thermometer at 96° in the shade, is not as desirable a situation as one might be able to conceive of. So Andrew Kent thought, as his old horse jogged along in the full glare of the sun. The long stretch of yellow sands before him seemed to grow blanker and barer and dustier at every step. The trees had no shadow to cast over him, but shot up straight and motionless into the hot noon; the branches gnarled and crossed each other lazily; scarcely a leaf quivered upon its stem. The murmur of myriads of insects filled the air, long, monotonous, unbroken. Golden bees were swarming sleepily on the blossoms of the clover which crimsoned the fields. The valley into which they sloped stretched out in yellow flats to the Connecticut, torpid and white, between its banks. From the very daisy at his feet to the line of horizon beyond the river nothing stirred, nothing but the bees and butterflies whose hum and sweep only made the silence audible. Was the world asleep?

This man always found time for his fancies. With a certain instinct of content he called them up and made them minister to him to lighten his toil. Since the noon was on fire and the ride a long one, he turned just as naturally for relief to watch the blossoming fields and the light on the river as many another would have grumbled or sworn at his horse. He would have noticed a violet by the road-side, or a golden cloud that floated above and past him at the close of the busiest day; he saw something more in a field of plumed and nodding grass than his neighbor's crop of hay and profits; he liked to hear the tinkle of the pasture-bells in the twilight.

He was no genius; he never thought of being a poet; he never wrote a book; I do not think he ever cared very much to "have an education." He earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and asked not for idleness or ease. He worked ten hours of the day, and enjoyed the village gossip in the evening, and slept soundly at night, and rose with the dawn. He gained his honest gains and enjoyed them, and hoped such hopes as God had given him. Because his soul was healthful and manly you would guess how these might weave and interweave themselves with his life. You would have seen it too in the outlines of his face, in the straightening of his tall form, in the very step of his foot upon the ground. A man whose days had been but a pleasant promise, and who saw all which were to come in their light.

Do you know what it means when a hope and a life are one?

Andrew, chirruping to his horse and cutting

some thought—a puzzled thought apparently—into the sand with his whip-lash, was aroused at last by a woman's voice behind him.

"Can you give me a lift?"

"Hilloa! whoa, Molly! What did you say ma'am?" reining in his jogging horse. She came up slowly and repeated her question.

"Why, yes, reckon I can. Climb up this side; take my hand—so!"

"Thank you," said the woman, when she was seated beside him.

Andrew looked at her; something in her voice struck him curiously—a slow, monotonous voice, like the toll of a bell. You have heard such, perhaps. Her face might have been fashioned for it. She sat looking directly in front of her, her eyes wandering off to the flats and the blue distance. Yet it was doubtful if she saw them. The restless gloom in them, the pallor of her lips, and the dead blackness of the hair which fell down about her forehead might have fitted some tragic picture. And so Andrew thought, in his way—for I doubt if he knew what tragedy meant—saying to himself, compassionately, "I'm sorry for her, poor thing!" wondering the next minute what it was in her that had touched him.

"Hot walking," he said, sympathetically.

"Very."

Kent cracked his whip and looked askance again at the woman's restless eyes.

"Have you come far?" he ventured, seeing that she had not observed his look.

"Yes."

He coughed and pulled up the reins. What man likes to be foiled or silenced by a woman? Andrew, with that twinkle in his eyes and that half-smile on his lips, certainly did not. Yet he scorned any rude or impertinent question with as true knightly a spirit as if his hands had not been coarse and brown, and his muscles strong with daily toil.

"Where would you like to go?" he said, breaking a silence in which he had whipped the tops off from all the daisies within his reach. They had come to a point where two roads diverged, and this gave him an excuse for speaking. It made him uncomfortable, somehow, to sit so near the woman's eyes and see them still wandering, wandering over the river.

She started a little at his question, and for the first time met his look fully. It apparently reassured her.

"Is there a tavern about here?"

"Yes, just off to the right—I go right along that road. Shall I take you up there?"

"Thank you," she said, as she had said it once before.

"Hi ya! there, Molly!" said Andrew, quite sure now that this was an opportunity for conversation. "Pretty considerable of a tavern, ma'am, we call it. Folks come up from the city in summer-time."

"Do they?"

"Yes. The Cap'n counts on his city lodgings. Some of 'em pay well. There's a chap

come up near a month ago—keeps a parlor going for himself." The woman listened; he saw that. "One of your regular out-and-outers—the Cap'n's right hand." He seemed to be talking more to gain his little victory over her than from any desire of his own to dwell upon the subject.

"What did you say his name was?" asked the woman, carelessly.

"I didn't say. It's Pennington, though," he added; "Arthur I believe's the first."

"Oh!"

She turned away her head. He fancied from her indifferent tone that she was disappointed in his answer—that she might have expected to hear a name familiar to her.

"Do people think much of him round here?" she continued, as if to make conversation.

Kent drew the lash sharply round Molly's ears. Something very like a scowl was on his forehead. "Some do, and some don't."

His laconic answer, or something else, stopped the reply which was on the woman's lips. She drew her bonnet over her face, brushed her hair out of her eyes, and turned them again to the distance which grew hazy in the increasing heat. They were both silent the rest of the drive. Andrew, with a certain uncomfortable feeling which was rather unusual with him, wished it at an end. He cramped himself as far at his corner of the seat as was possible, and directed a sudden and vehement attention to Molly, who, with drooping head, plodded through the sand on the slowest of all slow walks, varying it only to stop now and then to pull up a mouthful of grass and tiny road-side clovers. He reined her up at last with as much alacrity as if she had been "warranted to trot in 2.40."

"This is the Cap'n's."

The woman looked up at the low, white tavern, glancing furtively at its windows where the blinds were closed, and over the piazza, which was vacant.

"Very well; I'll stop here."

He got out and helped her down from the wagon.

"Sorry I couldn't give you a cooler ride," he said, with returning spirit.

"Warm? Yes—yes it is."

She spoke absently, a faint, feverish brightness in her eyes, where the vacant look had been. Then thanking him in the same tone she went slowly into the house.

Andrew turned back as he drove away; she was speaking with the landlord. He stopped in the midst of a whistle of relief—a little vexed with himself that he had allowed her to make him uncomfortable, and utterly at a loss to account for it. "But I don't like to see a woman look like that."

Musing a little, his face softening. Something following on the thought drove the stranger from his mind. A pleasant picture, perhaps—brighter than the golden flecks that chased each other among the apple-boughs above him. Another of his fancies to forget the heat. What-

ever it may have been it brought him with surprise at last to the door of his shop. Molly, scarcely stopping to leave her master, followed alone the well-known road which would end in her stall, and, with a long, cheery whistle after her, Andrew went in.

A blacksmith's work on such an afternoon was by no means the easiest, but Kent was not a man to make a stumbling-block out of the weather. One might have known how he would stand in the glow of the forge with that resolute face; what blows he would deal with those great, brawny arms, as if he were knocking midsummer on the head at every stroke; how he would sing over his work in his hearty fashion—not an unmusical voice by-the-way—just such beauty in it as Nature puts into her most rugged places by the trailing of their wild, rich greens. After a while, however, the song ceased. Some uneasy musing had knotted his forehead a little, and while he worked it deepened into a scowl.

"It *can't* be!" speaking half aloud, and stopping suddenly. He stood up straightening his shoulders, looking out of the door over the fields where the blaze of the noon had died into softer light and longer shadows. There was something in his face just then that perhaps had never been there before; the thought which caused it might have been as new. God had never greatly denied this man; there were paths where his soul lay as undeveloped as a child's. If you have always moored your boat in still waters, do you know how it will bear a tempest?

"What are you staring at, Kent?"

Two or three men had strolled up to the door, whom the cooling air, and perhaps the prospect of one of Andrew's jovial talks, had tempted out.

"Looking at the sun, Mr. Joliffe," laughing with the rest; "it'll be down before long, I reckon."

This man Joliffe—a stranger who had been but a week in town—had a curious way with him that Andrew did not fancy. No one knew for what he had come there, or what he was doing, or where he belonged; or any thing, in fact, about him, except that he had but one eye, which he made to serve the purposes of two, Andrew thought, a little petulantly, since he was always prying into people's affairs with it; always cognizant of every one's whereabouts, and every one's name; always cocking it impertinently when he asked a question—which he was much in the habit of doing.

"You had a hot ride to-day," he said, seating himself upon a two-legged stool, which he tipped back against the wall for support.

"How did you know?"

Kent pounded away on the glowing iron, so that Joliffe could hardly hear himself speak in answer.

"I? Oh, I saw you out of the tavern window."

"Is there any thing you don't know, Mr. Joliffe?" he said, laughing.

Joliffe winked with his one eye, and rose, letting the two-legged stool tip over. Some horse, driven up to be shod just then, attracted the attention of Andrew's visitors, and his own also. He forgot Joliffe in his work till he heard the crippled stool put in its place again, and saw him seat himself upon it, somewhat in the shadow of the wall, and pull his hat over his eyes as if preparing for a nap.

"Hilloa! you Andrew! I want my horse shod."

Kent looked away from Joliffe and out of the door. A white horse—he knew it well—a graceful, spirited creature, was pawing the ground outside, and its rider, a gentleman in dress, was looking into the shop impatiently.

"Very well," said Andrew, some stiffness in his voice.

"I'm in a hurry."

"I can't attend to you till I get through this job, Mr. Pennington," hammering away till the meditative farm-horse under his hands winced, and looked round in meek surprise.

The young man grumbled and muttered something about "a blacksmith's keeping a boy, so as to do his business properly." Kent said nothing. Pennington sat idly playing with his riding-whip. He had a delicate hand, and his glove fitted closely. Andrew knocked the dust off from his own blacked ones at last, and looked up.

"I'm ready."

Pennington got out of his stirrups lazily, and Andrew led in the horse. But the white beauty objected decidedly to the hammer and the shoe, her eyes on fire, her ears erect, rearing under even his strong hand.

"She needs two to shoe her," he said, stopping. "Mr. Joliffe, will you help me a moment?"

But Joliffe made no answer, still tipped back against the wall. He was asleep. Kent beckoned to some one outside; and, the horse quieted at last, he worked in silence. Pennington strolled out in front of the shop, and leaned against a fence lazily, puffing at a cigar.

"By Jove!" he said, suddenly, standing erect, "there's Prue Tyndall!"

Andrew let go the horse's foot; she stamped it imperiously, bringing it down almost upon his own.

"Like her master!" Andrew said, between his teeth. Presently he looked up.

A girl was coming up the road, walking slowly among the daisies, where the light fell through the leaves of overhanging trees upon her. A little creature, with a white sun-bonnet shading her face, and a basket on her arm. It was a rounded, rosy arm, and a stray sunbeam blinding her just then, she put it up to shade her eyes. Pennington uttered a low whistle.

"Fit for a goddess!" laughing lightly.

He did not see the look Kent gave him. As the girl passed he took off his hat gracefully, some bright ring on his finger sparkling. The wind blew her hair into her eyes just then.

Soft, warm hair it was, like the sun itself. A pretty confusion burned in her cheeks as she brushed it away to return his bow. She had not seen Andrew. Do you know how he hated the very horse he shod, for her pure color against his own grimy hands, at that moment?

He watched the little figure that was passing along now over a field-path, where the shadows of some soft floating clouds flitted over her, and the butter-cups were golden under her feet—he could not help it—he did not know it even. Becoming conscious suddenly of some one's gaze upon him recalled him to himself. He started to find Joliffe's eyes perfectly wide awake under his hat, and, turning sharply, went on with his work.

"That's as pretty a girl as there is in the country," puffed Pennington, after she had gone.

Some one standing by laughed, "We s'pose *you* think so."

Just then another woman passed by slowly—a woman with black hair, and a bonnet drawn far over her face so as quite to hide it. Either from her walk or her dress, Kent, who had looked up with his eyes on fire, recognized her at once; it was the woman he had met that morning. Pennington looked after her a little curiously. "Not many points of similarity," he said, in his insolent way. He watched her as he had watched the other, with the difference of a careless smile, then, turning, walked into the shop.

"Isn't that shoe most on?—how long you are!"

"I should be likely to stop if it was."

Andrew's back was turned. Joliffe breathed audibly. Pennington wondered what that man went to sleep in such a dingy place for.

Dingy? So it was; why should not every thing bright turn away from it? Andrew was glad when Pennington and his perfumed gloves and his snowy horse had left it. He breathed more freely—he had felt stifled before; he thought the coolness had all passed out of the air; that the closing day had burned it dryer than the noon. He was glad too when the group at the door ceased their gossip about that fellow and the child. How did they dare to touch her name so lightly—little Prue's name? He watched them as they went away, with a sigh of relief that he was alone.

"He's pretty much of a swell, ain't he?"

Kent started; he had forgotten Joliffe. What *was* that man's mission in the world?

"Who?" a little tartly.

Joliffe looked round cautiously, until satisfied that they were alone; then he tipped back his stool again, and winked vehemently at Kent several times.

"What's the matter? Who are you talking about?"

"Billy Watson."

Andrew stared at the name—that of a noted counterfeiter of whose exploits the recent papers had been full, and whose fame had reached even to this torpid town.

"You've been asleep, Mr. Joliffe," he laughed. "I supposed you were talking about that fellow on the white horse."

"So I am."

Kent dropped his hammer, and concluded Joliffe had escaped from some lunatic asylum. He began to wonder how he should get him taken back, and if that didn't account for his having such an eye.

"Arthur Pennington, or Billy Watson, it's all one; you can take your choice of names," said Joliffe, putting the eye on full cock.

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes I do. I mean that's him, or my name ain't Joliffe."

Kent turned away his face; the other could hear him breathing hard and deep.

"What did you tell me for?" looking round at last.

"Because I made up my mind you're the chap I want. I've got to have a hand to help me in this business—we're on his track."

"I?"

"Yes. I've concluded you wouldn't be sorry, over and above, to see him come to mischief."

"What do you mean?" asked Andrew, huskily.

"I know what I mean; and so do you. Well, is it done?"

"No."

"Why not? it's got to be by somebody; the law will have its way."

Why indeed? What sense of danger was there that made him turn so sharply, as if answering himself.

"I tell you no. I won't have any thing to do with it."

Joliffe was not a man to show himself foiled or disappointed. He got up, buttoned his coat, and pushed up his hat.

"I'll find those that will. You understand you're to keep mum? if it's blabbed a syllable the thing's all up."

"Yes."

Joliffe knew his man to this depth when he ran the risk. His mistake was a common one; he thought he had touched bottom when he had felt only a few surface waves. Yet a few hours later Kent thought of him; might the man's measure have been a true one after all?

Left alone, he went and sat down on an old cask behind the forge, turning his back to the door and the brightness of the day outside. His head was bowed within his hands, and so for a time he did not move. He rose at last, taking off with an impatient gesture the black leather apron which he wore. He stopped a moment with it in his hand, looking down into the fierce glow of the forge—the white, flameless glow, far hotter than the day that had scorched him since its morning. What would he do? throw the thing in? He smiled the next moment, a childish petulance. Then, tossing it in the corner, he put on his coat and hat, locked the shop door, and went out into the cool of the coming evening.

I told you he was content with his work, and the place God had given him to do it in. And he had been. That little black shop, where he had toiled so many honest years, why he had loved it, an old friend, with its cozy, homely face. Yet to-night, with his hand upon the lock, he loathed it; he would have quitted it so forever. He hurried up the street, and round the curve which hid it from his sight, drawing a long breath there, as one who throws off a burden. The world had been to him but one long, smooth pathway, just as bright, leading through hedges and grasses, as if jewels paved it. It was free before him, and the birds had sung above him, and now what was this barrier thrust into his face? Who had a right to pinion his arm? It was a strong arm to claim its own! striking heavily with it in the air, thinking these things, not as I have told you, but in his own dim way. His face, with that new darkness on it, deepened at last into an intent look, his eyes softening a little, but full of a restless pain.

An old brown farm-house stood at the summit of the slope up which he walked, a pleasant place, with a few giant shade trees and a garden. He had played there with little Prue when they were children together; he knew every inch of it by heart. It was her garden now; he used to see her sometimes when he came home from work, busy among the flowers. Passing by it now with his manly step, a little quick and nervous to-night, a sudden picture struck upon his view.

Lingering lights were chasing each other deep into golden hollyhocks, and blazing in the scarlet hearts of poppies, and hiding in the cups of purple bells; stems of nodding white lilies grew warm in their glow; myrtle leaves folded them into shadow; beds of royal pansies wore them like a crown, and a few late roses held up tiny buds to them, as something sorrowful might ask for a little love.

The brightest of them all touched the blue starry blossoms of a creeper near which little Prue was standing, and weighed down a branch which fell almost upon her hair—the warm, soft hair drooping in her neck. Some light dress that she wore fluttered in the wind; her hands fluttered too, in a little nervous way they had, toying with the winds; the white outline of her face, with its faint flush, was bent a little, a bit of a breathing statue against the crimson of the west beyond. Pennington stood by her, looking down into her face, breaking with his white, shapely hand the spray on which her own rested as if he would touch it if he dared. At something he said, some low words which Andrew did not hear, she turned her face suddenly, and looked up into his with a shy smile, her eyes wide and blue as a child's. Perhaps she knew she had beautiful eyes. If there was a little coquetry in the act do not blame her. She would have played at hide and seek as innocently. But what if there was more? What if that timid tenderness flushing her face meant what Pennington had determined it should mean?

The man standing there in the road turned white, his hand dropping clenched. She looked up just then and saw him, she dropped her hold upon the flowers, a change coming over her face.

Kent ground his heel into the sand, turning sharply away, walked on down the street, out of sight of the house, and looked neither to the right nor the left. If you had seen his face you would have thought of what I said about the hope and the life.

If he had never known that he loved this child before, it was a bitter way that the knowledge came; strong man as he was, it was a bitter way. He spoke wisely who called it "cruel as the grave." Do you think it unmanly that Andrew Kent's very lips turned white and quivered as he met it? Then you understand neither it nor him.

Some meadow lands through which he passed sent up dank vapors; mists which chilled the very glow of the sunset light filled the hollows; the sickly willows at the road-side cast gray, cold shadows over him. I do not think he knew it. The flats with their stretch of unmown grass, the windows of the clustering houses by the river, the long winding of the water, and the sails dotting it here and there, were turned to flame; beyond, the great sweep of crimson, like the wing of some watching angel, hung silently. But his eyes, so quick to see all beauty and all promise, were fixed upon the ground.

The night had brought a low, cool wind, which murmured in the near forest and touched his fevered face. He thought it some simoon; the ground seemed parched beneath his feet, he wondered that they called it cooler.

His home, when he reached it, looked bare and desolate; he turned away from the dog that ran out to meet him; he did not hear Molly neighing in the stall for her supper; he was almost vexed with his old mother, who waited for him on the porch. He gave her no smile as she tottered after his coffee.

"What ails ye, Andy, boy? Sick?" coming back when she had put his chair up to the table.

"No, mother, no!"

He was standing by the window, his arms folded tightly. He had taken off his hat, and she saw how heated he was with his walk, how red and knotted his forehead. She came up, pushing back the wet hair.

"Ye're tired, Andy; have a drink of water? I drew it fresh!"

He shrank under her touch, turning quickly. Only an old memory; just so little Prue used to smooth his hair when they were children and played in the garden together.

"Yes, yes; thank you, mother. I believe I am tired," seeing the puzzled pain on the old woman's face.

He took the water and drank it all down; then another glass, and another, thirstily. He sat down after that and ate his supper in silence. The old woman talked on, but he did not hear her. He caught a name at last that made him look up.

"What did you say, mother?"

"You're deaf as a post, Andy. I was sayin' as how Prue Tyndall's goin' after that city fellar, and I don't like his looks none too much neither. Folks say she's greatly took with him."

"Do they?"

"That they do, and it's too bad; she's as purty a gal as there is hereabout, and there won't no good come of it. I allers thought you and she'd make it up between you, Andy."

Andrew rose abruptly from the table.

"Where are you goin'? Ye hain't touched the coffee, Andy, boy!"

"I'm going for a walk, mother. I'll feel better then and talk with you," speaking hoarsely.

"Take yer stick, my boy; take yer stick, it's terrible sandy out:" and she hobbled away to get him a cane. It was one of her fancies—quite as much because she thought it gave him a gentlemanly look as any thing else. She brought him one of heavy oaken wood. He had made it years ago to please her when there were rumors of highwaymen about town, and it made her nervous to have him out after dark. Why did he start a little when she gave it to him, hesitate, and hold it a moment, turning it round and round? He hardly knew. Neither could he tell why it grew hot in his grasp as he went out of the door, or whence came that vague idea that he had better go back and leave it.

The rose of the angel's wing had folded itself out of the sky down into a tiny cloud that blushed on the horizon. Pale lights of green and amber cradled it; the purple of a hill grew soft beneath it. When Andrew, walking down the road, raised his eyes toward it it sank slowly—bright to the last.

Leaving the glow of the west behind him he turned into the shadow of the woods. The path to the village was cooler there and stiller. For some distance it skirted the edge of a ravine—an ugly place, worn perhaps in some long past inundation of the river. Some great rocks filled the bottom and jutted out from the steep sides, their edges sharp and jagged. A rank undergrowth lined the chasm; great pale ferns and large-leaved weeds; masses of briars trailing over gullies, where the dead leaves of years were collected; trunks and branches of trees fallen down and decaying where they fell, and growths of bright moss green upon them.

Andrew stood a moment looking down; the light coming through the leaves was blood-red on the chasm. There were floating stories of men who had driven off there years ago. People shunned the place after dark; as well they might, he remembered afterward, thinking how easy a thing it would be to miss footing on the edge; it was slippery with the dead, brown shower from the pines. She used to be so afraid to come here to play—tiny Prue. She was very tiny then, for it was many years ago. Once he coaxed her to come and look down, he holding her hand all the time. She liked to have him care for her. She wasn't afraid to trust him then. Now—

He turned away from the spot, walking rapidly, beating the ground with his oaken cane—

Now she loved *him*—that man—a *thief*! Little Prue so pure and white! who used to smile at him and put up her hand into his arm, and never mind, never think about the shop or what he was. How *dared* the villain do it? How dared he make her look at him so?—a *thief*! his eyes on fire at the thought. And so she might have looked at him, Andrew Kent, with his rough, black hands. He sat down, covering his face with them. What mattered it that, through all his whiteness and smooth words, the soul of that other was blacker than they? She did not know it; she would never believe it. He knew how the child might love, looking up so—so as he had seen her look that day among the flowers.

A bit of a picture had come to him that morning when he rode in the blazing noon: Prue coming out to meet him when he came from work, looking up in the light, her eyes just so blue and wide, pattering about the house in her child's way, singing in the dismal rooms, which turned all at once into brightness, holding up her pretty, tender face to his—his wife! What did it come back for? Who sent it to torture him?

Do you think it strange that this child's tiny hand should lead him so—a little careless thing, coquetting as a butterfly might do, and no more able, perhaps, to understand the love of a heart like his? Do you wonder that the strong man bowed there in the twilight quivered and shook because of her?

A sweet singer has told us that Adam, looking into the face of Eve, thanked God "that rather Thou hast cast me out with her than left me lorn of her in Paradise." Is manhood more than God first made it? or love less?

Andrew Kent looked up at last. "Weak, maybe"—muttering to himself—"weak and foolish; but she—she's all there was!"

His face, growing grayer with the twilight, hardened. What thought froze it so? Was there any thing at his side that he looked round shivering? "Oh my God!" clenching his hand to quiet himself; turning his face, dark with some mighty passion, up to the sky quivering faintly golden through the leaves—instinctively, as it seemed.

Whatever the dread was it passed away in a few moments. His eyes only, still steady and glowing, watched the lingering light beyond the ravine. His soul was in the thick darkness with God. He would not have put it in such language. He would only have said, as he muttered now and then to himself, "Little Prue! She's all there was. He's broken her heart—hers and mine." Then again: "Poor little Prue! My pretty innocent—" choking there and hiding his face. He was only a blacksmith, you know. He had never been taught that such people have no feeling; that if they sleep well and have plenty to eat they are—or ought to be—content. Will you pardon his ignorance?

Some sound breaking upon his ear aroused him at last—a horse's hoofs in the distance. Again the shiver and the dread. What stood beside him?

The sound clattered nearer and nearer in the still air. He stood up, his face paling. Leaning forward, his eyes strained through the twilight, he saw that for which he looked—a white horse daintily treading the pine-strewn road, his rider playing idly with a whip, and a gloved hand upon the rein.

The oaken cane he held scorched Kent's hand; his breath came in gasps; you might have heard his teeth grind against each other. The sky, so faintly golden, was quivering into pallid gray. No face with its weight of passion was turned up to it, and it caught no cry of need.

Pennington, riding in his lazy way, watching the flash of a ring upon his finger as he thrummed some tune with his whip-lash, caught a sudden rein upon his horse, and looked up with an oath. The creature, rearing and curveting, shied to the very log that bounded the edge of the ravine. Andrew had neither moved nor spoken; it was only the sight of his white set face, he standing so ghost-like there under the pines.

"What in the name of—"

Kent sprang out now, one hand on the bridle. "Stop a moment!"

"Oh, it's you, is it, Smithy? What do you want? Let alone my horse!"

"Not till I get ready."

"Is that the game? We'll see!" taking the long, light whip in his other hand.

"Put that whip down!"

He put it down instinctively before the look in Kent's eye.

"Who are you talking to?" said Pennington, with an insolent smile.

"You! I've got something to say to you, Mr. Pennington."

The other looked up quickly. Scanning Kent's moveless face he seemed reassured, a little anxiety, perhaps, settling in his eyes. Andrew caught them with his own.

"Do you mean to marry that girl?" his voice thick and hoarse.

Pennington laughed. "Oho! a little country love-scene, is it? What is that to you, my good fellow?"

"Do you mean to marry her?"

"Who are you talking about? Let go that bridle!"

"Do you mean to marry her?"

Pennington glanced from Kent's face down to the formidable cane he had stirred a little on the ground. Then he coolly lighted a cigar and put it in his mouth.

"No."

What did Andrew Kent's rigid face mean? What would he have done, springing forward so? The other turned white.

"By Jove! what are you doing? No harm shall come to the girl. Hands off there!" Yet he did not dare to dismount.

"What do you mean then? What do you

learn her pure little face to look at you so for? Do you think you're fit to say one word to her, or touch her hand—you?"

Pennington quailed a little; he could see that.

"Fit? somewhat fitter than you, I fancy," glancing at Kent's coarse clothes, then back at the jewel on his own white hand. "*She* thinks so at least."

Even his taunting laugh did not move some fixed, deadly purpose on Kent's face.

"What have you done all this for? I will know."

"Just as lief tell you—no objection at all," puffed Pennington, languidly. "I like to fool with a pretty girl—just as you would if you could get the chance, I suppose."

"You'll break her heart—*her* heart for *that*?"

"Easily mended, I guess," laughing in his light way. "I suppose she'll cry her pretty eyes out for a fortnight; but what of it? *You* may try the stakes then, and welcome. Most through holding that bridle? I intend to finish my ride now—should be sorry to run over you."

Andrew Kent's hand was like iron upon the quivering horse. His face, in its dead whiteness, cowed the man upon her into silence. He raised his cane, feeling its weight; he measured Pennington's slight form with his eye; he looked down the chasm where the twilight was blackening. It would be but a moment's work. Horse and rider would be found below to-morrow. An accident; they had missed the road, and—so it would end.

"Help! Stand off there! What are you doing?" Pennington's very lips were ashy.

A silence, broken only by the pawing of the horse's impatient hoofs. A single bird too, chirped in its nest overhead. The cold sweat stood in great drops on Andrew Kent's forehead. He drew a long, gasping breath.

"Great God!" throwing up the bridle. "He'll send His own curse after you; 'tain't for me! Go! or I might do it—might kill you!"

The frightened horse sprang away, her nostrils quivering, her white hoofs scarcely touching the ground—away into the gloom that had gathered and wrapt the forest.

Andrew stood a moment looking after her. Then he turned, all weak as one come from some terrible conflict, sinking down upon his knees—humbly as a child might do—down there in the thick, damp bushes.

"The Lord forgive me! I—I didn't do it! I thought I should, I—" And he dared not so much as lift up his eyes toward Heaven.

Pacing back and forth in front of his own gate an hour later, with a face too white yet for his mother's eyes, he met Joliffe.

"Hilloa, Kent! out for your health?" stopping in his inquisitive way.

"No."

"Oh! out for pleasure maybe?"

"Yes—yes," trying to pass on.

"I'll walk a jiffy with you—blast this confoundedly dark night! I thought you were

looking white as I came up. Several cases of sudden sickness about town, they say."

"It's the heat," said Kent. His voice was husky yet.

"It *is* hot," nodded Joliffe, turning up his eye. "Seen any thing of Pennington round these parts?"

"I saw him an hour ago, out riding in the woods."

"Fine looking chap Mr. Pennington! That's pretty much of a horse too. He's a gentleman that always has considerable of what he wants; and we poor dogs that ain't so lucky have to stand round, you know—have to stand round."

Andrew could not help turning in surprise. Was that conversation in the shop a dream? Joliffe, perfectly oblivious both of the look and the astonishment, went on talking, rolling the curious eye up to Kent's face again.

"He hasn't been seen down at the Cap'n's since somewhere along about four o'clock—interest up this way I take it," laughing.

Andrew turned impatiently. Some thought of this man's business crossed his mind. How far did that vision of his ferret crime? Were thoughts unspoken any barrier to it?

"You're pretty sure you don't know where he is?"

"I? to be sure I don't—I told you once!" starting a little. "I saw him an hour ago; then he was in the woods. What more do you want to know?"

"Nothing!—oh nothing!" bobbed Joliffe. "I beg your pardon. I only wanted to ask. Folks down at the tavern missed him—that's all. Popular gentleman, you know."

Andrew made no reply. He was watching a figure that passed him just then silently—a woman; and even through the gloom he could see that her hair was black. She did not recognize him. Her face, with its dead white outline, was bent as if she listened. As Joliffe spoke—he had not noticed her—she almost imperceptibly slackened her pace. At the close of his sentence she drew her shawl about her nervously, and walked on faster than before. She came dimly to Kent's troubled thoughts that night. What had she to do with them or him? What indeed?

It must have been past midnight when, tossing on his sleepless bed, he heard a sound that roused him quickly. A long, low whistle in the yard below. He sprang to the window. A short figure with a slouched hat stood down in the white moonlight.

"What's to pay?"

"Nothing but the Devil!" answered Joliffe, in a suffocated growl. Pennington's bolted!"

"Gone!"

"Yes:" his confidential tone now—the one he had used that afternoon; "gone! he and the horse—haven't been heard from since dark. Have you been blabbing?"

"I? No!"

"Not a syllable?"

"As true as there's a God in heaven."

"And you don't know where he is?"

"I don't know any thing about him."

Joliffe stood a moment looking up, then turning cautiously, slouched out of the yard without a word.

Of what did the man suspect him? Was the mark of Cain upon his face? Andrew, in his honest, happy life, had scarcely known what it was to count the slow hours of a sleepless night before. This terrible thing which had come near to him sat like a spectre in his silent room; it eyed him as some fixed and stony eye; it pursued him in his vain attempts to rest; it held him like some grasping hand; it would not let him go.

*Murder!* and with the heart into which it had come, he had dared to think her name—had dared to love her—little Prue! "But I didn't do it—God forgive me! God forgive me!" muttering to himself now and then as he paced the room.

His mother, wakened from her sleep by his footstep overhead, came up once to his door.

"Nothing's the matter, mother, only I can't sleep."

"Are you sick, Andy, boy?" seeing his face.

"No, no. What does every body think I'm sick for? There—there, mother! don't worry. Good-night."

He closed the door again, listening to her as she crept feebly down the stairs; listening as if some one were telling him that she was all life held for him now; and, as to the added question, the question to which he listened over and over, which took form after form. Did she guess what he might have been—what he was in the sight of God?

Then, as the night passed, his thoughts took other shapes. He wondered where Pennington had gone, with a vague dread, as faint and impalpable as the bars of moonlight, which turned his face blue and cold; whether he was beyond the reach of justice, too; if he and his crimes would drop into silence henceforth. Will you believe me if I tell you that the thought caused him no regret?—that the picture of the child came with it—the child with her faced turned up among the flowers; and he only said, with something in his rough and common face that transfigured it, "She wouldn't find out what he was; she'd better not know—she loves him!" But the spectre that sat within the room would not be forgotten. What was he that he should judge that other, and his sin?

And so at last the morning came. But there in the sunlight, face to face, with him It stood. It looked at him from the brightness that burned in the east. He saw It in the cool of shadows quivering under the grasses; in the dew that crowned them as they drooped; in the chirpings of leaf-hid birds. It called to him from the forest which rose against the warning sky—the forest from which the gloom of the night had not faded.

As he went by Prue's home on his way to work, turning away his face, It asked him some-

thing:—Where was Pennington? But It gave him no answer. While he was bending over his work, striking such mighty blows that morning with his quick, nervous arm, he saw Joliffe passing the shop. His walk was hurried, so hurried that he hardly stopped when he heard his name called suddenly.

"What's wanted?"

"Have you heard from him?"

"Not a word."

Then Andrew went back to his work.

Where was Pennington? Perhaps the forest, from which the gloom had not faded, could have told him; or the dews which had wept all night among the ferns.

The day passed as if there were weights on the hours and the moments chained. Whispers of Pennington's disappearance found their way quickly from mouth to mouth. People wondered, and gossiped, and looked mysterious. "The Cap'n" swore furiously at the empty suit of rooms, and the unpaid bill running up its length in his ledger. Prue Tyndall did not come to the post-office, or do her little errands at the store that day. Andrew heard her name often, with a careless laugh, or a look of pity, as the case might be. Men cast sidelong glances at his face so rigid over his work; women looked at him, nodded at each other, and walked away whispering. The stagnant life of the town had nothing to do with itself but pry into other lives. This idle curiosity stung him to madness. He hated the very sunlight that crept in through the crevices and peered about the shop, as if it had some power to make his soul transparent. He longed impatiently for the darkness of another night—better that, better even the spectre shut up in his silent room than this. He thought—his nervous fancies growing—that people eyed him coldly, suspiciously. Had the leaves of the forest told a story? Did they know where, but for the hand of God, that man might have been lying this morning? Because Andrew Kent's honest eye had never shunned the eye of a fellow-creature before, the newness of this horror was all the more horrible and strange.

It increased as the day wore on, and the same dark question, with its same unanswered mystery, haunted him still. He could not reason with it. The knowledge that the counterfeiter must have suspected Joliffe, and sought his only safety in flight, did not satisfy him. Have you never seen the time when the soundest of logic and the plainest of common-sense was no more to you than a child's prattle?

Andrew, on his walk home to dinner, looked, and hated himself for looking, at the brown farm-house with its closed blinds which the trees hid so silently. There was no one stirring about the place. The garden was empty; its great golden hollyhocks nodding in the noon, its bells drooping in purple slumber; the lilies and myrtles hushed and warm; the starry blossoms of the creeper hanging motionless. A haze, that had thickened since morning, wrapped the

whole—a huge curtain with folds of opal drawn silently. He looked, and hating himself for looking, turned away. Passing the gate, some one called his name. He stopped, startled.

"Prue! I—I didn't see you."

She stood just where the shade of an old apple-tree was thickest—a tree in whose hollow they used to put their little notes when they were children, and played at love as merrily as they gathered butter-cups in the field. A bar of the murky, red sunlight struck her through the leaves, leaving burning lights upon her hair, her face within it showed pale.

"Is—is this all true about Mr. Pennington?"

"Yes; he's gone."

Something in his voice made her look up into his face—a little surprise on her own.

"Haven't they heard any thing from him?"

He shook his head, moving his eyes from hers; he could not meet their look.

"What's the matter, Andrew? are you sick?"

"Sick? no!"

She stood plaiting her little white apron nervously, her breath somewhat quick.

"If—if they've heard about Mr. Pennington, will you stop and tell me when you come by to-night?" And then, as before, she looked up at him.

"Yes, yes; I'll come, I—"

He turned—he broke away from her rudely and strode down the road. She stood quite still, watching him and wondering. At last the golden haze wrapped him out of sight.

As the day closed the sultriness of the air became almost suffocation. The mist, a dead weight, settled heavily to the earth; the light that filtered through it was dying in the struggle; the trees stood up dimly in it; the village and the river faded like some mirage. It brooded over the swamps and sucked up poisonous vapors from them. A night which might have been filled with suicides and murders—a night for any horror. So Andrew thought as he stood at his shop-door, his head bared to the damps that choked him.

Suddenly the figure of a man running up the road caught his eye; it was the landlord. There were others behind him.

"What's the matter, Cap'n?"

"Matter enough," stopping to get breath, "though I don't know as there's any need of blowing myself like this."

"Well, what?"

"Oh, I thought you knew," he panted. "Great row down our way. There's a little gal come up to the tavern—said she'd ben playin' in the woods, she and a parcel of young uns, and they see somethin' down the gully; she thought it was a horse, but whether it was a horse or a man she was too scart to find out. If it *should* be that are city chap, you know!" and the Cap'n started on again as if in some manner that account in the ledger was to be cleared by his keeping himself on full steam, or as if he expected Pennington, dead or alive, to vanish at the sight of him.

Kent was past him in a moment. A horrible fear came upon him. A picture of the proud, white horse, rearing and plunging into the twilight, where the pine-strewn ground was slippery. It was *his* hand upon her rein from which she had struggled to get free. Had God measured the measure of his punishment full to the brim?

He felt the mists cling to him and chill him as he entered the shadow of the forest: some startled crows flew up and away, cawing above the trees. Then it was so still that he heard a pine-cone dropping in the bushes. On the spot where he had met Pennington the night before something lay under his feet and tripped him—it was his oaken cane. He stooped and picked it up; then, recoiling from the touch, threw it far among the underbrush.

He went to the edge of the ravine, where he had seen the twilight blackening last night—why! was it only last night? He went to the edge of the ravine and stood a moment looking down. Then he turned, followed a foot-path that wound steeply down the rocks, and came at last to the bottom.

The white horse had fallen heavily upon her rider. He seemed to have struggled to get free from her; but the creature in her dying agonies held and crushed him. He lay among the tangled underbrush with which the deadliness of the rocks was hidden, the weeds rank about him, the dead leaves in the gullies. A pallid fern shaded his face, which was turned toward the glowless west. His shapely hand, with the ring upon it, was clenched over his head.

Andrew's face grew gray when he saw it. He knew what it meant. Had he sent the man before the bar of God so?

The voices of the crowd down at the entrance of the ravine broke the hush. He knelt down, pushing back the ferns. All the lights that quivered through the mist from the setting of an unseen sun struck the face. Its ghastliness was horrible. How long had the man struggled alone, and in the night? Had his lips stiffened so with curses on them? The curses might have fallen on Kent kneeling there beside him, so moveless was he. The crowd pressing up through the defile found him alone with the dead—*his* dead.

"How long, now, might you reckon he'd ben there?" asked some one, breaking a silence.

"About twenty-four hours." His voice was low and changed.

"Horse got scared, I s'pose. Terrible place to go off—terrible!"

At the whisper the crowd looked up the height silently. Kent, still kneeling there, had not turned his head.

"Well, I hain't nothing to say." It was the landlord who spoke, coming up to raise the ferns. "I've found him out now; but it goes agin the grit to call a dead man a thief. I reckon he's got a longer bill nor mine to settle."

Kent looked round sharply. Joliffe and two

or three strangers—officers of the State—stood there, silent like the rest.

"William Watson's arrested in the name of the Commonwealth for forgery," said one of them at last, clearing his throat; "but seeing—"

"Hush!" It was Kent who spoke, sternly. "You can't touch the dead."

No; human justice had come too late. Whatever the hidden crimes of the man lying there beyond its reach, He to whom vengeance belongeth knew them. And the group, standing with awe-struck faces, remembered that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

"Let me pass! Let me pass, I say!"

It was a woman's voice—a sharp, wailing voice. At the sound the crowd divided, wondering. Andrew Kent heard it, and heard her footsteps over the rocks. A great shiver seized him. He dared not turn to see what must be seen. Instinctively he drew the fern-leaves over the dead man's face. Was this a sight for the child—the child with her white, quivering lips? Some one came up and kneeled beside him; a hand pushed away his own, and tore up the leaves that shaded the face he tried to hide. It must be—he must bear the sight. Where was his manhood? He turned, rising from his knees.

No; not *that* one—not little Prue, thank God! He knew the face—a colorless face, with the black hair hanging over it.

"What are you doing here?" he said, gently.

"What am I doing? Haven't I the right? I am his wife."

She knelt down where Andrew had knelt, and laid the dead man's head upon her lap. She passed her hand over his forehead tenderly, as one might soothe a child to sleep. She whispered his name once only, and those standing nearest to her could not hear it. Then bowing her head, so that her long, dark hair hid both her own face and his, she clasped her hands upon her forehead, and sat so, looking down. She did not move, nor sob, nor cry out. Perfectly still she sat so, looking down.

Andrew moved away reverently. Even Joliffe took off his hat. It was so still that they heard the rustle of a startled rabbit in the moss. The men exchanged glances at last, growing uneasy. Some woman standing at a distance sobbed aloud. The landlord went up, half irresolute.

"Come now, I wouldn't take on so," his rough, good-natured voice a little husky; "see-in' he'd treated yer so, I wouldn't—I wouldn't really."

A Roman matron might have looked as she looked, turning up her tearless eyes.

"But I love him," she said. Then she bent her face again, her hair sweeping over it and over her husband's.

The light that trembled like some struggling rainbow through the mist grew faint, and faded out of the ruined chasm; the trees that had mouldered where they fell, the patches of gaudy

moss, the growth of brambles, and the leaves dead in the gullies lay in shadow; the outline of the heights above was dimming. But the woman there in the twilight, with her hands clasped upon her forehead, had not moved or spoken. Joliffe went up and touched her shoulder. She started, the look of a tiger in her eyes.

"You sha'n't touch him. Your laws have nothing to do with him now—he's *mine*."

"It ain't that I've come for, woman. I can't arrest a dead body. But the folks want to move him. You can't sit here all night, you know;" spoken gently, though; as gently as Joliffe could speak perhaps.

She looked about her at that, scanning every face. Then she rose and stood where she had knelt, silently. They raised him gently—Kent and Joliffe—and bore him out of the ravine; the woman, like some voiceless shadow, walked beside them; the crowd followed slowly. Up by a winding road through the forest, and so out upon the purple flats from which the fog was clearing. They reached the tavern at last; they took him to his own rooms, and left him alone with his wife.

"Kent," whispered Joliffe in his ear, as he turned away, "if you were most men I should suspect you had a hand in this business."

Andrew stopped—looked at him savagely.

"Oh, I didn't say I did, did I? I only took the opportunity of telling you you wouldn't do for *my* trade with that face of yours—good as a newspaper any day."

He did not wait to hear the reply on Kent's lips, but winking till he winked himself dizzy, walked away. Like some bird of ill-omen, he disappeared where the night was darkest, and Andrew saw him no more.

The road, darkening before him as he went home in his blind way, his eyes on the ground, took before he knew it a curve—the curve he dreaded. Every step of the way since he left the tavern he had seen but this one shadowed winding and the house beyond. He would have gone away from it. He would have walked till he was foot-sore if he might have escaped it. He heaped miles upon miles in his fancy between it and him. But he had promised her. Free-will, was it? He could see nothing but the hand of an avenger; erring, perhaps, as many a better theologian than he has done. Why was this brought upon him of all the world? Why was he chosen to break her heart?

His eyes, as I said, were on the ground. So, coming suddenly to that bend in the road, he started at the apparition of a little figure standing there alone and still. He had almost touched her before he saw.

"Prue! you out here in the damp?"

"Yes," turning and walking by his side. "I haven't seen any one who could tell. They have heard from Mr. Pennington?"

No answer.

"Tell me, Andrew, don't you know?"

"Know? Yes," as if by a mighty effort. "I

can't tell you a lie, Prue: they have heard from him."

She was silent a moment; so was he.

"Well?" at last.

"His horse—you know what it was?"

"Yes."

"His horse was—got frightened in the woods last night, and—she went over the rocks."

An exclamation—some low cry of horror from the girl made him dumb. At her voice, telling him to go on, he roused, speaking almost under his breath.

"We found him there to-night; he must have been dead a long time."

He had not once looked at her face: he did not now. But he could feel her shiver."

"Dead!" and she said no more.

"Have you told me all, Andrew?" stopping at the gate.

"No"—his breath sharp.

"I want to hear it—the whole."

She caught his eyes then; her own were dark with a sort of horror.

"Don't, Prue; don't ask me! I'd rather somebody else would tell you."

"I want to know now."

Which of the two, think you, was the martyr at that moment?

"I didn't think I could have told you. I hoped you needn't know. He was a forger—the officers were there."

He wrenched the words out slowly, one by one. He was breaking her heart, he thought, at each—his little Prue's heart. He could see her face pale whiter than before; she hid it on the gate; standing there like some bruised flower, quivering in the chill of the night-wind. He would have left her so. An Israelite might have profaned the Holy of Holies with less sacrilege than he could stand there, as he saw himself. But she called him back.

"What was this about a woman, Andrew? I heard some one talking as they went by. I asked them, but they didn't hear me."

"*Must* I tell you?"

"Yes." She spoke imperiously.

"It was his wife."

"His wife?"

She echoed the words; the horror that had been in her eyes seeming to chill her, from the hair that fluttered and lay motionless on her forehead to her very hands crossed one into the other.

"Prue! little Prue! I couldn't bear to hurt you," his voice like one in actual pain. "I couldn't bear to, I didn't mean to! I'd be a comfort to you, if you'll let me, but I haven't any thing to say—I don't know how."

And so he broke away from her, as he had done once before, and left her standing quite alone in the night. The girl did not watch him now as he walked away. She opened the gate, went into the little yard, and threw herself down under the trees where the grass was cool, with a burst of sobbing like a child in grief.

And Andrew?

His mother, waiting and watching for him, found him at last pacing back and forth in front of the house. He might have paced there till the morning if she had not called him.

"Andy! Andy! what are ye doing? Ain't you comin' in?"

He stopped. "Coming in?" The thought had not occurred to him before.

"It's lone waitin' for you, my boy; and Molly hain't had her supper."

"Molly? Oh yes, I forgot."

He came in, patting the old dog that walked sedately by him—mechanically as it seemed. His mother went with him to the stable. The sight of his face stopped for a moment her usual garrulity. She stood puzzled, watching him in his work about the barn. He made the horse's bed; tossed down her hay; and then went into the stall, the creature turning her head and whinnying after him. He stopped a moment to pat her neck and forehead. The horse rubbed her nose against him joyfully, her soft, dumb eyes as full of affection as any language could have been. Andrew put his arms round her neck as he used to do when he was a boy.

"Eh, Molly! old girl, you love me! *You!*"

The light of the lantern swinging on his arm was full in his face just then. He turned away abruptly, so that his mother could not see it.

"Andy! why, Andy!" after a silence; "what are you doing there?"

"Mixing Molly's meal, to be sure, mother."

"Meal? it's saw-dust out of the little back shed. I didn't know what you was up to."

"Saw-dust! why so it is saw-dust! I guess I've lost my wits, mother."

He put the pail down, laughing long and loud.

"I like to see that," nodded the old woman, looking half frightened, though, at the sound; "ye've ben so down in the mouth of late."

He laughed again, the nervous, hollow laugh.

"Saw-dust! Yes, ha! ha! good joke, isn't it, mother? Did you think I was goin' to choke you, Moll—poison you, maybe!"

Then he went up stairs for the meal. After that he locked the doors for the night. His mother helped him, seeing how wearily he walked; the very bolt upon the door he drew with an effort. Are these trivial things I tell you? I see a tragedy in them.

"No supper, Andy?" seeing that he did not go in.

"No—no—I guess not, mother—not just now."

"What's this talk about that city feller," sitting down on the porch he was pacing in his restless way. "I've ben waitin' till you got through the work, and was kinder settled, afore I asked. Is it all true, about his tumblin' down the gully, and turnin' out a rascally thief, and havin' a deserted wife, and what not? That's what the folks has ben jabberin' on past here."

"Yes; all true."

"How fast you're walkin', Andy, it raises a terrible breeze! Well, I never! I wouldn't ha'

thought it, reely; though I allers *did* say he'd turn out somethin' he didn't set up to be. I *am* sorry though for the gal—Prue Tyndall, I mean. Folks say she hain't ben seen sence, and it's cut her dreadful. She was as smart an' pinky a little creetur as I want to see, and makes as good butter as her mother, to say nothin' of her head bein' uncommon for a chick o' her years. And to think of her throwin' herself away on a miserable dead scamp, when so many as he wasn't fit to look at would ha' made good husbands for her, any one on 'em; though, to be sure, Andy, I *might* have my choice on 'em."

The old woman's chuckling laugh over what she considered an excellent joke broke off suddenly. Andrew had stopped his walk.

"Don't, mother! don't talk about her so; I can't bear it!"

"Andy!" She came up, anxiously touching her hand to his heated forehead. "Andy, what ails you?"

"Nothing, mother. Don't! Let me be!"

But he could not deceive his mother any longer. She wrung her hands, her aged voice breaking into a cry:

"It—it ain't *her*? Oh, Andy! Oh, my boy—my poor boy!"

He groaned aloud, but made her no other answer.

"She sha'n't turn you off! She sha'n't, I say! She's a little deceitful minx! She ain't fit for you to think on!"

"Hush, mother! don't you say one word against her. It ain't her fault. She can't care for me. It ain't her fault"—choking.

"I didn't mean to hurt ye, Andy. I won't say it again."

She came up and put her arms about his neck.

"My poor boy! My poor, poor boy!"

But even his mother could not comfort him. For so many years she had been to him first, and all; he had kept no grief from her. But this which had come between them—*this* she could not touch. Even she must be shut out. He must be alone with it.

"There—there, mother! Don't. Let me go!"

And he went; he tore himself away from her, and off, out into the fields, where the night was still.

Only a working man, you know—a very common man. But the hand of God had fallen heavily upon him. There, thrown down among the long, wet grass, his face hidden from all the world, he wrestled with it as Jacob might have wrestled of old.

Pennington—for so the villagers still called him, with a sort of charity to the dead—was buried the following day. Seldom had the place been stirred to such unusual interest as by the events connected with him; and that sort of curiosity which gloats over any excitement, even the most horrible, filled up a long funeral procession that followed him to the grave.

Perhaps two only, out of the whole, were prompted by other motives. One was the forg-

er's widow. She had scarcely left him since she found him lying among the ferns. She followed him to the lonely grave, which they had prepared in a remote corner of the burial-ground, in the same stony quiet with which she had followed him out of the chasm the night before—his only mourner. The other was Andrew Kent. People noticed only his haggard face, and some strange determination in his eyes, as he bore the dead man to his resting-place. They noticed, and wondered, and forgot. Whatever agony every toll of that funeral-bell seared hot and deep into his soul, God only knew it. Whatever terrible sense of justice there was that made each last rite he could perform for the criminal a stern duty—sacred as if at God's command—none guessed it.

"I shouldn't ha' thought," said the Cap'n to his next neighbor, in a whisper, out of respect to the occasion—"I shouldn't ha' thought it of him, reely. Of all on us, except myself—which, seein' the man's dead, I mean to forgive and forget—Andrew Kent's got the most to lay up agin him, if folks say true about the gal. Look at him, though, carryin' of that are body—pretty considerable weight the chap was, too—and takin' the overlook of every thing, as ef he'd ben a fust cousin. Well-meaning fellar, Andrew—takes after the father; the old man was allers doin' a job for somebody else."

All the sunshine of the garish day seemed to have fallen on the grave, by which they stopped at last. Andrew shivered as he saw that solitary woman standing in it so motionless; she might have been dead herself. Her face was rigid; her eyes, perhaps, saw nothing. It was only when they would have let the coffin gently down that she started, some wild light in her face. Andrew's hand caught her. Would she have sprang into the grave? He could not tell. She was quiet under his touch, and stood as before. The crowd broke up at last. Only the sexton lingered about among the graves with his spade. Andrew was left alone with her.

"I'm sorry for you," he said, gently.

She looked up for the first time into his face with her dry, fixed eyes.

"Are you? I loved him."

He dared not answer.

"He went away from me," she said, as if speaking to herself. "He went away and left me; but he's dead now—he was my husband."

The words ended in a long, smothered cry—a cry from something imprisoned behind her stony face; as if the face might be dead, but her soul had not freed itself. It seemed to chill all the light that touched, but fell away from her. Andrew fancied the very sky of warm, bright blue paled where she stood against it, her black hair motionless on her forehead, her features sharp.

"I wish I could help you," he said at last.

There might have been the faintest quiver on her lips then.

"The time's past for that. I've lived through a great deal. It doesn't matter so much what's

left now, only—I came here to find him”—returning to her musing way—“I came to find him—I *did* hope he wouldn't send me off. And so this is all!” looking down into the grave.

Andrew thought how she would have cursed him at that moment if she had known what he was. The sexton, growing impatient, came up then to begin his work.

“Come, it's no place for you,” said Kent, in his troubled tones. “Where are you going?”

But she turned from him and from the grave, and without a word or one look behind her, walked rapidly away. Andrew watched her dark figure passing under the grave-yard trees—the mournful trees that so well suited it. It went out upon the street then, and down the dull, hot sands that stretched toward the city, where it disappeared.

As Andrew passed by the tavern on his way home some one called him. The farmer—it was Prue's father—came up fumbling in his pockets.

“Prue sent some nonsense or other down to you,” he said, turning something in his hands, “I meant to give it to you at the funeral—didn't get a chance though.”

He held up a tiny, folded paper. Andrew's hand shook as he took it.

“Thank you, Mr. Tyndall, thank you;” and he walked on hastily.

A bit of a note with his name upon it, in Prue's little district-schoolish hand; but most wonderful and graceful was the hand to him. He did not open it till he reached a solitary place in the road where no one could see him. Then he read it, slowly:

“DEAR ANDREW,—I want to see you just a minute. Will you come over to-night? PRUE.”

The night came and Andrew went. He found her in the garden again, where the evening light was touching the flowers of gold and purple and crimson, and the white of the lilies as before. But now she stood alone—the starry vine, too, had drooped under the sun. She came up when she saw him, meeting him at the gate.

“It's kind in you to come,” she said. “I was afraid you wouldn't.”

She wore some quiet dress, and had neglected to add to it any of the bits of bright ribbon that had so well suited her little coquettish face. But the coquetry was all forgotten now; the color in her cheeks was faint—almost faded. Yet in this quiet sadness there was something so new, so womanly, such a plaintive pleading. Andrew could not speak. She led the way down to the old stone-wall that bounded the garden, and they sat down there together.

“I want to tell you something,” began Prue. But there she stopped, twisting her little hands nervously one into the other.

“Well—you ain't afraid of me, Prue?”

“N-no. Only don't look so at me.”

Andrew turned away his face. The pure white outline of hers flushed a little.

“I know just what you'll think of me,” she

said; “but it won't be so bad as what you think now. I can't bear to have you think what you think now.”

A silence, which the rustle of the apple-boughs over her head only broke. Then she looked up, her cheeks all crimson.

“You thought I loved that man.—I didn't.”

A shot might have struck Andrew Kent, he started so.

“You—you didn't love him!”

“No!” said Prue, striking her little hands vehemently together; “no, I never cared any thing about him. And it's the more shame to me. I was a little, vain, silly thing, and I liked it because he flattered me, and made the girls talk. I *was* mad when he went off, though”—nodding a little—“because I knew people would say such things about me. I was frightened half to death when I heard about his going down on the rocks there—it came so all in a flash, and 'twas only that night he'd been picking flowers here. But when I found out what he was—and to think I'd ever let him touch my hand, and to think I'd carried on so with him, and let people think I liked him—oh, Andrew! it was terrible! terrible! It's just about made me sick. Mother says I look as if I'd been out bleaching for a week.”

She tried to laugh, putting up her hand to wipe away some bright, repentant tears that would persist in having their own way.

“And so you see, Andrew, I was ashamed to have you believe I cared for him. Ugh! it makes me cold every time I think of his name; and that's why I sent for you. I expect you'll hate me—I deserve it. I was a little foolish, willful thing. I—”

Just the prettiest little sob choked her words. Andrew could see her quiver to keep it back.

“I hate you, Prue? I—?”

Prue stopped crying. She bent down and picked up a clover blossom that grew at her feet.

“I used to think,” said Andrew, in a stifled whisper, every muscle on his forehead strained like iron—“I used to think a great while ago that maybe, sometime, after a great while, you know, you'd care a little about me. Won't you tell me, Prue? I should just like it to think about. Do you suppose you ever could?”

“I rather think I could,” said Prue, with another little nod, biting all the crimson off from her clover.

Do you blame Andrew Kent that for a while he forgot every thing but the pretty, flushed face turned up to his?—that the child sitting there on the old stone-wall, with the shadows from the apple-boughs tremulous on her bright hair, should shut out all the world besides, and all the Past, with it?

It came back to him at last like some terrible dream. He started at it, and shrank from the touch of her hand in his.

“Prue, I ain't fit! I forgot—I forgot it all! Oh my God!”

The girl standing there, with all the light

quivering out of her face, could not soothe him. Her touch was fire in his veins. He trembled at her voice.

"But Andrew"—at last—"you haven't told me what it is I've a right to know. I love you."

She loved him—a murderer!

He stood up at that. He folded his great brawny arms tightly, and looked down into her eyes. He held them fast; he would not let them go. He read every thought of the girl's soul mirrored in them. And standing so he told her all his story.

If the clear, soft eyes had once turned from him— But she stood quite still, by the mossy wall. She did not shrink, or falter, or freeze into her old, coquettish pride. Her face had caught some beautiful trust, as pure and sweet as the wind that toyed with her falling hair. When he had finished she went up to him, speaking very softly:

"But you didn't do it, Andrew," she said.

It was on a certain day in September that Andrew Kent and old Molly jogged along together again over that sandy road, the bluest of skies above them, and the freshest of winds frolicking about them. It was no lazy summer panting—this wind; neither was it one of your crabbed northeasters, whose wont it is to convert you into a misanthrope in half an hour. Nothing of either sort. It was a mad, rollicking, rolling, cheery wind, with just sting enough to be exhilarating, and just softness enough to beg pardon for the sting. It inflicted the merriest chastisement on the short, crisp grass, that obstinately refused to bend in obeisance at its nod; it played the sauciest jokes on the trees that were preparing solemnly for their gorgeous dyeing; it kept Molly in the most constant and intense excitement by blowing her mane into her eyes, and blowing it in again as fast as she nodded it out; it caught Andrew's hat off, and whizzed about his ears, and pulled his whiskers; it lay in wait for him at the corners, and blew the dust into his eyes, and filled his wagon with showers of leaves.

"None of your tricks, my fine fellow!" laughing like any boy; "you won't have the chance much longer." He drew the lash sharply round Molly's ears, and she trotted off homeward briskly.

Home! I wish you could have seen Andrew just then. I wish you could have seen his eyes soften and brighten, and that tenderness melting his face: none the less manly was the face for it, either. He had been away from it only one day, but the sense of distance had trebled the time to him.

He had been to the city, as you might know from a look in his wagon. There was the barrel of flour for the winter, the bag of coffee and bundles of sugar; warm, golden squashes too, and a basket of the roundest, reddest cranberries—for, like many another country town, the most common produce of this place could be found cheaper in the city. But best of all, in

Andrew's eyes, was a little parcel of tea—none of the herb-mixtures which the village shopman dignified by that title, but the sweetest and spiciest of Oolong. Prue had a fancy for nice tea; moreover, she had such a way of sitting up behind the great tea-pot, tasting it and sipping it with her head on one side, making about as grave a connoisseur as a canary might. Then her hands used to look so pink and pretty when she poured it out; and she uttered such dainty little screams when it was too hot; and nodded such thanks over at Andrew, with that willful hair that *would* fall into her eyes, just shading them a little. I wonder if she knew she never looked prettier in her life than she did then—this tiny Prue!

Then there were sundry other bundles that Andrew kept his eye upon every fifteen minutes, as if he thought they might be spirited away; a dress for Prue—some soft crimson stuff, in which he liked best to see her, and, safely wrapped in papers of whitest tissue, lay bits of ribbon, their colors warm and bright. Once in a while she affected a little matronly importance of leaving off such ornaments, but somehow or other they found their way back again before long, to nestle in her hair and at her throat, just as they did when she was a girl, which was so *very* long ago, you know. Ah! Andrew knew what would please her, you may depend upon it.

The glow which came into his face as he turned the corner and came in sight of his home might almost have blinded you to the change upon it. For a change there was since that other ride with Molly on a summer's noon. It was graver, and there were lines in his forehead; something about his mouth spoke the look of a soul which has been in deep waters. Such a look may tell a story either of sin or suffering. Though both had left their marks on this man's face, yet there was a smile there that made you think only of the suffering, and that not sadly. It was the smile of one who has struggled fiercely in a combat, and who wore the crown of a victor. Yet he did not dare to think he wore it. Before the God whom he had offended he thought to walk softly all his days in the bitterness of his soul. Perhaps the hand of the child in whose sight his brows were most kingly to receive it, might point it out to him at last, beyond all doubt or fear.

Molly stopped of her own accord at the gate, and had twice to remind her master that it was closed, by twisting her meek head round to look into his face, before she could persuade him to take his eyes off from the house. For Prue stood on the porch watching for him, a little rosy cape thrown over her shoulders, the wind tossing her hair all over her face. She ran down to meet him.

"You said I might open the gate, Andy."

"No, no, Prue; why, you couldn't stir it, little woman!"

"But I can," said Prue, tugging away with both her little hands, her cape blown back, and the

sleeve falling off from her rounded arm. "There! will you believe your grandmother next time? Now!"

He was out of the wagon, and she stood brushing the bright hair away from her face, turning it up to his, all flushed and warm and happy.

"Prue! little Prue!"

He stooped and kissed it—as reverently, I think, as he had kissed it first under the apple-boughs by the old stone-wall.

"What! going to leave Molly standing there, so tired and hungry. Look at *her*, Andrew—no, not at *me*."

"Oh yes, to be sure, I forgot Molly—I know whose fault it is. Run in quick, you'll catch cold out here, Prue!"

It took but a few of the shortest of moments to free Molly from her harness, and come up to the house. Prue was tapping on the window with childish delight at the sight of his arms filled with bundles. He looked up at her, nodding.

"God bless her!" he said, half aloud. The words choked him somehow. He stopped an instant at the door before going in.

Ah that cozy kitchen! I wish I had time and words to tell you what it was. If you had seen that fire—Prue built it herself—how broad and ruddy its light was in the room! She always took off the covers of the stove when Andrew came in from the cold; he fancied the live red coals. Then there was the table spread for supper, with its spotless cloth, and the best cups and saucers—very extravagant in this little housekeeper. But then Andrew had been to the city, and come home late. There were Prue's flowers, too, always in the window, with the brightest of blossoms and the greenest of leaves. And the old mother in the corner by the fire, looking up with her.

"Well, Andy, boy! so ye've come. The gal's ben lookin' the eyes out of her head after you!"

And you may be sure he gave her his old kiss, just as warm and welcome as it used to be before that curious little wife was there to open all his bundles, sitting on the floor like some fortunate Pandora, in a perfect cloud of soft, silken color. I should like to tell you how, by what seemed to Andrew some magical manœuvre, she converted the purest of them all into a little white band among her curls, "just to keep back that everlasting hair," and how the fluttering ribbon fell against her cheek and down upon her bright cape, when she began to pour out his coffee in her demure way.

Best of all would it be if you could have seen Andrew's face, as he sat opposite to her. He quite forgot to eat his supper till Prue threat-

ened that "it should certainly be locked up in the closet, and *then* wouldn't he be sorry?"

But perhaps you can fancy how it all was—all that I have not time to tell you. Perhaps you know what was in this man's heart that night; and why it was that, when he opened his mother's Bible at the time of the evening prayer, he read the old, old chant, about the "cup which runneth over."

The old woman had fallen asleep by the fire, and Prue was sitting on a low stool at her husband's feet, some happy stillness in her eyes.

"Prue," he said, "who do you think I saw in the city to-day? I've waited for a chance to tell you."

She looked up quickly with some sudden thought.

"Not that—?"

"Yes. The woman."

Prue said nothing for a moment, drawing closer to him.

"Well?" at last.

"She was miserably poor. Prue, it was terrible. There were little children too."

"You did something for her, Andrew?"

"All I could—it wasn't much. She wouldn't take money; so I went and paid her rent. What else can I do?"

"We'll manage it," said Prue, thoughtfully. "You keep sight of her; I can go without some of my ribbons and things, and you can send to her once in a while. She needn't know where it comes from."

She stood up, putting her little hands on his huge shoulders. Even she could not guess what it was to him that she should look at him so; that her pure little face did not shrink from him; that he was never coarse and clumsy to her; that his hands were never too blackened with his work for her to touch; that she was content with him as he was, and loved him. What it was, as much now as the first day he brought her to his home—what it would always be. God only knew.

"But, Andrew—" she said.

"But what, child?"

"If you'd only be content with doing all that's left!"

"But it was the same in God's sight, Prue. I was a murderer."

"But he that *endureth* temptation, Andrew, I thought he was blessed."

He looked at her standing there with her wide, childish eyes turned up to his. *Blessed!* was he not? And they told him, though she did not speak, that her love was but the shadow of the love of Him through whom he was a conqueror.

So at last Andrew Kent knew that he was forgiven.

## THE AMERICANS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

THE American is a migratory animal. He changes place with such facility that he never seems so much at home as when leaving it. Go where you may—north, south, east, or west—you will be sure to meet with him. Foremost among the explorers of the regions of perpetual frost, he drives his sledge to the farthest limits of discovery, and builds his ice-hut on the polar verge of the earth. Turning toward the hot zone of the tropics, he swings his hammock as readily beneath the shade of the equatorial palm. Populous cities and untracked deserts are alike trodden by his ubiquitous feet. He walks the streets of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Naples, Rome, Constantinople, Canton, and even the causeways of Japan, with as confident a step as he treads the pavements of Broadway. He is so universally abroad that he even anticipates discovery. The explorer no sooner sails upon some *terra incognita* in remote seas, than he is hailed by one of our vagrant countrymen whom chance has washed to the unknown shore in crazy boat or on broken spar.

The Americans are necessarily great travelers. Such is the spaciousness of their country that they can not perform many of the ordinary duties of life without a great deal of locomotion. The affairs of state and the business of trade, in which they all more or less share, are conducted at points often so remote from their habitations as to necessitate long journeys. The member of Congress from California must travel five thousand miles before he can give his vote or deliver his speech in the Capitol. The tradesman from Oregon makes a still longer journey to purchase his hardware or dry-goods in New York. The mere interchange of visits among friends and relatives, in our land of remote distances, compels passages over great extents of space. The American thus, in the course of his daily life, becomes so habituated to travel that he packs his portmanteau, and starts on a journey of hundreds of miles, as readily as he puts on his coat and comes down to his breakfast. An Englishman in Liverpool will consult with his family and friends months before about a proposed visit to Dublin, and, after all, probably never accomplish it. A citizen of New York will make up his mind to a visit to California over his second egg at breakfast, and will sail for San Francisco before dinner, without hardly stating to his acquaintances the cause of his long journey, or they caring to ask for it.

The facilities for travel are in proportion to the American necessity of practicing it. With miles of railroad and length of navigable river more than those of all the rest of the world together, a citizen of our vast republic passes with ease and rapidity from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Thus readily moving over a great continent, within the limits of his own country, he becomes

almost unconscious of space, and so habituated to travel that he thinks no more of counting the hundreds of miles of his frequent journeys, by railway and steamer, than the steps of his daily walk.

Business, not pleasure, is the main motive of travel with Americans in their own country. There are a thousand points of interest to a foreigner on our continent which are hardly heeded by our fellow-countrymen. The American is conscious enough of the grandeur, in the aggregate, of his vast and bounteous land, and exults even to satiety in its qualities. He, however, is not disposed to analyze its characteristics, and observe minutely its particular elements of interest. He cares not a fig for the sublime, the beautiful, and picturesque, if they are only seen by him in his own country. Let him travel in foreign countries, and he quickly becomes as capable of a sensation as the most sentimental and rapturous. A mountain at home is less visible than a mole-hill abroad. Miss Araminta, who is hardly moved at the sublime spectacles of nature in her own land, has no sooner crossed the ocean and sipped her first cup of *café au lait* at Meurice's, than she is aroused to the intensest emotion at the sight of the piddling fountains in the garden of the Tuileries, and the toy islets, built up of Parisian filth and mud, in the pools of the Bois de Boulogne.

It is true that of our people of means and leisure who are disposed to travel few venture upon a European tour without a sight of Niagara. The great cataract is so stupendous a work of nature, and its awful roar of waters has so echoed throughout the world, that an American is sure to find, wherever he goes abroad, those who, however ignorant of every thing else in his country, are conscious of its existence. It would not do to meet the universal inquiry about "the falls" with a confession of not having seen them. Not to know Niagara would argue one's self unknown. This motive alone sends a great many of our fashionable friends there on the eve of a contemplated tour to Europe.

Apart from the compulsory sight of the great cataract and the passing glances of the country caught in the course of a steam-flight to Saratoga and Newport and back, our thriving people who have the money to spend and the disposition to spend it in gratifying their curiosity see but little of their own land. Yet many of these same people go to Europe and keep wandering for years from country to country until they have exhausted every mile of route, feature of landscape, canvas of picture-gallery, foot of church-spire, and stone of ruin in Murray's whole library of guide-books.

The best preparation for a journey abroad is a knowledge of home. Every man, supposing that he does not wish to denationalize himself, should, before he travels, become familiar with his own country. Otherwise he will lose that chief benefit of a visit to foreign countries, the occasion that it gives of comparing other lands with his own, and thus discovering the good to

cling to and the ill to reject. To the American traveler especially this preliminary knowledge of his own country is essential. His native land is involved in a great experiment, social, economical, and æsthetical, as well as political. It behooves him to observe well its degrees of progress, in order to compare them with the stages of advancement of other countries. The freshness and growth of America are to be confronted with the maturity and decay of Europe. Youth is to be brought face to face with manhood, alternately vigorous and feeble, that it may learn from its lips of experience what has conduced to make it the one and the other. Our young country has much to learn from older countries, but it should first study itself, that, knowing its own character and conduct, it may make proper application of the lessons from abroad. "A man," said Dr. Johnson, "must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge." If Americans learned more and talked less of their great country it would be better for themselves and others.

Few travelers, however, are actuated by the elevated motive of improving themselves and their country. Most seek amusement, distraction, or health, and care little about political institutions, national resources, manners and customs, provided their passports are *en regle*, their bankers in funds, and they are civilly treated and not overcharged. Most of the ordinary motives of travel exist in abundance in our own country, though our wealthy citizens who hasten abroad seem hardly conscious of the fact. Our extensive and diversified land presents every variety of natural scenery, from the picturesque to the sublime, and almost every kind of climate. The American admirer of nature can gratify to the utmost his taste for lofty mountains, sonorous cataracts, sinuous streams, dark forests, and variegated landscapes; and the seeker after health may invigorate his languid nerves by northern blasts or warm his chilled blood with southern breezes without crossing the boundaries of his own country. It is true that there are no fusty feudal ruins and great galleries of ancient art; but there are brand-new cities and endless scenes of busy enterprise. If the romantic traditions and departing glories of the one have an interest, so have the surprising realities and the fresh vigor of the other. Of places of historic association in America there is already an abundance, which this war will increase a thousandfold. We shall have numberless fields of battle, illustrated by greater heroism and patriotic devotion than have made Blenheim and Waterloo memorable.

Traveling in America, great as are its facilities, has certain drawbacks. The fastidious complain that its modes, so favorable to the gregarious propensities of our countrymen, are opposed to all reserve and retirement. Whether at rest in the hotel, or in motion on steamboat and rail, you are forced to herd with the crowd. You are obliged to sink the individual in the mass, and form an indistinct part of that flow-

ing whole called the traveling public. This is unavoidable in a land where the conveniences of travel are not for the few but the many. The only relief for this discomfort of being in a perpetual crowd must come from an improvement in the national manners; for the mass in America will continue to assert, as it has always done, its right to motion as to all the other privileges of civilized man. With, however, extended freedom there should be increased grace. As we must continue to live and move in crowds, we should learn to live and move harmoniously. This is not a question only between clean and dirty linen, glossy silk and faded calico, the poor and rich—though in our land of abundance it is not too much to demand of the humblest traveler that he should be dressed so neatly, and live so cleanly, as not to offend, in the course of his close companionship, the most delicate of his fellow-citizens. Miss Sophronia Peabody has no right, and may have no disposition, to refuse Patrick O'Donoghue, a republican like herself, a seat by her side in railway carriage or at steamboat table; Miss Sophronia, however, in her best silk and in the purity of feminine sensation, may reasonably object to the proximity of Patrick still unwashed from his last sewerage operation, and redolent of the mixed odor of whisky and tobacco. It is no infringement of O'Donoghue's lately-acquired privileges of citizenship, as it is no interference of aristocratic capital with democratical labor, to demand of him a freer use of water and a temporary abstinence from the pipe and the glass. There is no objection to the presence of Patrick among the "ghintlemen and leddies," provided he does not bring his mud and a smell of the "critter" with him. To make him a good democrat it is not enough that he should vote. Citizenship has its social as well as political obligations. Patrick, on his travels, should present himself decently to his cleanly fellow-citizens, whose close companionship he claims. We know of no reason why railway companies should not have their regulations of decency, forbidding the reception in carriages of obviously uncleanly persons. No one in Paris is allowed to pass through the public gardens and parks without a coat on his back, in order that the general becomingness of these places of diversion may be secured. This example, however, may be contemned, as a specimen of the tyranny of Europe, though it is taken from a country where the greatest social independence exists. A republican illustration will perhaps better serve our purpose. We recollect reading in prominent letters hung up in the saloon of a United States mail steamship bound to California this peremptory command: "No one is allowed to sit down to table in his shirt-sleeves."

The great fault of our traveling public is its disregard of individual rights. Every man is supposed to be common property, and for the time being he is forced to give up to others the possession of his body and mind, in which he

himself is only allowed to have a reversionary interest after the journey is over. His eyes, ears, limbs, and even his thoughts, are seized upon by the crowd, as soon as he enters hotel, steamboat, or railway carriage, and held for its own use until he leaves. The general conversation is carried on in so loud a tone that the traveler is forced to hear every word. He thus has expressions, observations, opinions, sensations, thoughts, and sights thrust upon him so continually and emphatically that his faculties become too oppressed with the work of others to be capable of doing their own.

Disposed to allow the largest freedom of thought, sentiment, and expression to our fellows, we claim the same liberty for ourselves; and we don't care that they should think, feel, and talk for us. We more especially object to being made the involuntary organs, as we often are when traveling, of our neighbors' shallow opinions, gross sentiment, and ribald conversation.

One of the most annoying forms of this public intrusiveness is reading aloud. After having conscientiously performed the daily duty of perusing the morning's paper, it is not pleasant to be forced to listen again and again, at each station of a long railway route, to the ephemeral effusions of Mr. Jefferson Brick, with the added comments of a succession of his admirers. We have our own opinion of the sentiments and style of that editorial Boanerges, and, having once submitted to his thunder, care not to be exposed to a repetition of its shocks.

We by no means approve of the churlishness of the "respectable" John Bull, who so smothered himself in his English reserve that he can not breathe a word of sympathy with his fellow-travelers, lest he might perchance speak to a common son of Adam one degree lower in the British social scale than himself. Much of the pleasure of travel, and the profit too, is often derived from the conversation of the casual companion of the steamboat or railway, and he not always clothed in the finest broadcloth. While we, however, would encourage converse among fellow-travelers, when mutually in the humor, we protest against being forced by the pertinaciously inquisitive into a communion for which we may feel indisposed. Our countrymen are too apt to disregard the right of every man to reserve in the presence of strangers, and will harry a traveler by question after question from his retreat within himself, for which he may have the best of reasons, like so many dogs scratching out of his burrow their concealed victim.

Our people, in spite of the admonitions they have received, still persist in an indiscriminate ejection, wherever they pass, of their saliva, of which they seem to have an abundance not possessed by any other race of mankind. This habit is so inveterate that it is even proof against their gallantry. "Out of respect to the ladies, gentlemen are requested not to soil the floor of this cabin with tobacco-juice," gently urges the

steamboat proprietary, slyly insinuating its request with an appeal to their proverbial regard for the female sex. The cabin floor, however, we are ashamed to say, continues to be soiled. A sea-captain of our acquaintance had a more effective remedy. He detailed a man with a swab to follow each expectorating passenger, and absorb his superfluous saliva as it fell upon the deck. Some of the most inveterate spitters, finding themselves thus officially and persistently tracked, and their offensive deposit made so manifest by the constant application of the remedial absorbent, were shamed out of their disgusting practice.

A habit akin to the one we have just spoken of, and no less offensive, is that noisy forcing up of the secretions of the throat known as *hawking*, so general among our countrymen that it would seem that the greater part of the nation was affected with a chronic bronchitis. It is, however, in most cases, only a habit, and so bad a one that it behooves all who possess it, and care for decent companionship, to abandon it.

Of all migratory animals within our knowledge, and we have had an extensive opportunity of studying their natural history, the American traveler is the most omnivorous. The locomotive which is so swiftly carrying him on his way is not more constantly in motion than is his masticatory apparatus. All kinds of edibles are welcomed by his indiscriminate voracity. Apart from the annoyance of being constantly jostled and importuned by a ceaseless throng of eager hucksters, and the disgust of seeing every where the scattered refuse of food, where shells of peanuts are tossing about in oceans of saliva, which alternately wash continents of orange and apple peel, it is not pleasant to contemplate our dyspeptic and ravenous countrymen in the throes of the bolting process.

We boast much of the luxurious appointments of our great hotels and steamboats, and the conveniences of our railway carriages. Comfort, however, and safety are often sacrificed for show and facility. Much of the space and expense given, in our enormous caravansaries, to the resplendent reception-rooms might be curtailed to the manifest advantage of the bedchambers, which are generally small and comfortless. If, moreover, there were less height and extent to the parlors and saloons, it would be possible to bring down the high-perched sleeping-cells to within escaping distance to the street, in case of fire. In regard to the gingerbread-work of our steamboat saloons, it always suggests to us the suspicion that it is at the cost of soundness to the hull and completeness to the machinery. But if not, we would rather dispense with an ornamentation that is not seldom incongruous and offensive to taste. The less that is said about the rapidity and convenience of our railway travel the better, until some means are discovered of arresting its career of murder. Sydney Smith thought that to check railroad disaster in England a burned bishop might be effective: "Let the burned bishop, the unwilling

Latimer," said he, consolingly, "remember that, however painful gradual cineration by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefit to the public." A director perpetually tied to a locomotive in the guise of a modern Mazeppa, might perhaps serve a good purpose in America. He and his fellows might then be more zealous to secure soundness to their steam-horses and clearness to their tracks. They would certainly discover by personal experience that life is more valuable to the traveler than a dividend to a stockholder. Though in favor, generally, of the greatest possible freedom of enterprise, the ill-management of our railroads, as far as the security of passengers is concerned, disposes us to wish for the interference of Government. In France and Germany, where travel on the railways is managed by the public authorities, accidents have become so rare that the risk to life has been reduced almost to zero.

Business carries more Americans to Europe, as it does to every part of the world, than any other motive. Our representatives abroad were in past times almost exclusively some enterprising Yankee traders, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, made an occasional trip to London, Paris, and the Continent, on the prospective profits of their ventures to Liverpool, and purchases of dry-goods and hardware at Manchester and Birmingham. It was then that our fastidious countryman, Fenimore Cooper, declared that his respectable fellow-citizens passed throughout Europe for second-class Englishmen. They were worthy *bourgeois*, as the French call them; and though their pretensions may have occasionally provoked a higher comparison, they should have been estimated by the standard of decent citizenship, and judged accordingly. If their manners wanted the grace of the *debonair milors* and *miladies* of the English aristocracy, who were flashing their orders and diamonds from court to court, and exercising their practiced connoisseurship in the picture-galleries of Europe, it was no reason to sneer at our fellow-citizens. If in traveling they sought to furbish themselves by the hasty application of foreign polish, or gratify a natural curiosity of seeing what was to be seen, they were exercising an undeniable right, and engaging in a not illaudable pursuit. Their substantial virtues, of which they possessed at least an average share, should have warded off all scorn of their attempts, however awkward, at acquiring the graces.

We have now, with the rapid increase of wealth in our country, a large number of travelers to Europe of more exalted pretensions than the worthy itinerant tradesmen of former times. You would fall far short of their estimate of themselves if you should rank them with second-class Englishmen, or any grade of mankind lower than the highest. Can't many of them count incomes with the richest of Europe? Don't they occupy more expensive apartments in the Place Vendôme than the British peer in the same hotel? Are not their equipages as fine and their liveries as showy as the most re-

splendent of the London parks or the Bois de Boulogne? Are not their wives and daughters—thanks to the facile presentations of their political representatives—able to glitter their diamonds in imperial and queenly eyes at court ball and levee?

It is not easy to analyze the vague and confused motives which induce our wealthy people to travel abroad. Many of them go for no better reason than because traveling costs money, and being necessarily more or less exclusive, is approved by fashion. Paterfamilias may have some vague notion of getting more worth for his dollars by greater opportunities for display or the enjoyment of luxury. His wife is bent, perhaps, on a presentation to court, that on her return she may hold up her head with her neighbor, Mrs. Jones, who has enjoyed the honor before her. His daughter is probably indulging in pleasant anticipatory visions of a close approximation to the whiskers of a genuine count, or of the possession of a French bonnet fresh from the hands of the Empress's own modiste. His son, no doubt, is dreaming of Parisian boots, the freedom of Parisian cafés, and the facility of Parisian damsels. With these motives may be mixed some indefinite expectations of beholding cities of palaces, great galleries of statues and paintings, brilliant assemblages in operas and theatres, court shows, and live monarchs and noblemen. To prepare for a journey prompted by such motives, Paterfamilias and his family have nothing to do but to secure an unlimited credit at their banker's, obtain passports, letters of introduction to our ministers abroad, and the addresses from their traveled friends of the most fashionable and expensive hotels, shop-keepers, boot-makers, *modistes*, and *marchands de modes* in Europe, buy a library of guide-books, and pack their portmanteaus. All they shall have to show on their return will be a heavy bill of expense, a stock of Parisian dresses, bonnets, boots, shoes, and gloves, an increased assumption of importance, which will make them disliked by their acquaintances, and a taste for foreign luxury which will render their own country unpalatable to themselves.

Lord Bacon thought more gravely of travel. "It is," he said, "in the younger sort a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel.....The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbors, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where they are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, bourses, ware-

houses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go;..... let him [the traveler] sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelth." Bacon closes this formidable summary of the duties of a traveler with the recommendation that, on his return home, he should "let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country."

Our countrymen and countrywomen abroad are easily distinguished from even the English who speak the same language. They have certain characteristics peculiarly their own, and these never seem so marked as when contrasted with those of the people of foreign lands, and especially of Great Britain, with whom, as being of the same race and tongue, a comparison is constantly provoked. The rotundity and succulence of form, ruddiness of hue, thickness—even to grossness—of feature, and general ponderousness of limb of John Bull and his wife, present such a contrast to the angularity and dryness of the meagre frames, to the yellow complexions, the delicately-cut faces, and prevailing lightness of structure of Jonathan and his *lady*—as he persists in dignifying his better-half—that no one need be a Cuvier to distinguish the two. There is no more chance of confounding the one with the other than the elephant with the giraffe.

Their costume, particularly while traveling, is as distinctive as their physical qualities. The English clothe themselves in their roughest suits, and, taught caution by the rudeness of their own inclement climate, are provided with heaps of mufflers, blankets, umbrellas, and galoshes, against any possible emergency of season. The Americans flaunt every where, by land or on water, in the finest broadcloth and glossiest silk, and seem defiant, by their heedlessness of provision, of all the changes of weather. English travelers, with their bulky frames hung with loose sacks and stuff gowns of coarse texture, and their big feet clogged with heavy boots, shoes, and gaiters, appear by no means graceful, when starting on a journey, in comparison with our lightsome countrymen and countrywomen, in all the jauntiness of their flimsy and superfine drapery. Tested, however, by the shakes and tossings, dust and dirt, the alternate rain and shine of an expedition by rail or steamer, Mr. and Mrs. Bull will appear, in its course and at its close, a more presentable couple than Esquire Jonathan and his lady. The former will be none the worse for the wear and tear of the journey, the latter will be most decidedly damaged. We hardly need say that well-preserved homeliness is more seemly than spoiled

finery. The English, from a rigid economy and an affectation of plainness, make themselves unnecessarily ugly. The Americans, from a loose expenditure and a fondness of display, are inordinately fine.

Our fellow-citizens—though their national pride, which they make manifest by the most boastful demonstration, in the greatness of their native land, always clings to them—adapt themselves with more facility to foreign customs and manners than the English. "We," says Thackeray, speaking of his British fellow-citizens, whom he knew so well, "carry with us our pride, pills, prejudices, Harvey sauces, cayenne peppers, and other *lares*, making a little Britain where we settle down." An Englishman will, after years of residence in Paris, still insist in glutting himself to stupidity with underdone beef and port-wine at the *Taverne Britannique*, and oppressing his brows and feet with heavy English hats and ill-made shoes. He clings to his national customs, however painful; like the Scotchman who, as Goldsmith tells us, would not be cured of the itch, for it reminded him of Maggie and bonnie Dundee. An American has hardly been a day in Paris when he is walking the Boulevards in the latest Parisian fashion, and puzzling out a French dinner from the incomprehensible *carte* of the *Trois Frères*.

Our countrymen and countrywomen have acquired quite a European reputation for the freedom with which they part with their money. They are always, in spite of the Continental proverb, "None but fools and princes travel in first-class carriages," to be found in them. This luxurious indulgence once served them a good turn. During that terrific catastrophe, in 1842, on the Paris and Versailles Railway, when so many were burned to death, and among them some of the most distinguished people of France and other countries, there was not an American who had a hair singed. Our countrymen—and there was a large number—had all, without exception, taken places in the *diligences*, or first-class carriages, and thus escaped; for none but the *wagons*, or second-class, which were nearest to the broken-down locomotive, were heaped upon its fiery furnace, in which they and their inmates were reduced to a common cinder. Our republican citizens never put up but at the most expensive hotels, where their bills for choice viands, rare wines, and other luxuries, are the heaviest. They forego no sight or indulgence, and so overpay every courier, guide, and servant, that they are universally complained of by the less profuse as the spoilers of Continental travel.

Thackeray describes the American traveler as dressed in the most fashionably-cut coat of the finest broadcloth, the glossiest waistcoat, the most artistic trousers, the freshest kid-gloves, and the neatest of Parisian boots, worn by the smallest feet. He puts the largest and primest of cigars in the mouth of our polished countryman, however, and places him, we are grieved to say, in the worst of Continental company.

Hood photographs an American traveler of another sort. He was, he says, "a tall, very thin man, evidently in bad health, or, as one of the sailors remarked, performing quarantine—his face being of the same color as the yellow flag which indicates that sanitary excommunication." We are not disposed to complain of this by no means flattering picture of our countryman, since Hood is no more indulgent to the features of his fellow-Englishman whom he sketches, by way of contrast—and whom, moreover, as we shall see, he makes the victim of the superior shrewdness of the American. He describes his countryman as "a punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who, according to the poultry wife's practice, had seemingly had two pepper-corns thrust down his gullet on first leaving his shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard." The two are fellow-voyagers across the Channel, and as seasickness is a reasonable expectation, the ruddy Englishman keeps his eye upon the yellow Yankee—"a walking jaundice" he calls him—who's the man to be sick, while he himself is the man to be well, he thinks, in order to mark the first approaches of that dreadful malady. John Bull, however, is soon forced to give up his observations of Jonathan, whom he leaves on deck, "with a d—d cigar in his mouth," while he retires below to the relief of a basin and brandy-and-water. "I had even painted Campbell-like," says Hood, writing in the character of a traveler, in his humorous extravaganza of a "Tour up the Rhine," "that wretched character a Last Man, perched in dreary survivorship in the main-top, when, in startling unison with the thought, a voice muttered in my ear, 'Yes! there he is!—he's been up there all night, and every soul but himself down below!' The speaker was the red-faced man. 'A pretty considerable bad night, Sir!' said his antipathy, by way of a morning salutation. 'An awful one indeed!' said the red face; 'of course, you've been sick at last?' 'Not a notion of it.' 'Egad, then,' cried my uncle, who had just emerged from the companion-way, 'you must have some secret for it worth knowing!' 'I guess I have,' answered the other, very quietly. 'Renounce me if I didn't think so!' exclaimed the red face, in a tone of triumph; 'it can't be done fairly without some secret or other, and I'd give a guinea, that's to say a sovereign, to know what it is.' 'It's a bargain,' said the yellow face, coolly holding out his hand for the money, which was as readily deposited in his palm, and thence transferred to a rather slenderly furnished squirrel-skin purse. 'Now, then!' said the Carnation. 'Why, then,' said Yellow Flower of the forest, with a peculiar drawl through the nose, 'you must first go to sea, man and boy, as I have done, for the best thirty years of your life!'"

The impassiblens of the American under circumstances so trying to the nerves of travelers from other countries is one of his most marked characteristics. Born in a land of amazing

facts, he is not apt to be surprised with the wonders of the rest of the world. He is not like the "used up" European who looks into the crater of Vesuvius, and languidly draws out, "There is nothing in it!" but he scrutinizes every thing with so steady an eye that he sees all, his sight not being dimmed by his own emotion, or dazzled by any reflected glare. The curiosities of the older world attract his interest—and no traveler is more inquisitive—but seldom excite his feelings. There are none, perhaps, who travel abroad that so eagerly seek a presentation at court as our republican countrymen, yet the surprise has been expressed by royalty itself at their imperturbability in the presence of majesty.

It is not surprising that an American, familiar with the great cataract of Niagara, our great lakes and great rivers, should show but little emotion at the sight of even the most striking features of European scenery. A countryman of ours, having, in the course of a northern tour in Great Britain, passed through what is termed the "Lake District," was asked if he had seen the lakes. As he seemed to doubt whether he had beheld those wonders of English sight-seers he was reminded by his questioner that he had passed through Cumberland and Westmoreland. "So I did," he rejoined; "and now I recollect I did see some water as I came along."

There are many stories afloat of the mistakes made by travelers in the course of their collision with foreign language and customs of which they were ignorant. A Western man, having made a sudden fortune by one of those happy accidents which are always, in our country, falling to the lot of every other person but ourselves, such as striking oil in a muddy creek or gold and silver in a rocky desert, was eager to appreciate its benefits. So he went to Paris, where all good Americans are said to go when they die, not doubting that in that luxurious capital he should get the worth of his money. As his dinner, in common with the rest of mankind, was a primary necessity with him, he entered a restaurant in the Palais Royal with an appetite provoked to inordinate sharpness by the prospect of a French dinner, which he had heard so highly extolled. On taking his seat, and while contemplating with satisfaction the display of prosperity about him, in the profusion of picture, gilt, and glass, which reflected his gaunt and hungry features a thousandfold, the *garçon* laid before him, with his politest bow, the *carte*, or bill of fare. Not knowing a word of a foreign language, and hardly his own, he had no means of communicating his wants but by pointing with his finger to the items as laid down in the handsome book in his hand. As the long list of *potages*, *poissons*, *entrées*, *entremets*, *hors d'œuvres*, *desserts*, *vins*, etc., was but a continued succession of mysteries, or so much French which was Greek to him, he thought he could do no better than begin at the beginning. He accordingly pointed to the first article in the bill of fare, and was soon provided with a plate of *consommé*, or beef soup. He ate it with a

relish, and pronounced it excellent. As his first experiment had been so successful he resolved to persevere in his plan, and pointed out the second article to the *garçon*, who soon supplied him with a *potage Julienne*—Julienne soup. This, too, he devoured with satisfaction, but thought he was getting rather too much soup. He, however, still persevered, and ordered the third article in the long list, and was provided with a *potage purée aux pois*—pea soup. This soon disappeared before the eager voracity of the unsatisfied diner; but though he could not complain of its quality, he felt that he had now decidedly too much soup. He therefore resolved upon making a skip from the top to the bottom of the copious bill of fare, and fell upon *cure-dents*, thinking that having got well out of the latitude of the sea of soups he would be sure to reach some more substantial landing-place. Having pointed out the word, his order was immediately followed by the obedient *garçon*, who brought him the *cure-dents*, or tooth-picks. Our Western friend now jumped up from the table in a rage, and cried out, with infinite disgust: "Three soups and a tooth-pick! That's what they call a French dinner, is it? By jingo! I'll make tracks for old Kentuck, and live for the rest of my days on bacon and chicken fix-ins!"

Two tailors, whose bills had been paid with unusual promptitude, resolved upon spending their unexpected profits in a tour to Paris. As they had naturally provided themselves with the best their shops could afford, they saw no reason why, with their exteriors done up according to the latest style, they should not present themselves as men of fashion and rank. They accordingly determined to sink the shop and pass in the gay capital as two English *milords*. On arriving in Paris and entering a restaurant they managed to make known to the waiter that they wanted dinner. "*Tout à l'heure*" (which sounds very like, when pronounced by a French tongue, *two tailor*), immediately answered the *garçon*. Thinking that their disguise was penetrated, the would-be *milords* left the restaurant at once and entered another, with the hope of better luck. On ordering their dinner they were a second time met with the ordinary response: "*Tout à l'heure*" (two tailor). They now gave up all further designs upon the supposed credulity of Parisian waiters, and hurried back to their shops in Broadway.

Another traveler, who had not made much progress in his Ollendorf, and had left his French dictionary at home, was taking his dinner in a French eating-house, when he thought he would fancy a pigeon. Having forgotten the French for the word, and seeing upon the painted walls a bird which looked like the one he wanted, he asked, pointing it out to the *garçon*, "*Qu'est ce, que c'est ça en Français?*" "*Un St. Esprit, Monsieur*," replied the man, for it happened to be a dove, emblematical of the Holy Ghost. "*Donnez-moi deux St. Esprits*," rejoined the unintentionally-profane diner, much to the confusion

of the *garçon*, who, though his infinite complacency would have undertaken to supply almost any thing else, found his powers of compliance suddenly arrested by this extraordinary order.

## CONTRAST.

HELEN was rich, nineteen, and beautiful. Nor did the catalogue of her gifts end thus abruptly; a generous heart and intellect of no mean order had been added. Aspirations noble and lovely, if somewhat vague, filled her spirit. To be, to do, to suffer, if need were, in defense of truth, in service to her kind—this was her theory of life.

She stood at her window one perfect summer morning, the soft air freshening her peachy cheeks, and let all the beauty of the time sink slowly into her soul. A calm ecstasy possessed her; her eyes filled with tears of gratitude and delight. As through this mood she seemed to view the burdened, suffering millions of earth, her heart went out to them in tenderest compassion. The roll of wheels aroused her from this trance of feeling. Looking in the direction of the sound, she saw a rude establishment advancing down the street—a one-horse wagon of the homeliest pattern, drawn by an ancient steed, whose halting gait and high development of bone were quite unmatched in her experience. On the hard seat, bringing the springs well together, sat a stout pair, in whom she recognized Mr. Bowen, the Methodist minister, and his wife. Just opposite her window they paused.

"Good-morning, Brother Porter!" said the pastor's cheery voice to an acquaintance on the sidewalk.

"Good-morning, Sir! And how do you do, Sister Bowen?" responded the person addressed, as he came to the side of the wagon and shook hands with its occupants.

"Oh, I'm always well, you know," said Mrs. Bowen, heartily. "And how's Sister Porter and Luransy?"

"Usually well, thank you. Singing-class meet to-night, Brother Bowen?"

"Yes—at early candle-light; and that's why I stopped you. You'll be down?"

"I'll try my best to."

"Well, don't forget those tunes—'Delight' and 'The Love Feast.' They'll be the very thing for the children." And with cordial farewells the friends departed on their separate ways.

This Vandal irruption of the commonest life put to flight all Helen's high, enthusiastic musings. "I wonder where they are going," she thought, looking after the crazy vehicle—"to spend the day somewhere, I suppose. What an endless round of visiting some people do keep up!" This aimless, profitless intercourse was her particular abhorrence. She wasted a few conjectures as to what could be its object—what food could be found in it for any thing except the body. Then, taking a handsome volume

from the book-case filled with such, forgot her own thoughts in those of some master mind.

While she read the ancient steed moved on, and the cheery pair behind him took counsel together concerning a hundred little interests. Almost of a height they were as they sat there side by side, and so like that you could hardly tell them apart. The same round, solid face, the same substantial rosiness, the same big blue eyes and happy smile were under hat and bonnet.

"I guess we had better just look in at Sister Sayres's," said Mrs. Bowen; "she wasn't out to meeting Sunday, and I'm afraid she's got one of her poorly spells. We've a good early start, and can spend a long day at Brother Franklin's after that."

Rosinante was brought to a not unwilling halt before a dilapidated little brown house, and the twain dismounted. No one responding to their knock, Mrs. Bowen went around to the back of the dwelling, where she discovered its mistress in the midst of preparations for washing. The boiler was steaming on the stove, and a heap of soiled clothing lay by the side of the tub.

"I'm ashamed to have you come and catch me washing Tuesday, and so late in the morning too," spake Mrs. Sayres—a tall spectre of a woman, with hectic cheeks and eyes of feverish brightness. "But I was too sick yesterday to lift my head off the pillow, and to-day I'm so weak that I can't accomplish nothing to signify."

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Bowen. "Why, Sister Sayres, you *are* im-prew-dent! You don't look fit to be off the bed this minute!"

"That's true enough," said the poor woman, deprecatingly; "but what could I do? The children hain't many changes, and I can't bear to have them go to school looking so. I can't tell what they'd be like before another Monday came round. It's so hard, you know, to keep children out of the dirt; they take to it as a duck does to water."

"To be sure they do!" said Mrs. Bowen, laughing. "You've no need to tell me that when I've six of my own to teach me. It's healthy for them, that's one comfort. But I've got a plan in my head. Mr. Bowen," she called, stepping to the door, "will you just come round here? Now, Sister Sayres," she continued, "I know the air'll do you good; it always does; and I'll put some pillows in the wagon to make you comfortable; and, Mr. Bowen, you must just give her a little ride. Don't drive fast, to jolt her" (as if he *could* have done it with that horse!); "but just jog along, easy and pleasant, and while you're gone I'll get out this washing."

"Oh, Sister Bowen, you mustn't!" cried the invalid. "I can't think of letting you."

"I guess you'll have to," said the minister, showing a set of milk-white teeth in the broadest of smiles. "We're two to one, you see, and you don't look as if you could make much fight."

So, spite of all opposition, Sister Sayres was

invested with shawl and bonnet and placed in the buggy.

"And now," said Mrs. Bowen, "if you'll just tell me where to find some old thing to put on, for it would never do to spot my new delaine!"

The needful directions given, she duly arrayed herself in a blue spotted calico, which refused to meet about the waist, and trailed a quarter of a yard upon the floor. "The most fashionably-made dress I've had on this long time," she thought, as she pinned up the superabundant length; and then, carefully hanging up the new delaine, proceeded to her task.

How Helen would have smiled at that carefulness! Just a common delaine, cotton one way, and not particularly nice, even of its kind. But then she would not have known how long Mrs. Bowen had wanted it, how many times she had felt the need of it, before it had seemed right to make the purchase. She could never have guessed the economy and contrivance that went to its getting up—how the back breadths of a worn-out calico had furnished the facing, and an old gingham apron the sleeve-linings—how much ingenuity was expended in elaborating the garment from a scanty pattern—in the interval of what numerous labors it had been put together. Done it was at last, and very tidy did Mrs. Bowen's plump form appear in it, spite of the plain material and total absence of trimming; and very comfortable did she feel. Indeed, her eye went complacently toward it more than once as she bent over the foaming tub.

It was a pleasure to see the good woman at that washing; she went into it with such a cheerful, whole-hearted energy. As a clever writer said a while ago, "She rubbed away as if the health and cleanliness of the whole Army of the Potomac depended on her individual efforts." Her strong white arms plunged into the suds and emerged again with wonderful rapidity, and all traces of soil retired at a corresponding pace from the objects she attacked. The shortened calico displayed her sturdy ankles and the rolled-up sleeve revealed a muscular development that Dr. Dio Lewis would have gloried in. Bones, somewhere, Sister Bowen must have had, we may presume, but no external sign of them was visible unless the deep dimples in her wrists and hands afforded such indication. Ever as she wrought she sang—not loudly, but in a clear, distinct voice, and with an earnestness as if her own heart were speaking—

"Come, sinner, to the Gospel Feast,  
'Tis mercy bids you come!  
Each message from God's precious Word  
Declares there yet is room, declares there yet is room!"

Meanwhile the minister and his charge jogged leisurely along as they had been directed. It was not every morning that Mr. Bowen could take a drive; he kept no horse, and the kindness of a parishioner had furnished him the means of the present excursion. He enjoyed it with a zest proportioned to its rarity. The clear sky,

the buttercup-enameled fields, the depth of shady woods, the gushes of perfume as stray winds stirred the clover, all the sweet picture of summer beauty and content moved him as it had moved Helen an hour before.

"Oh," said he, turning to his companion with a beaming face, "isn't it enough to praise the Lord for that we're alive on such a day?"

But Sister Sayres's countenance betrayed no answering gleam; a deeper sadness, rather, settled on it.

"I'm glad you feel so, Brother Bowen," she replied; "it's the right way, I know, and I'd rejoice to. But somehow most every thing makes my heart sink instead of rise. It's partly poor health, I suppose—and then there's other things, you know."

"Other things!" The minister was well aware of all that summary included. One who should have been a help and stay but was now a grief and shame; poverty growing deeper every year; children coming up without a father's care or guidance; prospects bad almost beyond the hope of brightening.

"Yes, I know," he answered, with a sigh; "and it's not much to the purpose that I do. I can't help you except with my prayers and a few friendly words. But I'll tell you who else knows, and it's every thing to have him—it's the Lord Jesus. There isn't a time you feel down-hearted and discouraged that He isn't sorry for you; and if you can only look to Him with faith He'll surely send you comfort. He can change all these things that trouble you, or, if He doesn't see fit to do it, He can turn every one of them into a blessing. Only look to Him and lean upon Him, Sister Sayres."

"I try to," she said, humbly.

"Don't rest there," said the minister, with his kindest smile. "*Do it.* Venture upon Him; don't be afraid. Why, Sister Sayres, I think we lose half our birth-right through our cowardice. We feel as if 'twas inconsistent for such a mighty God to care about our little daily matters, except as they affect our state toward Him. I know how it used to be with me. I had a kind of feeling as if the Lord was away off upon a throne, surrounded with glory and majesty; and I used to go to Him at stated times and make my little offering of worship among the myriads. But I found that wasn't enough; I wanted something with me, around me, all the time. And the more I read His promises the more convinced I grew that He was ready to be so to every soul that wanted Him. I learned to look to Him any where, every where, and to feel that He concerned Himself about all that interested me. Not only about His glory and my salvation, but about my little wants and comforts and occupations. It's our privilege to have the Lord for our dear friend as well as our Saviour, if we will only take Him."

Sister Sayres listened earnestly; the thoughts, it is true, were no strangers to her, but there was such a heartiness of faith in the minister's tones, his happy life seconded his words so well, that

the poor soul drew from them new strength and comfort. Gradually he turned the conversation to other topics, but with a skillfulness that avoided painful ground. So that Sister Sayres in talking of her Johnny was led to dwell upon his quickness at his book rather than on his abounding lack of every sort of clothing; on Juley Ann's helpful ways and voice for singing instead of her scanty prospects for the future. Calmed and refreshed in body and spirit she drew near home.

"If there ain't the clothes on the line already!" she exclaimed. "What a master-hand Sister Bowen is to turn off work!"

"She has such good health, you see," said the minister. "It's only when I meet some one like you, Sister Sayres, that I realize what a blessing it is to be strong and able for any thing that comes along. But you're right about Mary," he added, aiding his charge's descent from the wagon; "she will do more, and make less fuss about it, than any one I ever set eyes upon."

Going in they found the subject of this eulogy in the last stages of mopping up and putting away. The boiler had already retired to its shelf in the wood-shed, and in its place the tea-kettle was singing merrily.

"Do you expect the children home at noon?" asked Mrs. Bowen.

"No. They took their dinner-baskets, and *he's* over to Mr. Longworth's farm for the day."

"Then you won't do much cooking, I suppose. I'll just make you a cup of tea and a bit of toast, and then, Sister Sayres, I advise you to lie down and nap a while. Don't try to work to-day, and you'll be all the smarter for it to-morrow."

A few finishing touches given, the worthy pair departed, and soon arrived at Brother Franklin's. A contrast, this, to the dwelling they had left. A great white house, rich in green blinds and piazzas, trim fences bounding its domain, great barns awaiting hay and harvest. A cordial welcome greeted them, and they sat down to a board groaning with plenty. The meal ended, Mr. Bowen and his host adjourned to view the numerous attractions of the farm, while the ladies betook themselves to the shaded seclusion of the parlor. It was a pretty room, gilt paper on the walls, a Brussels carpet on the floor, the needful proportion of *têtes-à-tête* and what-nots, two or three bits of *biscuit* even, and a few engravings. Besides which, the industry of Sister Franklin's oldest daughter had hung a tidy in every available position, and garnished the tables with mop-mats, crochet-mats, and bead-mats innumerable. Mrs. Bowen admired the apartment with entire oblivion of the home-made carpet and maple chairs which constituted the plenishing of her own best room. She was fond of pretty things, and the engravings especially delighted her; there was a face in one of them at which she looked again and again, thinking she had never seen any thing so sweet.

Two o'clock drew near, and fresh visitors were seen advancing up the graveled path to the front-

door. A resounding bell-peal was heard, and one of those gatherings ensued which Helen had so deprecated. What a perfect hail-storm of "sisters" flew about! It was, "How do *you* do, Sister Meigs?" "How's your health, Sister Beecher?" "Glad to see you, Sister Stun" (Stone). "Sister Franklin, let me make you acquainted with Sister Stun, from Checkerville, Sister Meigs's niece." "You here, Sister Bowen!—well, I am pleased. And how's Brother Bowen and the children?" "Sister Bowen," of course, responds with cordiality, while Fanny Franklin, helping the ladies take off their things in the best bedroom, wonders why people *will* so pronounce the pastoral name.

The company was presently distributed among the various comfortable seats of the parlor. Sister Meigs was an elderly dame of the plainest type of speech and person; she wore an aged satin levantine and no hoops, and knitted away vigorously with a sheath pinned to her waist. Sister Stone, who was young and pretty, shone in a neat checked silk and sundry bright-hued ribbons of a surety not recommended in "the discipline," but highly becoming nevertheless. Sister Beecher and the hostess were nice-looking middle-aged women; with the rotund form and pleasant smile of our dear Sister Bowen we are already familiar.

What an amount of talking five women can accomplish between two o'clock and tea-time! How many subjects are brought up, canvassed, and dismissed; what traits of character are exhibited, how fully human nature is displayed! The present company had at least a thousand themes of converse. Some were denominational, as the meeting of Conference and the appointment of Presidin' Elder; the "location" of various preachers; how Father Graves was about to "superannooate," and Brother Lloyd was on a "station," when camp-meeting would be held, and so on. There was farm-talk and dairy-talk, neighborhood-news and village-news. Mrs. Bowen by-and-by brought up, as she had all the time intended, the case of Mrs. Sayres; she spoke of the ill-health she knew about and the lack of comfort she suspected.

"Sister Sayres would get along a great deal better if she hadn't so much ambition," remarked Mrs. Franklin. "She hurts herself working when she ain't fit for it."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Bowen. "But you know how hard it is to keep quiet when there's every thing to be done."

"It's *dret-ful*!" exclaimed Sister Beecher. "There ain't no such trial in this world as to lie by and see hired help a-slammin' round and wastin' every thing."

"Sister Sayres doesn't have much of that sort of trial," said Mrs. Bowen, half smiling. "Whatever there is, she must do it or it goes undone."

"I should think her Juley Ann was big enough to help some," observed Mrs. Franklin.

"She does all she can, poor child; but there's school, and a mile and a half to walk each way,

and Sister Sayres can't bear to keep her out. She wants her to do what she can toward getting an education now, for by-and-by she may not have the chance." And every one agreed that this was well.

"What a shame that her husband drinks and goes on so!" exclaimed Sister Beecher. "He might get good wages and make his family comfortable."

"Never *did* amount to nothing!" spoke up Sister Meigs from behind her knitting-sheath. "A poor, shifless stick he always was, even before he took to drink!"

"And yet there must be something good about him," said Mrs. Bowen. "She thinks a deal of him, even yet; and she told me once what a mercy it was that nothing he took ever made him cross, as it does some. He's always kind and pleasant with the children; they're fond of him, though they can't help seeing what the trouble is. And even now he has times of being sorry and promising that he'll reform."

"And I suppose she believes him," said Mrs. Beecher, scornfully.

"Well, she would naturally wish to, you know."

"That's it," said Sister Beecher. "She's been too easy! A regular up-and-down woman that wouldn't *stand* being abused would have had a great deal better chance with him."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Bowen. "Long habit is a powerful thing. I'm afraid nothing but grace can reach it. Somehow I never can help hoping that his time will come; 'he is so respectable-looking when he's sober, and has such a pleasant way with him. I feel so sorry and ashamed sometimes when we meet and I see what ails him. At any rate, whatever *he* is, we know that Sister Sayres is worthy; and I'm afraid she's very much in need of comforts.'" There was a pause.

"We killed a veal yesterday," said Mrs. Franklin, breaking in upon it. "I'll take her over a nice piece to-morrow. Those was good cutlets, didn't you think, Sister Bowen?" That lady acquiesced. "Yes, I'll take her a bit—and a roll or so from my last churning—and a bowl of currant jelly, too, I guess. It'll make her a good drink if she's feverish."

"I could let her have some pork just as well as not," said Miss Beecher, in a relenting tone; "but then I dare say she's got plenty."

"Good pork will keep, you know," said Mrs. Bowen; "and yours is always so sweet and solid," she added, with a touch of serpent wisdom.

"Well, I don't care if I take her half a dozen pounds or so; and maybe she'd like a little cheese. I cut one a day or two ago, and Mr. Beecher said it was about the best he ever ate." Sister Meigs promised a quantity of dried apples and some maple sirup, while Sister Stone took a gold dollar from a pretty pearl portemonnaie and asked the pastor's wife to expend it in some little matter for the invalid—whatever she thought best. Our friend's heart "sung for joy" at the success of her appeal.

A more audible singing soon succeeded. Fanny Franklin had but just "graduated" from the Conference Seminary, where she was supposed to have acquired an untold stock of accomplishments, music among the rest. Her piano, a real Chickering, which had cost Brother Franklin nobody knew how many hundreds, stood invitingly open, and she was urged to give the company a tune. She played a Quickstep or two; then, being asked for a song, performed the Irish Emigrant's Lament and the Blue Juniata with great applause. This inspired her to go through the Bridge of Sighs, a favorite of her own, though considered by her mother "most too solemn." It was received in ominous silence, broken at last by Sister Meigs, who recounted how she had once known a child drowned in a tub of bluing water which its mother had neglected to empty when the washing was over. Whereupon the young musician, more amused than she ought to have been by a circumstance so tragic, made her escape to the kitchen to oversee the tea-arrangements.

Soon after she left Mr. Bowen and his host came in. They had gone leisurely over the farm, admiring the luxuriant growth of timothy, almost ready for the scythe, and the waving promise of wheat and oats; strolling through the well-timbered wood-lot, or viewing the sleek cattle who chewed the cud placidly beneath the shade and turned a mild, observant eye on the intruders. Coming home they paused in the orchard, and the owner pointed out his favorite trees laden with choice fruit.

"This is nice!" said the minister, with enthusiasm, as he took in the many evidences of thrift and plenty around him; "this is what I call nice! The Lord has prospered you, Brother Franklin."

"Well—yes," admitted his friend, with a little seeming reluctance. "But I work for it, I tell you! I work for it! You ministers live easy; you don't know much about what 'tis to carry on a farm."

"We have our own labors, which we sometimes think severe. But you find your work pays, don't you?"

"Why, I suppose it does; but nothing nigh what you'd imagine. There's hired help—and fences—and a hundred other things. And then the taxes! Taxes do eat up a farm these days. I get 'most sick of it sometimes."

"Now, to me," said Mr. Bowen, "this place looks the very picture of comfort and abundance."

"I dare say. You just see the outside, and that's pleasant enough. But I'd be glad to swap with you, Brother Bowen, I would indeed."

"You think so?" said the minister, with a curious smile. It was not the first time by many that he had heard a thriving parishioner "talk poor."

"Yes, I would. You haven't such a great deal round you; but then you've the less to see to; you know what you've got, and can live on it snug and comfortable."

"Pretty snug, to be sure," said the minister,

smiling. "How much do you suppose my income amounts to in a year, Brother Franklin?"

"Well, I couldn't just say—you get a good deal in kind, of course?"

"I can tell you then. Since I entered the ministry, fourteen years ago, I never have received four hundred dollars any year."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the farmer, taken aback. And then recovering himself, "Oh! you mean you never had that much in cash; but ministers get such sights of presents."

"No, no," replied Mr. Bowen; "I mean that I never, reckoning every thing at its full market value, received the worth of four hundred dollars any year since I began to preach."

Mr. Franklin looked puzzled. "Why, how do you manage it?" he asked. "There's eight of you altogether."

"To be sure. And I hope there'll never be any less, please God."

"The truth is, I don't see how you make out a living," admitted the farmer, frankly.

"Well, I hardly see, myself. We never could if I hadn't been blessed with such a helpmeet. Mrs. Bowen will make sixpence do the work of a shilling any day. One thing we're both agreed upon; the children *must* have an education whatever we do without. We've managed so far; but you can see it hasn't been done without denying ourselves a great many things that it's pleasant to have. What we shall do as our expenses grow larger I can't just tell; but I don't borrow trouble. The Lord will provide, as He always has done;" and the minister's blue eyes glowed with new cheerfulness. "I don't commonly make a practice of talking over my affairs," he added, with a laugh, "but you seemed to think I was in such very affluent circumstances that I was tempted to state the facts."

Mr. Franklin remained quite thoughtful for some time after these disclosures, and he piled the minister's plate at tea-time with every good thing upon the table; whether they produced any more permanent result I can not say. But what would Helen's astonishment have been could she have heard them! She had denied herself a ribbon or a jewel often for the sake of others; indeed in the gay circles of the city where much of her time was spent she had been accustomed to feel that her attire was plain. Yet there was never a year when her personal expenses did not reach a larger sum than served this family of eight for their entire maintenance.

Soon after tea the company dispersed; Helen saw the pastor and his wife drive homeward through the rosy twilight. Her own day had been pleasant and not devoid of profit. She had taken a long ride over the hills—she had read and digested a good portion of a valuable work—she had given liberally to a deserving object. But she did not guess as she watched the two stout figures fade into the distance that the reality of many of her fairest dreams was passing in that humble guise; that the Faith, the Hope, the Charity, to which she longingly aspired were that day, and every day, made manifest in such prosaic lives.



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT.

THE clearest conception of the characters of Generals Sherman and Thomas is obtained by contrasting them. A correct estimate of General Grant may be had by forming in the imagination a character combining the peculiarities of both Sherman and Thomas; for in the person of the Lieutenant-General the very opposite qualities which distinguish the others meet and combine with singular grace and felicity, forming one of the noblest characters which the war has developed. General Grant does not make so effective or, so to speak,

so dramatic a picture as Sherman, nor does he present so dignified an appearance as Thomas; yet he combines in himself the originality and energy of the first with the deliberation, coolness, and pertinacity of the latter. He has Sherman's originality of mind, and like him has given expression to several new and striking thoughts upon the subject of the rebellion and its suppression, but they have invariably been clothed in the full, rounded, and stately periods of Thomas rather than the sharp, curt, and nervous language of Sherman. He has planned sev-

eral campaigns with not less of originality than that displayed by Sherman, but they have always been executed with the deliberation and persistence which is so prominent a characteristic of Thomas. Sherman has given us several splendid illustrations of Strategy and Logistics; as witness his marches in Mississippi, Georgia, and the Carolinas; but his battles will never be quoted as brilliant examples of Grand Tactics. Thomas has displayed his abilities chiefly in the tactics of the battle-field, and has given us at Mill Spring and Nashville two splendid illustrations of the offensive, and at Chickamauga a magnificent example of defensive battle; but his marches, which are always slow and labored, are never likely to become famous. Grant has excelled in both these important branches of the art of war, and has given us brilliant examples of each; and though he has shown no extraordinary engineering ability in constructing defenses he has done better in reducing those of the rebels. He uses the strategy of Sherman to reach his chosen battle-field, and then employs the grand tactics of Thomas to win the victory. His own definition of strategy will perhaps make this idea plainer to the reader, who will not object that it comes in the "questionable shape" of a hitherto unpublished anecdote of the General.

Shortly after the battles of Chattanooga, General Grant was sitting in his head-quarters at Nashville, with his feet comfortably stretched before the fire, while he enjoyed himself with puffing and chewing his cigar with that completeness of repose which strangers to his habits have called a dullness of facial expression. Quarter-master-General Meigs sat near him, while General W. F. Smith, who had but a short time before made himself quite a reputation with Grant, by the skillful operations in Lookout Valley in October, 1863, paced the floor apparently absorbed in thought. Meigs noticing this, broke the silence which had lasted for several minutes by asking:

"What are you thinking about, 'Baldy'?"

On receiving no reply from the absorbed officer, he turned to Grant and remarked, with a laugh:

"'Baldy' is studying strategy."

Grant removed his cigar from his lips and said, with a serious air; "I don't believe in strategy in the popular understanding of the term. I use it to get up just as close to the enemy as practicable with as little loss as possible."

"And what then?" asked Meigs.

"Then? 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!'" replied the General, with more than usual spirit; then again lapsing into his accustomed taciturnity.

Grant has "crept" upon the enemy in this war on several occasions to some purpose, and with an effect which proves that his strategy is of a superior order. His strategic march to the rear of Vicksburg is already accepted as an illustration of the art of war, and not many years will elapse before it will be quoted as such in the military academies of the country. The

combinations against Richmond are full of fine strategic marches and manœuvres. The flank movement around Spotsylvania Court House, and the march upon Petersburg, accomplished in the face of the enemy, are not less brilliant than that of Vicksburg; while the defeat, pursuit, and capture of Lee, are by far the most brilliant operations known to the history of modern warfare. General Grant's marches closely resemble in their general outlines those of Sherman. They are executed with all the energy and certainly as much of the skill as those of Sherman, but on a larger scale, with larger forces, and in the face of greater natural obstacles. In none of Sherman's operations has he made the passage of such streams as the Mississippi or James rivers. The mountains of Georgia furnish no more difficult passes than those of Virginia. The marches of Sherman in Georgia and South Carolina are wonderful and brilliant, but they were made in the face of an enemy totally inadequate to cope with him. Those of Grant in Mississippi, Tennessee, and Virginia, are not the less wonderful because made in the face of a strong, watchful enemy, who in Virginia, at least, had an admirably mobilized army, and because accompanied by weeks of hard contested encounters.

The numerous battles of Grant are the most important and the most successful of the war. From his first victory at Fort Donelson, through Shiloh, Corinth and Iuka, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, to the battles before Richmond, and the surrender of Lee, he has been almost uniformly successful, and his victories have been more complete, and productive of more substantial fruits, than those of any other commander. As his Strategy is that of Sherman on a larger scale, so his Grand Tactics are those of Thomas on more extensive fields. The movements and the manœuvres of the two men are the same. The movements are always deliberate and heavy; the manœuvres are always executed by massed columns formed in deep lines. Grant, like Thomas, appears to decide in his own mind the key-point of the enemy's position, and to direct his assaults to the ultimate possession of that point. He devotes every energy, and, when it is necessary, every life, to the attainment of this success, knowing that this ends the conflict. When it is gained, as at Chattanooga and during the engagements of April 2 before Petersburg, the battle is won. If he fails to reach this key of the field, as in the first assault at Vicksburg and at the Wilderness, he is beaten. If he wins the point and the victory, he immediately pursues the retreating foe, as at Chattanooga and Petersburg. But if he fails, he does not abandon the field. His mind is too rich in resources for retreat. Ceasing to be Thomas he becomes Sherman again, and has recourse to Strategy, whereby he forces the enemy to a field where his Grand Tactics will stand a better chance of success. A critical examination of Grant's campaigns will reveal these features fully developed. He fully com-

prehends the specialty of Sherman, Strategy, as well as that of Thomas, Grand Tactics, and is master of both. He has displayed in his campaigns, all of which have been of mixed operations, all the persistence and pertinacity of Thomas combined with the originality of design and resources of mind of Sherman. But in none of his campaigns have these peculiarities been better or more brilliantly illustrated than in the campaign and battles of Chattanooga, and the not less wonderful campaign around Richmond. The first is an example of his Tactics; the latter of his Strategy.

The operations of Hooker and W. F. Smith in Lookout Valley, which were a part of the Chattanooga campaign, and which resulted in raising the siege of that stronghold by opening river communication with the base of supplies, was not less original in conception or bold and brilliant in execution than the famous march around Vicksburg. Bragg was compelled to abandon all hope of starving out the garrison or capturing Chattanooga, and he determined to attempt the seizure of Knoxville with a portion of his army under Longstreet while he kept up a show of besieging Chattanooga with the remainder. It was this movement which gave Grant the opportunity for the display of his tactical abilities. Burnside, in advising Grant of Longstreet's approach to attack him, reported that he (Burnside) held a line on the Tennessee River, from Loudon to Kingston, possessing unusual natural advantages, and expressed the opinion that he could easily defeat Longstreet in any attempt he might make to cross the stream. Grant immediately ordered Burnside to make no defense of the line which he held, but to fall back to Knoxville and stand a siege, promising to relieve him in a few days. The result of this was that Longstreet was deluded into crossing the Tennessee, and thus placed himself far beyond supporting distance of Bragg. Grant's strategy had thus far resulted in dividing the rebel army into two. He immediately went to work to defeat the parts in detail.

Bragg learning of the approach of Sherman to Grant's aid attempted, on November 23, 1863, to evacuate his strong position before Chattanooga, and retire for safety beyond the mountains. Grant, unwilling to let him off so cheaply, made a movement to detain him, and by commencing his proposed operations a day sooner than originally intended he forced the rebel leader to remain in his rifle-pits and accept battle. Grant in no wise changed his plan as determined upon four days before the operations began, except that he commenced them twenty-four hours sooner than intended. On the afternoon of November 23d he did that which he had previously intended to do on the morning of the 24th. It was the movement of Granger's *corps* into a position from whence at the proper time it was to assault the rebel centre. In this position the *corps* was compelled to lie idle, and in waiting for the auspicious moment, for eighteen hours longer than it was originally intended it

should. This assault, which was made on the 25th, and was the closing scene of the battles, has been erroneously called one of those "blind uncertain strikings which won the Alma and Magenta," when in reality Grant had determined upon it six days before it was executed, and spent two entire days in watching from the very front of the line for the moment at which to attempt it. The entire three days' engagement is remarkable for the consistency with which the plan was followed out. General Halleck pronounced the battle to be the "most remarkable in history," and Meigs called it the "best directed battle of the war." Never have operations in war better illustrated the vast advantages of the offensive. From the moment that he was compelled to abandon his attempts at an orderly retreat and evacuation of his position, the enemy's movements were forced upon him, and his army was really controlled and commanded by Grant. Every movement made by the enemy may be said to have been ordered by Grant. Bragg, in command of the rebel army, was merely his mouth-piece. The plan of the battle contemplated the breaking of the enemy's centre; but this was so strongly posted on a mountain ridge almost inaccessible, that, in order to render success possible, it was necessary to force him to weaken his forces holding the centre. This was accomplished after two days' labor by the attacks upon either flank of the rebel line by Hooker and Sherman, and was no sooner made than perceived by Grant, who instantly ordered the assault of the centre, which resulted in the victory and the capture of several thousand prisoners and sixty pieces of artillery. To complete the success of the operations, Burnside about the same time defeated Longstreet at Knoxville (Fort Saunders), and Sherman approaching to the relief of the besieged, the rebels abandoned the siege and retreated to Virginia, rejoining Lee soon after at Fredericksburg.

In conception, execution, and result the late operations to the rear of Richmond must be considered by far the most remarkable and brilliant movements of the war. There is every evidence, already made public at this writing, necessary to show that the campaign, as deliberately planned, was energetically carried out. The battles of April 1st and 2d, south of Petersburg, were absolutely necessary to the solution of the strategic problem. The object was to gain a position on the right flank of Lee, in order to force him not only to evacuate Petersburg, but to compel him to evacuate it in such a way that he would have to retreat by roads on the north side of the Appomattox River. By the success of this battle Lee was thus forced north of the river, and Grant gained a route to Burkesville Junction—the point to which Lee intended to retreat—running parallel with that of the rebels, separated from them a great part of the distance by a river, much shorter and without any natural obstructions such as lay in Lee's way. Lee had to retreat by the longer route, which was practically made still longer by the

necessity of recrossing the Appomattox River. The consequence was that Grant reached Burkesville Junction by the time Lee reached Amelia Court House, and interposed himself as an impassable barrier to the junction of Johnston and Lee; but also continually presented a force between Lee and Lynchburg. By keeping this force thus "heading Lee off," while at the same time he continually attacked him in flank and rear, Grant forced him, on the seventh day of the pursuit, to surrender his whole force. From the moment of occupying Burkesville Grant held Lee in a position from which, if defeated in battle, he had no line of retreat. He was forced to make a stand in a position in which, had he given battle, he would have been forced to an unconditional surrender or equally disastrous dispersion.

The resemblance between Generals Grant and Thomas in personal appearance and character is more marked than between the former and Sherman. The comparison between the latter and Sherman must indeed be confined to their military characteristics. The resemblance is most noted in the fertility of invention which distinguishes both in a higher degree than any two men hitherto developed by the war. Neither ever lacks for resources. Grant, with an inventive faculty truly wonderful, extricates himself from all difficulties with an originality not less admirable on account of the boldness with which his designs are accomplished. The originality of his designs not less than the boldness with which he acts adds to the certainty of success. If one resource fails he has another at hand. He creates opportunities, and though he is no Cadmus, at whose will armed men spring from the ground, yet he may be said to create the materials of action, and to supply by his energy and his spirit, his invention and tactics, many of the deficiencies existing in his physical force. He is not easily disheartened, but seems greatest in disaster or when surrounded by difficulties. He is not easily driven from the prosecution of a plan. He carefully examines its merits before he decides upon it, and fully tests its practicability before he abandons it for another. That to which he is compelled to resort by reason of the failure of one is not less matured than the first. It may be said with truth that he has never been forced to abandon any general plan upon which he had determined, though the campaign against Richmond was modified by circumstances and facts developed at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. The purpose of the campaign overland was the destruction of an important line of railroad, and the desolation of a rich country, by and in which the enemy was enabled to exist at the very doors of Washington, and by thus forcing him to abandon his threatening and offensive attitude, enable Grant to place the army operating against Richmond in its only true strategical position south of the James River. It is now apparent to all that had the attack of General Smith on Petersburg, in June, 1864, proved successful—as there was

every reason to suppose it would, and really no good reason why it did not—the capture of Richmond would have followed immediately. There exists a notable resemblance between this campaign of Grant's and that of Sherman against Atlanta. Both were prosecuted against large armies posted and fortified in a country naturally difficult to penetrate, and in which the enemy had all the advantages arising from defensible positions. Both were characterized by brilliant flank movements made in the very teeth of the enemy. And though Sherman's campaign embraced none of the desperate and lengthy battles in which Grant engaged, it is marked by several combats of unusual desperation, generally occurring on the march and fought for position.

Like Sherman, Grant is a fine mover and feeder of an army. Their marches are made with great precision, and the logistical calculations of each are marked by great accuracy. If such were not the case the dangerous flank movements of the one at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House, and of the other across the Allatoona mountains and around Atlanta, might have resulted in very grave and serious disasters. Both Generals have a full and genuine appreciation of the importance of economy of time in the collection, and of quantity in the distribution of supplies; and in view of the fact that both have at all times operated at a great distance, and at times entirely disconnected from, their bases of supply, the regularity and completeness with which their vast armies have been fed is surprising, and calls forth the fullest admiration for the administrative ability which each has displayed. The energy which Grant possesses, in a degree fully equal to that of Sherman, differs materially, however, in character from that of that erratic warrior. There is nothing nervous about it, nor can it be said to be inspiring like that of Sherman, but it is no less effective. Sherman's energy supplies all that may be lacking in his subordinates, and retrieves their blunders and delays. Grant's energetic manner of working soon teaches subordinates that delinquencies are not allowable. The comparison might be extended further and to other features, while some minor traits of opposite characteristics might be mentioned. The modesty of each is praiseworthy. Both are unselfish and unambitious, or it would perhaps be a better expression to say both are unselfishly ambitious, holding their own interests second to those of the country. Sherman acknowledges Grant to have been the first to appreciate and encourage him after his consignment to that tomb of military Capulets, Jefferson Barracks. Grant attributes much of his uniform success to the skill of his second in command. Neither ever wearies of sounding the praises or of admiring the qualifications of the other. Among the points of character in which they differ is temper, that of Grant being exceeding good in the sense of moderate and even, while Sherman's is very bad in the sense

of irritability and unevenness. There can be no doubt that both are good, generous, and unselfish men at heart.

An idea of the character of General Grant must, of course, be formed from the developments of the war. His life at West Point, and his subsequent career in Mexico and in civil life, displayed no particularly prominent trait of character other than an adaptation to the practical in life. At West Point he is remembered as a quiet, studious, and taciturn youth, only remarkable for the decision which has since been so prominent a characteristic of the man. He was neither a book-worm nor an idler, and graduated neither first nor last, but in that medium rank in his class which has given to the country several of its most thoroughly practical and successful men. In Mexico he was distinguished only for the bravery which he displayed at Chapultepec. The most interesting fact related of him in civil life is told of the failure of his application for the office of Engineer of St. Louis County, Missouri. This was made in 1859—August 15. He backed up his application with the indorsement of General Joseph J. Reynolds and several citizens of St. Louis, since distinguished in the military service of the country and of the rebel leaders; but the county commissioners failed to perceive the slumbering genius, and rejected the application.

It is since that time that the war has developed the admirable qualities of Grant's mind and character. Among the principal of these is his practicability. Grant is not a learned scholar, but has grown wise from worldly experience. His wisdom is that which results from a combination of common sense trained to logical reflection with practical observation. He deals with all questions in a plain, business-like manner, and with all absence of ostentation or display, and in a systematic style which enables him to dispatch a great deal of business in a very short time. He fully appreciates, as does Thomas, the philosophy of silence. His staff have learned to imitate his taciturnity; and there is consequently an air of industry and business about his head-quarters which no one who visits them can fail to observe. His practicability renders him remorseless in the execution of his plans. When he has decided it to be necessary, he pushes his massed columns upon the enemy, and orders the desolation and depopulation of a country with the same coolness, not to say indifference, with which he would announce a common event of little importance. His administration of the affairs of the Army of the Potomac, now universally acknowledged to have been of the highest ability, fully displayed this characteristic of practicability. He has, throughout his career, published no foolish proclamations and made no visionary promises. His victories have been followed by no high-sounding addresses to his armies; but he has confined his compliments to a plain recital of the deeds of his men and the results of their achievements. He has, moreover, gone through the

war without having made a single speech. At Lexington, Kentucky, in January, 1864, Grant met with a spontaneous reception from the citizens on his arrival from East Tennessee. At the request of the populace he made his appearance in front of his hotel, and on being told that on account of his short stature he could not be seen by those on the outskirts of the crowd, he good-naturedly mounted a chair and bowed two or three times to the people. A speech was called for, but he contented himself with requesting Leslie Combs, who was present, to state to the people that he "had never made a speech in his life, knew nothing about the business, and had no disposition to learn."

A fine illustration of his practicability is found in a story related of him when operating before Fort Donelson. On the night before the surrender the preparations of a portion of the rebels to evacuate the fort led General M'Clermand to believe they were meditating an attack, and he communicated his suspicions to Grant, at the same time sending him a prisoner who had been captured but a short time before. On reading M'Clermand's dispatch Grant ordered the prisoner's haversack to be searched. It was found that it was filled with rations. "If the rebels intend to hold the fort they would not encumber their men with rations. They are preparing to leave," was the very sage and practical reasoning of the General; and he immediately ordered M'Clermand to assume the offensive. The result was that a commanding ridge near Dover, south of the fort, was carried, and only a portion of the garrison escaped; the remainder capitulated.

During the battles of the Wilderness, a rebel shell dropped within a few feet of Grant and Meade, making a furrow in the ground and bursting some distance beyond. Grant, without a word, drew from his pocket a small compass with which he calculated the course of the shell. In five minutes afterward he had a piece or two of artillery posted near by, and opening upon, soon silenced the rebel battery, whose location had been betrayed by the course of the projectile. As soon as this had been done, he asked the elevation of the guns which had done such good work. On being told, he soon established, by a calculation well known to every artilleryman, the important fact of the exact distance of the enemy's line from his own.

A fine illustration of Grant's magnanimous character is the terms of surrender granted to General Lee—the dismissal of the captured army on parole. The tender of such terms placed it at once out of the power of General Lee to decline them. His army could not have been kept together an hour in the face of such generous terms. The rebel troops thus dismissed had to reach their homes by passing through Joe Johnston's army. The tale of their utter discomfiture, capture, and the generous treatment accorded them, would be whispered in the ears of Johnston's men, to the utter demoralization and disbandment of that army.

The persistence with which Grant pursues an object or executes a plan, and the tenacity with which he fights, are the strongest points of resemblance between himself and Thomas. It is difficult to say which excels in these qualities. Grant's famous dispatch from Spottsylvania, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," was written with compressed lips—the reader naturally reads it with clenched teeth—and fairly and graphically illustrates the perseverance and stubbornness of the man. It is even more forcible than the memorable dispatch of Thomas, "We will hold Chattanooga till we starve;" and in better taste than that of Granger's, "I am in possession of Knoxville, and shall hold it till hell freezes over." Grant's criticism on the Army of the Potomac, which is doubtless as just an opinion of that army as has ever been uttered, illustrates this trait of his character still more forcibly and elegantly. A short time after he assumed personal supervision of Meade's army, General Oglesby asked him what he thought of its *personnel*.

"This is a very fine army," he replied, "and these men I am told have fought with great courage and bravery. I think, however, that the Army of the Potomac *has never fought its battles through*." It certainly fought them through at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and on the Appomattox, and fully confirmed Grant's faith in the superior endurance of the men.

It is also related of Grant that, when young, he was very fond of playing chess, and played with great skill, but found among his opponents one who was his superior, and who used to win the first games of a sitting with ease. But Grant was never content to remain beaten, and would insist on his opponent playing until he got the better of him in the end by "tiring him out," and winning at chess as at war by his superior endurance.

The following story of Grant may be apocryphal. If true, however, it is a fine commentary on that trait of his character under consideration. If not true, it shows that the feature is such a prominent one that anecdotes have been originated to illustrate it. The story runs that immediately after the battle of Shiloh, General Buell began criticising, in a friendly way, what he termed the bad policy displayed by Grant in fighting with the Tennessee River in his rear.

"Where, if beaten, could you have retreated, General?" asked Buell.

"I didn't mean to be beaten," was Grant's reply.

"But suppose you had been defeated, despite all your exertions?"

"Well, there were all the transports to carry the remains of the command across the river."

"But, General," urged Buell, "your whole number of transports could not contain over ten thousand men, and you had fifty thousand engaged."

"Well, if I had been beaten," said Grant, "transportation for ten thousand men would have been abundant for all that would be left of us."

It is not to be lightly concluded that the act of Grant in encamping on the same side of the river and within thirty miles of the enemy was bad policy. If he had encamped on the east side of the stream the rebels would have made the river, instead of the railroad at Corinth, their line of defense, and rendered its navigation very difficult for gun-boats and impossible for transports. The stream could not have been made the base of operations as was intended. It is doubtful if we lost more men in the battle of Shiloh than we should have lost in attempting to force the passage of the stream. Grant's position was chiefly faulty in not being fortified. His camp ought to have been intrenched. In the absence of works he depended for protection on the flooded streams which in a measure surrounded his camp, but which failed to retard the rebel advance.

Grant's disposition to persevere has had a natural effect in creating in him a firm reliance upon himself. It is very seldom that he calls councils of war or asks advice in any shape. He fears no responsibility and decides for himself. General Howard, himself a man of very marked characteristics, has noticed and alluded to this confidence, adding that it amounted almost to the superstitious fatality in which Napoleon was so firm a believer. This self-reliance is doubtless, however, merely the full confidence which has resulted from the habit of independent thought and action of a man of unusually strong, iron will, determination and tenacity of purpose. Though his language often indicates this confidence in himself it never degenerates into boasting.

During the battles of the Wilderness an aid brought the Lieutenant-General news of a serious disaster to the Second Corps, which was vigorously attacked by A. P. Hill. "I don't believe it," was the prompt answer of Grant, inspired by his faith in his success. The aid was sent back for further reports, and found that the reported disaster had been exaggerated.

Those who are disposed like himself to be fatalists may imagine in the significance of Grant's surname, and the manner in which he obtained his baptismal name, encouraging omens of his success and that of the cause in which he is engaged. The surname, Grant, is that of a Scottish clan, whose motto, as given in Burke's "Encyclopedia of Heraldry," appears to have been adopted by General Grant. It is as follows: "*Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure*." His proper Christian name received at baptism was Hiram Ulysses; but on entering West Point he received, by the mistake of the person who nominated him, the name of Ulysses Sidney, which, abbreviated, gives the same initials as those generally applied to the country of which he is the servant. "United States Grant" is an appellation much more common than Ulysses S. Grant; while the patriotic friends of the General have given this title several facetious variations, such as "Uncle Sam," "Unconditional Surrender," and "United we Stand Grant."

The confidence of the fatalist is not necessary to courage. There is a courage superior to the mere indifference to danger, and this quality Grant possesses to the fullest degree. Sherman calls him one of the bravest men he ever saw. His coolness and his clear-headedness under danger and amidst excitement is remarkable, and is superior to that of Thomas, who, next to Grant, is the coolest man and most clearly administrative under fire now in the army. During the battles of Chattanooga Grant and Thomas established their head-quarters on "Orchard Knoll," immediately in the rear of the centre of the field, and from which they could have a full and close view of the column which was to make the assault on the rebel centre. From the moment that the signal for the attack was sounded the scene was of the most exciting character; but during that important half hour in which the victory trembled in the balance Grant and Thomas remained passive, cool, and observant. They were standing together when the assaulting column had reached half-way to the summit of Missionary Ridge, when a portion of it was momentarily brought to a halt, and when the stream of wounded retiring down the hill made the line look ragged and weak. At this moment Thomas turned to Grant and said, with a slight hesitation which betrayed the emotions which raged within him:

"General, I—I'm afraid they won't get up."

Grant, continuing to look steadily at the column, hesitated half a minute before answering; then taking the cigar he was smoking between his fingers he said, as he brushed away the ashes:

"Oh, give 'em time, General," and then as coolly returned his cigar to his mouth.

Fifteen minutes later the writer met him on the summit of the hill, riding along with head uncovered, receiving the plaudits of the men who had won but had not yet secured the victory. While thus engaged the rebel right attempted to sweep down the ridge and recover what their broken centre had lost, and for a while their musketry and artillery played fearful havoc, but soon after failing, it suddenly ceased, and the battle was over.

During the siege of Vicksburg Grant personally superintended the mounting of a number of Columbiads on a part of his line. While the men were cutting the embrasures in the works he stood upon the epaulement, and, though the rebels made a mark of him for their bullets, very composedly whittled a rail until the guns were placed to suit him.

Whittling and smoking are among Grant's favorite occupations. He is a true Yankee in these respects. It is recorded of him that during the battles of the Wilderness he was engaged in whittling the bark of a tree under which his head-quarters were established; and on all occasions, great and small, he smokes. He is a more inveterate smoker than either Sherman or Rosecrans, but he smokes in a different style and for a different effect. Both Sherman and Rosecrans take to tobacco as a

stimulant to their nervous organizations. Grant smokes with the listless, absorbed, and satisfied air of an opium-smoker, his mind and body being soothed into repose rather than excited by the effect of the weed. Neither Sherman nor Rosecrans are neat smokers, the velvet breast-facing of their coats and their shirt-bosoms being generally soiled. Grant, on the contrary, is very neat, and smokes only the best of cigars. He smokes almost without cessation, and is never at ease when employed at any thing which forbids smoking as an accompaniment. During the famous interview with Pemberton before Vicksburg he smoked with his usual composure. "We pardon General Grant for smoking a cigar as he entered the smouldering ruins of the town of Vicksburg," said a rebel paper after the surrender. "A little stage effect," it added, "is admirable in great captains." But Grant never smokes dramatically. His cigar is a necessary part of himself, and is neither assumed nor abandoned for state occasions. He has been known to smoke at reviews; and has frequently been brought to a halt and notified by sentinels or guards over commissary stores, "No smoking allowed here, Sir." On entering the Senate Chamber to be presented to the Senate he had to be requested to leave his cigar outside.

Sherman's erratic disposition caused him to be suspected of lunacy. Grant's imperturbation and his dullness of expression, added to exaggerated tales of his excessive use of strong tobacco as an opiate, was the origin of the story which prevailed at one time to the effect that he drank to excess. In early life he may have indulged in occasional spruces, but he does not drink now at all. Swearing is not a habit with him, and his phlegmatic temperament is seldom so ruffled as to cause him to indulge in an oath. He seldom jokes, and rarely laughs. His great "weakness" is Alexandrian, and consists in his love for fine horses.

Grant's undemonstrative manner has nothing of the repulsive about it. He has won and retained many warm friends. The friendship between him and Sherman has become historical, and is often quoted as in agreeable contrast to the numerous bitter and disgraceful jealousies which have too often been made public, but which exist in the army to an extent not suspected by those who have no intimate acquaintance with its secret history. It is not only with such men as Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Howard, and others, with whom he bears the most intimate relations, but with his whole army that Grant is a well-beloved leader. He has gained the universal admiration of his men by no clap-trap display or familiarity at the expense of discipline, but by a constant and watchful care for their interest. It is a boast in the Army of the Tennessee, which Grant commanded in person for nearly three years, that the men never wanted for food—Grant's commissary stores were always well filled. He was always careful to protect his men from the imposition of sutlers and

army speculators, generally by fixing the prices of all articles sold in his department. He cuts red tape for the benefit of the private soldier with a remorseless hand. His careful consideration of the interests of his staff and general officers is proverbial; while his generous treatment of inefficient officers, whom he has been compelled to relieve, is well known. He once expressed an opinion of General M'Clellan which forcibly impressed the writer as equally just and generous.

"General M'Clellan," he said, "failed not so much from a lack of military ability as from a species of intoxication resulting from his too rapid promotion and the flattery of politicians. He degenerated from a leader into a follower."

In his manners, dress, and style of living, Grant displays more republican simplicity than any other general officer of the army. In manner he is very unassuming and approachable, and his conversation is noticeable from its unpretending, plain, and straightforward style. There is nothing didactic nor pedantic in his tone or language. His rhetoric is more remarkable for the compact structure than the elegance and finish of his sentences. He talks practically, and writes as he talks; and his language, written and oral, is distinguished by strong common sense. He seldom indulges in figurative language; but when he does his comparisons betray his habits of close observation. He dresses in a careless but by no means slovenly manner. Though his uniform conforms to army regulations in cut and trimmings, it is often, like that of Sherman, worn threadbare. He never wears any article which attracts attention by its oddity, except, indeed, the three stars which indicate his rank. His wardrobe, when campaigning, is generally very scant, while his head-quarter train is often the smallest in the army. For several months past he has been living in a log-hut of unpretending dimensions on the James River, sleeping on a common camp-cot, and eating at a table common to all his staff, plainly furnished with good roast beef, pork and beans, "hard-tack," and coffee. It is related of the General that when the march to the rear of Vicksburg began he announced to his army the necessity of "moving light," *i.e.*, without extra baggage. He set an example by sending to the rear all his baggage except a green brier-root pipe, a tooth-brush, and a horn pocket-comb. The story of his appearance in the Senate chamber in February last is still fresh in the minds of the public. He had no sooner left the hall, after paying his respects to the Senators, than one of the Democratic members rose and asked the consideration of the Senate upon what he termed the evident and gross mistake which had been made in appointing Grant a Lieutenant-General, and declared it to be his opinion that "there was not a second lieutenant of the Home Guard of his State who did not 'cut a bigger swell' than this man who had just left their presence!"

Grant has surrounded himself with men who

have many of his characteristics, but whether natural or resulting from long intercourse with, and observation of, the General it is not pretended to say. General John A. Rawlings, his chief of staff when in command in the West, has lately been promoted Brigadier-General in the regular army, and assigned to duty as the chief of staff of the Lieutenant-General. No officer among those who have lately been so rapidly promoted will ultimately reflect greater credit upon his rank or upon the army itself than this quiet, taciturn, and agreeable gentleman and untiringly industrious, clear-headed, practical, and experienced officer. Colonel Bowers, Grant's principal adjutant-general, and next to Rawlings his chief dependence, was born for the adjutant-general's desk, and will yet find, like Rawlings, his natural level in a high rank in that department of the regular army.

When sitting for their photographs Grant and Sherman have dispensed with their cigars, and the consequence is an imperfect picture. None of the many artists who have painted them in oil have had the independence to supply the deficiency of the photographs, and add the cigar, which is a necessary accompaniment of the men, and which must be an important feature of every pen-picture which will be made of them. The addition of the cigar would doubtless detract from the dignity of the picture; but it should be remembered that artists paint as well for posterity as for the present generation. History will preserve in its picture of Grant his peculiarities, and, among others, the fact that he was an inveterate smoker. Why should not the artists preserve such a peculiarity as this as well as the outlines of his figure and expression of his face? Is it any more important for posterity to know that his eyes were blue than that he smoked incessantly?

Grant is not so tall as Sherman nor so heavy as Thomas. His short stature would have made it difficult for him to enlist in the British army. He is but an inch above the minimum standard of officers of our army, but being straight and somewhat spare he has the appearance of being above medium height. Sheridan and Logan are the only Major-Generals in our army who are shorter in figure than Grant. His forehead is high and square. His hair was originally a dark brown, but at forty-three, his present age, it is fast becoming sprinkled with iron-gray. His eyes are sharp and expressive though small, peering out from under his overarching brow with great brilliancy. His nose is aquiline. His mouth is small, and he has a habit of closely compressing his lips. His chin and cheeks are covered with a heavy beard, which he never shaves but keeps closely cropped or trimmed.

Though the war in which he has won his renown is now practically ended, the future has still much to do in establishing the position which Grant is to hold in history. To-day he enjoys the confidence of his countrymen to a degree unknown to military leaders during the war. If ultimately successful in the end—if he

directs his course through the mazes of the political campaign which is to follow the close of the war as well as he has his military career, posterity will delight, and will find little difficulty, in tracing out a comparison between his character and that of the country's first great leader. This it is hardly proper for the present age to do; and such a comparison, if made in detail, would doubtless shock the modesty of General Grant more than it would the nation's sense of propriety;

but if consistent in character and success to the end, the historian of the future will not be content to draw simply the comparison which the sketcher of to-day has outlined in this article, but will liken him to one who in every respect was greater than Sherman or Thomas. But whether successful to the end or not General Grant, like Washington, will live forever in the memories of his countrymen as a good and honest man.

## ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

### BOOK THE THIRD.

#### CHAPTER V.

MOTHER OLDERSHAW ON HER GUARD.

1.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw (Diana Street, Pimlico) to Miss Gwilt (West Place, Old Brompton).*

"LADIES' TOILET REPOSITORY, June 20,  
*Eight in the Evening.*

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—About three hours have passed, as well as I can remember, since I pushed you unceremoniously inside my house in West Place; and, merely telling you to wait till you saw me again, banged the door to between us, and left you alone in the hall. I know your sensitive nature, my dear, and I am afraid you have made up your mind by this time that never yet was a guest treated so abominably by her hostess as I have treated you.

"The delay that has prevented me from explaining my strange conduct is, believe me, a delay for which I am not to blame. One of the many delicate little difficulties which beset so essentially confidential a business as mine, occurred here (as I have since discovered) while we were taking the air this afternoon in Kensington Gardens. I see no chance of being able to get back to you for some hours to come, and I have a word of very urgent caution for your private ear, which has been too long delayed already. So I must use the spare minutes as they come, and write.

"Here is the caution first. On no account venture outside the door again this evening; and be very careful, while the daylight lasts, not to show yourself at any of the front windows. I have reason to fear that a certain charming person now staying with me may possibly be watched. Don't be alarmed, and don't be impatient; you shall know why.

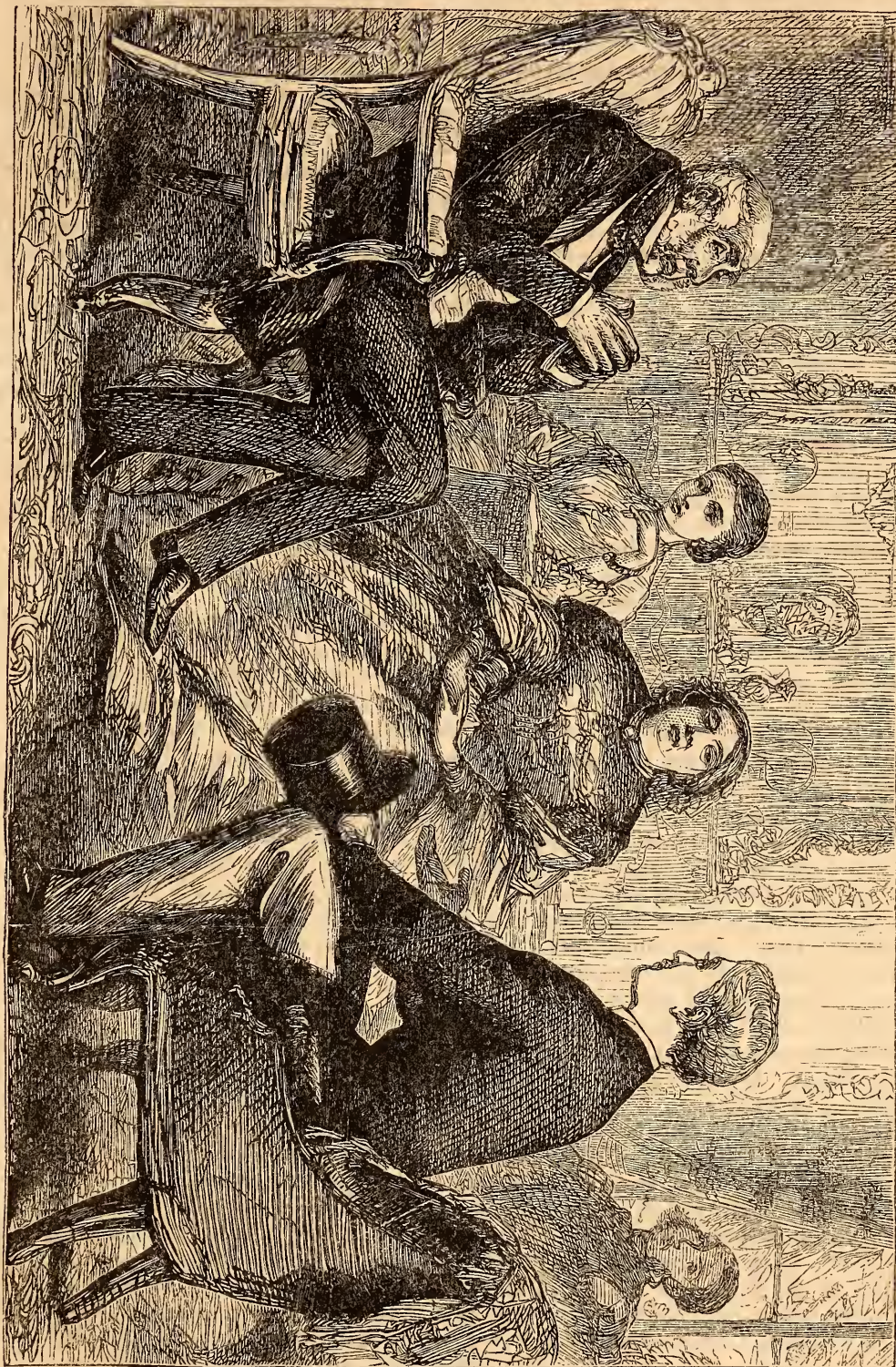
"I can only explain myself by going back to our unlucky meeting in the Gardens with that reverend gentleman who was so obliging as to follow us both back to my house.

"It crossed my mind, just as we were close to the door, that there might be a motive for the parson's anxiety to trace us home, far less creditable to his taste, and far more dangerous to both

of us than the motive you supposed him to have. In plainer words, Lydia, I rather doubted whether you had met with another admirer; and I strongly suspected that you had encountered another enemy instead. There was no time to tell you this. There was only time to see you safe into the house, and to make sure of the parson (in case my suspicions were right) by treating him as he had treated us—I mean, by following him in his turn.

"I kept some little distance behind him at first, to turn the thing over in my mind, and to be satisfied that my doubts were not misleading me. We have no concealments from each other; and you shall know what my doubts were. I was not surprised at your recognizing him; he is not at all a common-looking old man; and you had seen him twice in Somersetshire—once when you asked your way of him to Mrs. Armadale's house; and once when you saw him again on your way back to the railroad. But I was a little puzzled (considering that you had your veil down on both those occasions, and your veil down also when we were in the Gardens) at his recognizing you. I doubted his remembering your figure, in a summer dress, after he had only seen it in a winter dress; and though we were talking when he met us, and your voice is one among your many charms, I doubted his remembering your voice either. And yet I felt persuaded that he knew you. 'How?' you will ask. My dear, as ill-luck would have it, we were speaking at the time of young Armadale. I firmly believe that the name was the first thing that struck him; and when he heard that, your voice certainly, and your figure perhaps, came back to his memory. 'And what if it did?' you may say. Think again, Lydia, and tell me whether the parson of the place where Mrs. Armadale lived was not likely to be Mrs. Armadale's friend? If he was her friend, the very first person to whom she would apply for advice after the manner in which you frightened her, and after what you most injudiciously said on the subject of appealing to her son, would be the clergyman of the parish—and the magistrate too, as the landlord at the inn himself told you.

"You will now understand why I left you in



THE RESIDENT GENTRY.—[SEE MAY NUMBER, PAGE 769.]

that extremely uncivil manner, and I may go on to what happened next.

"I followed the old gentleman till he turned into a quiet street, and then accosted him with respect for the Church written (I flatter myself) in every line of my face.

"'Will you excuse me,' I said, 'if I venture to inquire, Sir, whether you recognized the lady who was walking with me when you happened to pass us in the Gardens?'

"'Will you excuse my asking, ma'am, why you put that question?' was all the answer I got.

"'I will endeavor to tell you, Sir,' I said. 'If my friend is not an absolute stranger to you, I should wish to request your attention to a very delicate subject, connected with a lady deceased, and with her son who survives her.'

"He was staggered; I could see that. But he was sly enough at the same time to hold his tongue and wait till I said something more.

"'If I am wrong, Sir, in thinking that you recognized my friend,' I went on; 'I beg to apologize. But I could hardly suppose it possible that a gentleman in your profession would

follow a lady home who was a total stranger to him.'

"There I had him. He colored up (fancy that, at his age!), and owned the truth, in defense of his own precious character.

"I have met with the lady once before, and I acknowledge that I recognized her in the Gardens,' he said. 'You will excuse me if I decline entering into the question of whether I did, or did not, purposely follow her home. If you wish to be assured that your friend is not an absolute stranger to me, you now have that assurance; and if you have any thing particular to say to me, I leave you to decide whether the time has come to say it.'

"He waited, and looked about. I waited, and looked about. He said the street was hardly a fit place to speak of a delicate subject in. I said the street was hardly a fit place to speak of a delicate subject in. He didn't offer to take me to where he lived. I didn't offer to take him to where I lived. Have you ever seen two strange cats, my dear, nose to nose on the tiles? If you have, you have seen the parson and me done to the life.

"Well, ma'am,' he said, at last, 'shall we go on with our conversation in spite of circumstances?'

"Yes, Sir,' I said; 'we are both of us, fortunately, of an age to set circumstances at defiance' (I had seen the old wretch looking at my gray hair, and satisfying himself that his character was safe if he *was* seen with me).

"After all this snapping and snarling we came to the point at last. I began by telling him that I feared his interest in you was not of the friendly sort. He admitted that much—of course, in defense of his own character once more. I next repeated to him every thing you had told me about your proceedings in Somersetshire, when we first found that he was following us home. Don't be alarmed, my dear—I was acting on principle. If you want to make a dish of lies digestible, always give it a garnish of truth. Well, having appealed to the reverend gentleman's confidence in this manner, I next declared that you had become an altered woman since he had seen you last. I revived that dead wretch, your husband (without mentioning names, of course), established him (the first place I thought of) in business at the Brazils, and described a letter which he had written, offering to forgive his erring wife if she would repent and go back to him. I assured the parson that your husband's noble conduct had softened your obdurate nature; and then, thinking I had produced the right impression, I came boldly to close quarters with him. I said, 'At the very time when you met us, Sir, my unhappy friend was speaking in terms of touching self-reproach of her conduct to the late Mrs. Armadale. She confided to me her anxiety to make some atonement, if possible, to Mrs. Armadale's son; and it is at her entreaty (for she can not prevail on herself to face you) that I now beg to inquire whether Mr. Armadale is

still in Somersetshire, and whether he would consent to take back in small installments the sum of money which my friend acknowledges that she received by practicing on Mrs. Armadale's fears.' Those were my very words. A neater story (accounting so nicely for every thing) was never told; it was a story to melt a stone. But this Somersetshire parson is harder than stone itself. I blush for *him*, my dear, when I assure you that he was evidently insensible enough to disbelieve every word I said about your reformed character, your husband in the Brazils, and your penitent anxiety to pay the money back. It is really a disgrace that such a man should be in the Church; such cunning as his is in the last degree unbecoming in a member of a sacred profession.

"Does your friend propose to join her husband by the next steamer?' was all he condescended to say when I had done.

"I acknowledge I was angry. I snapped at him. I said—'Yes, she does.'

"How am I to communicate with her?' he asked.

"I snapped at him again. 'By letter—through me.'

"At what address, ma'am?"

"There I had him once more. 'You have found my address out for yourself, Sir,' I said. 'The directory will tell you my name if you wish to find that out for yourself also; otherwise, you are welcome to my card.'

"Many thanks, ma'am. If your friend wishes to communicate with Mr. Armadale I will give you *my* card in return.'

"Thank you, Sir.'

"Thank you, ma'am.'

"Good-afternoon, Sir.'

"Good-afternoon, ma'am.'

"So we parted. I went my way to an appointment at my place of business, and he went his in a hurry; which is of itself suspicious. What I can't get over is his heartlessness. Heaven help the people who send for *him* to comfort them on their death-beds!

"The next consideration is, What are we to do? If we don't find out the right way to keep this old wretch in the dark, he may be the ruin of us at Thorpe-Ambrose just as we are within easy reach of our end in view. Wait up till I come to you, with my mind free, I hope, from the other difficulty which is worrying me here. Was there ever such ill-luck as ours? Only think of that man deserting his congregation, and coming to London just at the very time when we have answered the advertisement, and may expect the inquiries to be made next week! I have no patience with him—his bishop ought to interfere.

"Affectionately yours,

"MARIA OLDERSHAW."

2.—From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw.

"WEST PLACE, June 20.

"MY POOR OLD DEAR,—How very little you know of my sensitive nature, as you call it!

Instead of feeling offended when you left me, I went to your piano and forgot all about you till your messenger came. Your letter is irresistible; I have been laughing over it till I am quite out of breath. Of all the absurd stories I ever read, the story you addressed to the Somersetshire clergyman is the most ridiculous. And as for your interview with him in the street, it is a perfect sin to keep it to ourselves. The public ought really to enjoy it in the form of a farce at one of the theatres.

"Luckily for both of us (to come to serious matters) your messenger is a prudent person. He sent up stairs to know if there was an answer. In the midst of my merriment I had presence of mind enough to send down stairs and say, 'Yes.'

"Some brute of a man says in some book which I once read, that no woman can keep two separate trains of ideas in her mind at the same time. I declare you have almost satisfied me that the man is right. What! when you have escaped unnoticed to your place of business, and when you suspect this house to be watched, you propose to come back here, and to put it in the parson's power to recover the lost trace of you! What madness! Stop where you are; and when you have got over your difficulty at Pimlico (it is some woman's business of course; what worries women are!), be so good as to read what I have got to say about our difficulty at Brompton.

"In the first place, the house (as you supposed) is watched. Half an hour after you left me loud voices in the street interrupted me at the piano, and I went to the window. There was a cab at the house opposite, where they let lodgings; and an old man, who looked like a respectable servant, was wrangling with the driver about his fare. An elderly gentleman came out of the house and stopped them. An elderly gentleman returned into the house and appeared cautiously at the front drawing-room window. You know him, you worthy creature—he had the bad taste, some few hours since, to doubt whether you were telling him the truth. Don't be afraid, he didn't see me. When he looked up, after settling with the cab-driver, I was behind the curtain. I have been behind the curtain once or twice since; and I have seen enough to satisfy me that he and his servant will relieve each other at the window, so as never to lose sight of your house here, night or day. That the parson suspects the real truth is of course impossible. But that he firmly believes I mean some mischief to young Armadale, and that you have entirely confirmed him in that conviction, is as plain as that two and two make four. And this has happened (as you helplessly remind me) just when we have answered the advertisement, and when we may expect the major's inquiries to be made in a few days' time.

"Surely, here is a terrible situation for two women to find themselves in? A fiddle-stick's end for the situation! We have got an easy way out of it—thanks, Mother Oldershaw, to

what I myself forced you to do, not three hours before the Somersetshire clergyman met with us.

"Has that venomous little quarrel of ours this morning—after we had pounced on the major's advertisement in the newspaper—quite slipped out of your memory? Have you forgotten how I persisted in my opinion that you were a great deal too well known in London to appear safely as my reference in your own name, or to receive an inquiring lady or gentleman (as you were rash enough to propose) in your own house? Don't you remember what a passion you were in when I brought our dispute to an end by declining to stir a step in the matter, unless I could conclude my application to Major Milroy by referring him to an address at which you were totally unknown, and to a name which might be any thing you pleased, as long as it was not yours? What a look you gave me when you found there was nothing for it but to drop the whole speculation, or to let me have my own way! How you fumed over the lodging-hunting on the other side of the Park! and how you groaned when you came back, possessed of Furnished Apartments in respectable Bayswater, over the useless expense I had put you to! What do you think of those Furnished Apartments *now*, you obstinate old woman? Here we are, with discovery threatening us at our very door, and with no hope of escape unless we can contrive to disappear from the parson in the dark. And there are the lodgings in Bayswater, to which no inquisitive strangers have traced either you or me, ready and waiting to swallow us up—the lodgings in which we can escape all further molestation, and answer the major's inquiries at our ease. Can you see, at last, a little farther than your poor old nose? Is there any thing in the world to prevent your safe disappearance from Pimlico to-night, and your safe establishment at the new lodgings, in the character of my respectable reference, half an hour afterward? Oh, fie, fie, Mother Oldershaw! Go down on your wicked old knees, and thank your stars that you had a she-devil like me to deal with this morning!

"Suppose we come now to the only difficulty worth mentioning—*my* difficulty. Watched as I am in this house, how am I to join you without bringing the parson or the parson's servant with me at my heels?

"Being to all intents and purposes a prisoner here, it seems to me that I have no choice but to try the old prison plan of escape—a change of clothes. I have been looking at your housemaid. Except that we are both light, her face and hair and my face and hair are as unlike each other as possible. But she is as nearly as can be my height and size; and (if she only knew how to dress herself, and had smaller feet) her figure is a very much better one than it ought to be for a person in her station in life. My idea is, to dress her in the clothes I wore in the Gardens to-day—to send her out, with our reverend enemy in full pursuit of her—and, as soon

as the coast is clear, to slip away myself and join you. The thing would be quite impossible, of course; if I had been seen with my veil up; but, as events have turned out, it is one advantage of the horrible exposure which followed my marriage, that I seldom show myself in public, and never of course in such a populous place as London, without wearing a thick veil and keeping that veil down. If the house-maid wears my dress, I don't really see why the house-maid may not be counted on to represent me to the life.

"The one question is, can the woman be trusted? If she can, send me a line, telling her, on your authority, that she is to place herself at my disposal. I won't say a word till I have heard from you first.

"Let me have my answer to night. As long as we were only talking about my getting the governess's place, I was careless enough how it ended. But now that we have actually answered Major Milroy's advertisement, I am in earnest at last. I mean to be Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose; and woe to the man or woman who tries to stop me! Yours,

"LYDIA GWILT.

"P.S.—I open my letter again to say that you need have no fear of your messenger being followed on his return to Pimlico. He will drive to a public house where he is known, will dismiss the cab at the door, and will go out again by a back way which is only used by the landlord and his friends.—L. G."

3.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

"DIANA STREET, 10 o'clock.

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—You have written me a heartless letter. If you had been in my trying position, harassed as I was when I wrote to you, I should have made allowances for my friend when I found my friend not so sharp as usual. But the vice of the present age is a want of consideration for persons in the decline of life. Your mind is in a sad state, my dear; and you stand much in need of a good example. You shall have a good example—I forgive you.

"Having now relieved my mind by the performance of a good action, suppose I show you next (though I protest against the vulgarity of the expression) that I *can* see a little farther than my poor old nose?

"I will answer your question about the house-maid first. You may trust her implicitly. She has had her troubles, and has learned discretion. She also looks your age; though it is only her due to say that, in this particular, she has some years the advantage of you. I inclose the necessary directions which will place her entirely at your disposal.

"And what comes next? Your plan for joining me at Bayswater comes next. It is very well as far as it goes; but it stands sadly in need of a little judicious improvement. There is a serious necessity (you shall know why presently) for deceiving the parson far more completely than you propose to deceive him. I want him

to see the house-maid's face under circumstances which will persuade him that it is *your* face. And then, going a step farther, I want him to see the house-maid leave London under the impression that he has seen *you* start on the first stage of your journey to the Brazils. He didn't believe in that journey when I announced it to him this afternoon in the street. He may believe in it yet if you follow the directions I am now going to give you.

"To-morrow is Saturday. Send the house-maid out in your walking dress of to-day just as you propose—but don't stir out yourself, and don't go near the window. Desire the woman to keep her veil down, to take half-an-hour's walk (quite unconscious, of course, of the parson or his servant at her heels), and then to come back to you. As soon as she appears send her instantly to the open window, instructing her to lift her veil carelessly, and look out. Let her go away again after a minute or two, take off her bonnet and shawl, and then appear once more at the window, or, better still, in the balcony outside. She may show herself again occasionally (not too often) later in the day. And to-morrow—as we have a professional gentleman to deal with—by all means send her to church. If these proceedings don't persuade the parson that the house-maid's face is your face, and if they don't make him readier to believe in your reformed character than he was when I spoke to him, I have lived sixty years, my love, in this vale of tears to mighty little purpose.

"The next day is Monday. I have looked at the shipping advertisements, and I find that a steamer leaves Liverpool for the Brazils on Tuesday. Nothing could be more convenient; we will start you on your voyage under the parson's own eyes. You may manage it in this way:

"At one o'clock send out the man who cleans the knives and forks to get a cab; and when he has brought it up to the door, let him go back and get a second cab, which he is to wait in himself round the corner in the square. Let the house-maid (still in your dress) drive off with the necessary boxes in the first cab to the Northwestern Railway. When she is gone, slip out yourself to the cab waiting round the corner, and come to me at Bayswater. They may be prepared to follow the house-maid's cab, because they have seen it at the door; but they won't be prepared to follow your cab, which has been hidden round the corner. When the house-maid has got to the station, and has done her best to disappear in the crowd (I have chosen the mixed train at 2.10, so as to give her every chance), you will be safe with me; and whether they do or do not find out that she does not really start for Liverpool won't matter by that time. They will have lost all trace of *you*; and they may follow the house-maid half over London if they like. She has my instructions (inclosed) to leave the empty boxes to find their way to the lost luggage office, and to go to her friends in the City, and stay there till I write word that I want her again.

"And what is the object of all this? My dear Lydia, the object is your future security (and mine). We may succeed, or we may fail in persuading the parson that you have actually gone to the Brazils. If we succeed, we are relieved of all fear of him. If we fail, he will warn young Armadale to be careful of a woman like my house-maid, and not of a woman like you. This last gain is a very important one; for we don't know that Mrs. Armadale may not have told him your maiden name. In that event the 'Miss Gwilt' whom he will describe as having slipped through his fingers here, will be so entirely unlike the 'Miss Gwilt' established at Thorpe-Ambrose, as to satisfy every body that it is not a case of similarity of persons, but only a case of similarity of names.

"What do you say now to my improvement on your idea? Are my brains not quite so addled as you thought them when you wrote? Don't suppose I'm at all over-boastful about my own ingenuity. Cleverer tricks than this trick of mine are played off on the public by swindlers, and are recorded in the newspapers every week. I only want to show you that my assistance is not less necessary to the success of the Armadale speculation now than it was when I made our first important discoveries by means of the harmless-looking young man and the private inquiry office in Shadyside Place.

"There is nothing more to say that I know of, except that I am just going to start for the new lodging, with a box directed in my new name. The last expiring moments of mother Oldershaw, of the Toilet Repository, are close at hand; and the birth of Miss Gwilt's respectable reference, Mrs. Mandeville, will take place in a cab in five minutes' time. I fancy I must be still young at heart, for I am quite in love already with my romantic name; it sounds almost as pretty as Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose, doesn't it? Good-night, my dear, and pleasant dreams. If any accident happens between this and Monday write to me instantly by post. If no accident happens you will be with me in excellent time for the earliest inquiries that the major can possibly make. My last words are, don't go out, and don't venture near the front windows till Monday comes.

"Affectionately yours, M. O."

## CHAPTER VI.

### MIDWINTER IN DISGUISE.

TOWARD noon on the day of the twenty-first Miss Milroy was loitering in the cottage garden—released from duty in the sick-room by an improvement in her mother's health—when her attention was attracted by the sound of voices in the park. One of the voices she instantly recognized as Allan's: the other was strange to her. She put aside the branches of a shrub near the garden palings; and peeping through, saw Allan approaching the cottage gate, in com-

pany with a slim, dark, undersized man, who was talking and laughing excitably at the top of his voice. Miss Milroy ran indoors to warn her father of Mr. Armadale's arrival, and to add that he was bringing with him a noisy stranger, who was, in all probability, the friend generally reported to be staying with the squire at the great house.

Had the major's daughter guessed right? Was the squire's loud-talking, loud-laughing companion the shy, sensitive Midwinter of other times? It was even so. In Allan's presence, that morning, an extraordinary change had passed over the ordinarily quiet demeanor of Allan's friend.

When Midwinter had first appeared in the breakfast-room, after putting aside Mr. Brock's startling letter, Allan had been too much occupied to pay any special attention to him. The undecided difficulty of choosing the day for the audit-dinner had pressed for a settlement once more, and had been fixed at last (under the butler's advice) for Saturday, the twenty-eighth of the month. It was only on turning round to remind Midwinter of the ample space of time which the new arrangement allowed for mastering the steward's books that even Allan's flighty attention had been arrested by a marked change in the face that confronted him. He had openly noticed the change in his usual blunt manner, and had been instantly silenced by a fretful, almost an angry reply. The two had sat down together to breakfast without the usual cordiality; and the meal had proceeded gloomily till Midwinter himself broke the silence by bursting into the strange outbreak of gayety which had revealed in Allan's eyes a new side to the character of his friend.

As usual with most of Allan's judgments, here again the conclusion was wrong. It was no new side to Midwinter's character that now presented itself—it was only a new aspect of the one ever-recurring struggle of Midwinter's life.

Irritated by Allan's discovery of the change in him, which he had failed to see reflected in his looking-glass when he had consulted it on leaving his room; feeling Allan's eyes still fixed inquiringly on his face, and dreading the next questions that Allan's curiosity might put, Midwinter had roused himself to efface, by main force, the impression which his own altered appearance had produced. It was one of those efforts which no men compass so resolutely as the men of his quick temper, and his sensitive feminine organization. With his whole mind still possessed by the firm belief that the Fatality had taken one great step nearer to Allan and himself since the rector's discovery in Kensington Gardens—with his face still betraying what he had suffered, under the renewed conviction that his father's death-bed warning was now, in event after event, asserting its terrible claim to part him, at any sacrifice, from the one human creature whom he loved—with the fear still busy at his heart that the first mysterious Vision of

Allan's Dream might be a Vision realized, before the new day that now saw the two Armadales together was a day that had passed over their heads—with these triple bonds, wrought by his own superstition, fettering him at that moment as they had never fettered him yet, he mercilessly spurred his resolution to the desperate effort of rivaling, in Allan's presence, the gayety and good spirits of Allan himself. He talked, and laughed, and heaped his plate indiscriminately from every dish on the breakfast-table. He made noisily merry with jests that had no humor, and stories that had no point. He first astonished Allan, then amused him, then won his easily-encouraged confidence on the subject of Miss Milroy. He shouted with laughter over the sudden development of Allan's views on marriage, until the servants down stairs began to think that their master's strange friend had gone mad. Lastly, he had accepted Allan's proposal that he should be presented to the major's daughter, and judge of her for himself, as readily—nay, more readily than it would have been accepted by the least diffident man living. There the two now stood at the cottage gate—Midwinter's voice rising louder and louder over Allan's—Midwinter's natural manner disguised (how madly and miserably none but he knew!) in a coarse masquerade of boldness—the outrageous, the unendurable boldness of a shy man.

They were received in the parlor by the major's daughter, pending the arrival of the major himself.

Allan attempted to present his friend in the usual form. To his astonishment Midwinter took the words flippantly out of his lips, and introduced himself to Miss Milroy with a confident look, a hard laugh, and a clumsy assumption of ease which presented him at his worst. His artificial spirits, lashed continuously into higher and higher effervescence since the morning, were now mounting hysterically beyond his own control. He looked and spoke with that terrible freedom of license which is the necessary consequence, when a diffident man has thrown off his reserve, of the very effort by which he has broken loose from his own restraints. He involved himself in a confused medley of apologies that were not wanted, and of compliments that might have over-flattered the vanity of a savage. He looked backward and forward from Miss Milroy to Allan, and declared jocosely that he understood now why his friend's morning walks were always taken in the same direction. He asked her questions about her mother, and cut short the answers she gave him by remarks on the weather. In one breath, he said she must feel the day insufferably hot; and, in another, he protested that he quite envied her in her cool muslin dress.

The major came in. Before he could say two words, Midwinter overwhelmed him with the same frenzy of familiarity, and the same feverish fluency of speech. He expressed his interest in Mrs. Milroy's health in terms which would have been exaggerated on the lips of a

friend of the family. He overflowed into a perfect flood of apologies for disturbing the major at his mechanical pursuits. He quoted Allan's extravagant account of the clock, and expressed his own anxiety to see it in terms more extravagant still. He paraded his superficial book-knowledge of the great clock at Strasbourg, with far-fetched jests on the extraordinary automaton figures which that clock puts in motion—on the procession of the twelve apostles, which walks out under the dial at noon, and on the toy-cock, which crows at St. Peter's appearance—and this before a man who had studied every wheel in that complex machinery, and who had passed whole years of his life in trying to imitate it. "I hear you have outnumbered the Strasbourg apostles, and outcrowed the Strasbourg cock," he exclaimed, with the tone and manner of a friend habitually privileged to waive all ceremony; "and I am dying, absolutely dying, major, to see your wonderful clock!"

Major Milroy had entered the room with his mind absorbed in his own mechanical contrivances as usual. But the sudden shock of Midwinter's familiarity was violent enough to recall him instantly to himself, and to make him master again, for the time, of his social resources as a man of the world.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," he said, stopping Midwinter for a moment, by a look of steady surprise. "I happen to have seen the clock at Strasbourg; and it sounds almost absurd in my ears (if you will pardon me for saying so) to put my little experiment in any light of comparison with that wonderful achievement. There is nothing else of the kind like it in the world!" He paused, to control his own mounting enthusiasm; the clock at Strasbourg was to Major Milroy what the name of Michael Angelo was to Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Mr. Armadale's kindness has led him to exaggerate a little," pursued the major, smiling at Allan, and passing over another attempt of Midwinter's to seize on the talk, as if no such attempt had been made. "But as there does happen to be this one point of resemblance between the great clock abroad and the little clock at home, that they both show what they can do on the stroke of noon, and as it is close on twelve now, if you still wish to visit my work-shop, Mr. Midwinter, the sooner I show you the way to it the better." He opened the door, and apologized to Midwinter, with marked ceremony, for preceding him out of the room.

"What do you think of my friend?" whispered Allan, as he and Miss Milroy followed.

"Must I tell you the truth, Mr. Armadale?" she whispered back.

"Of course!"

"Then I don't like him at all!"

"He's the best and dearest fellow in the world," rejoined the outspoken Allan. "You'll like him better when you know him better—I'm sure you will!"

Miss Milroy made a little grimace, implying supreme indifference to Midwinter, and saucy

surprise at Allan's earnest advocacy of the merits of his friend. "Has he got nothing more interesting to say to me than *that*," she wondered, privately, "after kissing my hand twice yesterday morning?"

They were all in the major's work-room before Allan had the chance of trying a more attractive subject. There, on the top of a rough wooden case, which evidently contained the machinery, was the wonderful clock. The dial was crowned by a glass pedestal placed on rock-work in carved ebony; and on the top of the pedestal sat the inevitable figure of Time, with his everlasting scythe in his hand. Below the dial was a little platform, and at either end of it rose two miniature sentry-boxes, with closed doors. Externally, this was all that appeared, until the magic moment came when the clock struck twelve at noon.

It wanted then about three minutes to twelve; and Major Milroy seized the opportunity of explaining what the exhibition was to be before the exhibition began. At the first words his mind fell back again into its old absorption over the one employment of his life. He turned to Midwinter (who had persisted in talking all the way from the parlor, and who was talking still) without a trace left in his manner of the cool and cutting composure with which he had spoken but a few minutes before. The noisy, familiar man, who had been an ill-bred intruder in the parlor, became a privileged guest in the workshop—for *there* he possessed the all-atoning social advantage of being new to the performances of the wonderful clock.

"At the first stroke of twelve, Mr. Midwinter," said the major, quite eagerly, "keep your eye on the figure of Time: he will move his scythe, and point it downward to the glass pedestal. You will next see a little printed card appear behind the glass, which will tell you the day of the month and the day of the week. At the last stroke of the clock Time will lift his scythe again into its former position, and the chimes will ring a peal. The peal will be succeeded by the playing of a tune—the favorite march of my old regiment—and then the final performance of the clock will follow. The sentry-boxes, which you may observe at each side, will both open at the same moment. In one of them you will see the sentinel appear; and, from the other, a corporal and two privates will march across the platform to relieve the guard, and will then disappear, leaving the new sentinel at his post. I must ask your kind allowances for this last part of the performance. The machinery is a little complicated, and there are defects in it which I am ashamed to say I have not yet succeeded in remedying as I could wish. Sometimes the figures go all wrong, and sometimes they go all right. I hope they may do their best on the occasion of your seeing them for the first time."

As the major, posted near his clock, said the last words, his little audience of three, assembled at the opposite end of the room, saw the

hour-hand and the minute-hand on the dial point together to twelve. The first stroke sounded, and Time, true to the signal, moved his scythe. The day of the month and the day of the week announced themselves in print through the glass pedestal next; Midwinter applauding their appearance with a noisy exaggeration of surprise, which Miss Milroy mistook for coarse sarcasm directed at her father's pursuits, and which Allan (seeing that she was offended) attempted to moderate by touching the elbow of his friend. Meanwhile the performances of the clock went on. At the last stroke of twelve Time lifted his scythe again, the chimes rang, the march tune of the major's old regiment followed; and the crowning exhibition of the relief of the guard announced itself in a preliminary trembling of the sentry-boxes, and a sudden disappearance of the major at the back of the clock.

The performance began with the opening of the sentry-box on the right-hand side of the platform, as punctually as could be desired: the door on the other side, however, was less tractable—it remained obstinately closed. Unaware of this hitch in the proceedings, the corporal and his two privates appeared in their places in a state of perfect discipline, tottered out across the platform, all three trembling in every limb, dashed themselves headlong against the closed door on the other side, and failed in producing the smallest impression on the immovable sentry presumed to be within. An intermittent clicking, as of the major's keys and tools at work, was heard in the machinery. The corporal and his two privates suddenly returned, backward, across the platform, and shut themselves up with a bang inside their own door. Exactly at the same moment the other door opened for the first time, and the provoking sentry appeared with the utmost deliberation at his post, waiting to be relieved. He was allowed to wait. Nothing happened in the other box but an occasional knocking inside the door, as if the corporal and his privates were impatient to be let out. The clicking of the major's tools was heard again among the machinery; the corporal and his party, suddenly restored to liberty, appeared in a violent hurry, and spun furiously across the platform. Quick as they were, however, the hitherto deliberate sentry on the other side, now perversely showed himself to be quicker still. He disappeared like lightning into his own premises, the door closed smartly after him, the corporal and his privates dashed themselves headlong against it for the second time, and the major appearing again round the corner of the clock, asked his audience innocently, "if they would be good enough to tell him whether any thing had gone wrong?"

The fantastic absurdity of the exhibition, heightened by Major Milroy's grave inquiry at the end of it, was so irresistibly ludicrous that the visitors shouted with laughter; and even Miss Milroy, with all her consideration for her father's sensitive pride in his clock, could not restrain herself from joining in the merriment

which the catastrophe of the puppets had provoked. But there are limits even to the license of laughter; and these limits were ere long so outrageously overstepped by one of the little party as to have the effect of almost instantly silencing the other two. The fever of Midwinter's false spirits flamed out into sheer delirium as the performance of the puppets came to an end. His paroxysms of laughter followed each other with such convulsive violence that Miss Milroy started back from him in alarm, and even the patient major turned on him with a look which said plainly, Leave the room! Allan, wisely-impulsive for once in his life, seized Midwinter by the arm, and dragged him out by main force into the garden, and thence into the park beyond.

"Good Heavens! what has come to you?" he exclaimed, shrinking back from the tortured face before him, as he stopped and looked close at it for the first time.

For the moment Midwinter was incapable of answering. The hysterical paroxysm was passing from one extreme to the other. He leaned against a tree, sobbing and gasping for breath, and stretched out his hand in mute entreaty to Allan to give him time.

"You had better not have nursed me through my fever," he said, faintly, as soon as he could speak. "I'm mad and miserable, Allan—I have never recovered it. Go back and ask them to forgive me; I am ashamed to go and ask them myself. I can't tell how it happened—I can only ask your pardon and theirs." He turned aside his head quickly so as to conceal his face. "Don't stop here," he said; "don't look at me—I shall soon get over it." Allan still hesitated, and begged hard to be allowed to take him back to the house. It was useless. "You break my heart with your kindness," he burst out, passionately. "For God's sake leave me by myself!"

Allan went back to the cottage and pleaded there for indulgence to Midwinter, with an earnestness and simplicity which raised him immensely in the major's estimation, but which totally failed to produce the same favorable impression on Miss Milroy. Little as she herself suspected it, she was fond enough of Allan already to be jealous of Allan's friend.

"How excessively absurd!" she thought, pettishly. "As if either papa or I considered such a person of the slightest consequence!"

"You will kindly suspend your opinion, won't you, Major Milroy?" said Allan in his hearty way at parting.

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the major, cordially shaking hands.

"And you, too, Miss Milroy?" added Allan.

Miss Milroy made a mereilessly formal bow. "My opinion, Mr. Armadale, is not of the slightest consequence."

Allan left the cottage sorely puzzled to account for Miss Milroy's sudden coolness toward him. His grand idea of conciliating the whole neighborhood by becoming a married man un-

derwent some modification as he closed the garden-gate behind him. The virtue called Prudence and the Squire of Thorpe-Ambrose became personally acquainted with each other, on this occasion, for the first time; and Allan, entering headlong as usual on the high-road to moral improvement, actually decided on doing nothing in a hurry!

A man who is entering on a course of reformation ought, if virtue is its own reward, to be a man engaged in an essentially inspiring pursuit. But virtue is not always its own reward; and the way that leads to reformation is remarkably ill-lighted for so respectable a thoroughfare. Allan seemed to have caught the infection of his friend's despondency. As he walked home he, too, began to doubt—in his widely-different way, and for his widely-different reasons—whether the life at Thorpe-Ambrose was promising quite as fairly for the future as it had promised at first.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PLOT THICKENS.

Two messages were waiting for Allan when he returned to the house. One had been left by Midwinter. "He had gone out for a long walk, and Mr. Armadale was not to be alarmed if he did not get back till late in the day." The other message had been left by "a person from Mr. Pedgift's office," who had called, according to appointment, while the two gentlemen were away at the major's. "Mr. Bashwood's respects," and he would have the honor of waiting on Mr. Armadale again in the course of the evening."

Toward five o'clock Midwinter returned, pale and silent. Allan hastened to assure him that his peace was made at the cottage; and then, to change the subject, mentioned Mr. Bashwood's message. Midwinter's mind was so preoccupied or so languid that he hardly seemed to remember the name. Allan was obliged to remind him that Bashwood was the elderly clerk whom Mr. Pedgift had sent to be his instructor in the duties of the steward's office. He listened without making any remark, and withdrew to his room to rest till dinner-time.

Left by himself, Allan went into the library to try if he could while away the time over a book. He took many volumes off the shelves and put a few of them back again—and there he ended. Miss Milroy contrived in some mysterious manner to get, in this case, between the reader and the books. Her formal bow, and her mereiless parting speech, dwelt, try how he might to forget them, on Allan's mind; he began to grow more and more anxious as the idle hour wore on to recover his lost place in her favor. To call again that day at the cottage, and ask if he had been so unfortunate as to offend her, was impossible. To put the question in writing with the needful nicety of ex-

pression proved, on trying the experiment, to be a task beyond his literary reach. After a turn or two up and down the room, with his pen in his mouth, he decided on the more diplomatic course (which happened, in this case, to be the easiest course too), of writing to Miss Milroy as cordially as if nothing had happened, and of testing his position in her good graces by the answer that she sent him back. An invitation of some kind (including her father, of course, but addressed directly to herself) was plainly the right thing to oblige her to send a written reply—but here the difficulty occurred of what the invitation was to be. A ball was not to be thought of in his present position with the resident gentry. A dinner-party, with no indispensable elderly lady on the premises to receive Miss Milroy—except Mrs. Gripper, who could only receive her in the kitchen—was equally out of the question. What was the invitation to be? Never backward, when he wanted help, in asking for it right and left in every available direction, Allan, feeling himself at the end of his own resources, coolly rang the bell, and astonished the servant who answered it by inquiring how the late family at Thorpe-Ambrose used to amuse themselves, and what sort of invitations they were in the habit of sending to their friends.

"The family did what the rest of the gentry did, Sir," said the man, staring at his master in utter bewilderment. "They gave dinner-parties and balls. And in fine summer weather, Sir, like this, they sometimes had lawn-parties and picnics—"

"That'll do!" shouted Allan. "A picnic's just the thing to please her. Richard, you're an invaluable man—you may go down stairs again."

Richard retired wondering, and Richard's master seized his ready pen:

"DEAR MISS MILROY,—Since I left you it has suddenly struck me that we might have a picnic. A little change and amusement (what I should call a good shaking-up if I wasn't writing to a young lady) is just the thing for you after being so long indoors lately in Mrs. Milroy's room. A picnic is a change, and (when the wine is good) amusement too. Will you ask the major if he will consent to the picnic, and come? And if you have got any friends in the neighborhood who like a picnic, pray ask them too—for I have got none. It shall be your picnic, but I will provide every thing and take every body. You shall choose the day, and we will picnic where you like. I have set my heart on this picnic. Believe me, ever yours,

"ALLAN ARMADALE."

On reading over his composition before sealing it up, Allan frankly acknowledged to himself this time that it was not quite faultless. "'Picnic' comes in a little too often," he said. "Never mind—if she likes the idea she won't quarrel with that." He sent off the letter on

the spot, with strict instructions to the messenger to wait for a reply.

In half an hour the answer came back on scented paper, without an erasure any where, fragrant to smell and beautiful to see.

The presentation of the naked truth is one of those exhibitions from which the native delicacy of the female mind seems instinctively to revolt. Never were the tables turned more completely than they were now turned on Allan by his fair correspondent. Machiavelli himself would never have suspected, from Miss Milroy's letter, how heartily she had repented her petulance to the young squire as soon as his back was turned, and how extravagantly delighted she was when his invitation was placed in her hands. Her letter was the composition of a model young lady whose emotions are all kept under parental lock and key, and served out for her judiciously as occasion may require. "Papa" appeared quite as frequently in Miss Milroy's reply as "picnic" had appeared in Allan's invitation. "Papa" had been as considerably kind as Mr. Armadale in wishing to procure her a little change and amusement, and had offered to forego his usual quiet habits, and join the picnic. With "papa's" sanction, therefore, she accepted, with much pleasure, Mr. Armadale's proposal; and, at "papa's" suggestion, she would presume on Mr. Armadale's kindness to add two friends of theirs, recently settled at Thorpe-Ambrose, to the picnic party—a widow lady and her son; the latter in holy orders, and in delicate health. If Tuesday next would suit Mr. Armadale, Tuesday next would suit "papa"—being the first day he could spare from repairs which were required by his clock. The rest, by "papa's" advice, she would beg to leave entirely in Mr. Armadale's hands; and in the meantime she would remain, with "papa's" compliments, Mr. Armadale's truly—"ELEANOR MILROY." Who would ever have supposed that the writer of that letter had jumped for joy when Allan's invitation arrived? Who would ever have suspected that there was an entry already in Miss Milroy's diary, under that day's date, to this effect: "The sweetest, dearest letter from *I-know-who*; I'll never behave unkindly to him again as long as I live?" As for Allan, he was charmed with the success of his manœuvre. Miss Milroy had accepted his invitation—consequently Miss Milroy was not offended with him. It was on the tip of his tongue to mention the correspondence to his friend when they met at dinner. But there was something in Midwinter's face and manner (even plain enough for Allan to see) which warned him to wait a little before he said any thing to revive the painful subject of their visit to the cottage. By common consent they both avoided all topics connected with Thorpe-Ambrose—not even the visit from Mr. Bashwood, which was to come with the evening, being referred to by either of them. All through the dinner they drifted farther and farther back into the old endless talk of past times about ships and sailing. When the butler with-

drew from his attendance at table, he came down stairs with a nautical problem on his mind, and asked his fellow-servants if they any of them knew the relative merits "on a wind," and "off a wind," of a schooner and a brig.

The two young men had sat longer at table than usual that day. When they went out into the garden with their cigars, the summer twilight fell gray and dim on lawn and flower-bed, and narrowed round them by slow degrees the softly-fading circle of the distant view. The dew was heavy; and after a few minutes in the garden, they agreed to go back to the dryer ground on the drive in front of the house.

They were close to the turning which led into the shrubbery when there suddenly glided out on them, from behind the foliage, a softly-stepping black figure—a shadow moving darkly through the dim evening light. Midwinter started back at the sight of it, and even the less finely-strung nerves of his friend were shaken for the moment.

"Who the devil are you?" cried Allan.

The figure bared its head in the gray light, and came slowly a step nearer. Midwinter advanced a step on his side, and looked closer. It was the man of the timid manners and the mourning garments, of whom he had asked the way to Thorpe-Ambrose where the three roads met.

"Who are you?" repeated Allan.

"I humbly beg your pardon, Sir," faltered the stranger, stepping back again confusedly. "The servants told me I should find Mr. Armadale—"

"What, are you Mr. Bashwood?"

"Yes, if you please, Sir."

"I beg your pardon for speaking to you so roughly," said Allan, "but the fact is, you rather startled me. My name is Armadale (put on your hat, pray), and this is my friend, Mr. Midwinter, who wants your help in the steward's office."

"We hardly stand in need of an introduction," said Midwinter. "I met Mr. Bashwood out walking a few days since, and he was kind enough to direct me when I had lost my way."

"Put on your hat," reiterated Allan, as Mr. Bashwood, still bareheaded, stood bowing speechlessly, now to one of the young men, and now to the other. "My good Sir, put on your hat, and let me show you the way back to the house. Excuse me for noticing it," added Allan, as the man, in sheer nervous helplessness, let his hat fall, instead of putting it back on his head; "but you seem a little out of sorts—a glass of good wine will do you no harm before you and my friend come to business. Whereabouts did you meet with Mr. Bashwood, Midwinter, when you lost your way?"

"I am too ignorant of the neighborhood to know. I must refer you to Mr. Bashwood."

"Come, tell us where it was," said Allan, trying, a little too abruptly, to set the man at his ease, as they all three walked back to the house.

The measure of Mr. Bashwood's constitutional timidity seemed to be filled to the brim by the

loudness of Allan's voice, and the bluntness of Allan's request. He ran over in the same feeble flow of words with which he had deluged Midwinter on the occasion when they first met.

"It was on the road, Sir," he began, addressing himself alternately to Allan, whom he called "Sir," and to Midwinter; whom he called by his name, "I mean, if you please, on the road to little Gill Beck. A singular name, Mr. Midwinter, and a singular place; I don't mean the village; I mean the neighborhood—I beg your pardon, I mean the 'Broads,' beyond the neighborhood. Perhaps you may have heard of the Norfolk Broads, Sir? What they call lakes in other parts of England they call Broads here. The Broads are quite numerous; I think they would repay a visit. You would have seen the first of them, Mr. Midwinter, if you had walked on a few miles from where I had the honor of meeting you. Remarkably numerous, the Broads, Sir, situated between this and the sea. About three miles from the sea, Mr. Midwinter—about three miles. Mostly shallow, Sir, with rivers running between them. Beautiful; solitary. Quite a watery country, Mr. Midwinter; quite separate, as it were, in itself. Parties sometimes visit them, Sir—pleasure-parties in boats. It's quite a little net-work of lakes, or, perhaps—yes, perhaps more correctly, pools. There is good sport in the cold weather. The wild-fowl are quite numerous. Yes. The Broads would repay a visit, Mr. Midwinter, the next time you are walking that way. The distance from here to Little Gill Beck, and then from Little Gill Beck to Girdler Broad, which is the first you come to, is altogether not more—" In sheer nervous inability to leave off, he would apparently have gone on talking of the Norfolk Broads for the rest of the evening, if one of his two listeners had not unceremoniously cut him short before he could find his way into a new sentence.

"Are the Broads within an easy day's drive there and back, from this house?" asked Allan; feeling, if they were, that the place for the picnic was discovered already.

"Oh yes, Sir; a nice drive—quite a nice easy drive from this beautiful place!"

They were by this time ascending the portico steps; Allan leading the way up, and calling to Midwinter and Mr. Bashwood to follow him into the library, where there was a lighted lamp. In the interval which elapsed before the wine made its appearance, Midwinter looked at his chance acquaintance of the high-road with strangely-mingled feelings of compassion and distrust—of compassion that strengthened in spite of him; of distrust that persisted in diminishing, try as he might to encourage it to grow. There, perched comfortless on the edge of his chair, sat the poor broken-down nervous wretch, in his worn black garments, with his watery eyes, his honest old outspoken wig, his miserable mohair stock, and his false teeth that were incapable of deceiving any body—there he sat, politely ill at ease; now shrinking in the glare of the

lamp, now wincing under the shock of Allan's sturdy voice; a man with the wrinkles of sixty years in his face, and the manners of a child in the presence of strangers; an object of pity surely, if ever there was a pitiable object yet!

"Whatever else you're afraid of, Mr. Bashwood," cried Allan, pouring out a glass of wine, "don't be afraid of that! There isn't a headache in a hog's head of it! Make yourself comfortable; I'll leave you and Mr. Midwinter to talk your business over by yourselves. It's all in Mr. Midwinter's hands; he acts for me, and settles every thing at his own discretion."

He said those words with a cautious choice of expression very uncharacteristic of him, and without further explanation, made abruptly for the door. Midwinter, sitting near it, noticed his face as he went out. Easy as the way was into Allan's favor, Mr. Bashwood, beyond all kind of doubt, had in some unaccountable manner failed to find it!

The two strangely-assorted companions were left together—parted widely, as it seemed on the surface, from any possible interchange of sympathy; drawn invisibly one to the other, nevertheless, by those magnetic similarities of temperament which overleap all difference of age or station, and defy all apparent incongruities of mind and character. From the moment when Allan left the room the hidden Influence that works in darkness began slowly to draw the two men together, across the great social desert which had lain between them up to this day.

Midwinter was the first to approach the subject of the interview.

"May I ask," he began, "if you have been made acquainted with my position here, and if you know why it is that I require your assistance?"

Mr. Bashwood—still hesitating and still timid, but manifestly relieved by Allan's departure—sat farther back in his chair, and ventured on fortifying himself with a modest little sip of wine.

"Yes, Sir," he replied; "Mr. Pedgift informed me of all—at least I think I may say so—of all the circumstances. I am to instruct, or perhaps I ought to say to advise—"

"No, Mr. Bashwood; the first word was the best word of the two. I am quite ignorant of the duties which Mr. Armadale's kindness has induced him to intrust to me. If I understand right, there can be no question of your capacity to instruct me, for you once filled a steward's situation yourself. May I inquire where it was?"

"At Sir John Mellowship's, Sir, in West Norfolk. Perhaps you would like—I have got it with me—to see my testimonial? Sir John might have dealt more kindly with me—but I have not complaint to make; it's all done and over now!" His watery eyes looked more watery still, and the trembling in his hands spread to his lips as he produced an old dingy letter from his pocket-book, and laid it open on the table.

The testimonial was very briefly and very coldly expressed, but it was conclusive as far as it went. Sir John considered it only right to say that he had no complaint to make of any want of capacity or integrity in his steward. If Mr. Bashwood's domestic position had been compatible with the continued performance of his duties on the estate, Sir John would have been glad to keep him. As it was, embarrassments caused by the state of Mr. Bashwood's personal affairs had rendered it undesirable that he should continue in Sir John's service; and on that ground, and that only, his employer and he had parted. Such was Sir John's testimony to Mr. Bashwood's character. As Midwinter read the last lines, he thought of another testimonial, still in his own possession—of the written character which they had given him at the school, when they turned their sick usher adrift in the world. His superstition (distrusting all new events and all new faces at Thorpe-Ambrose) still doubted the man before him as obstinately as ever. But when he now tried to put those doubts into words, his heart upbraided him, and he laid the letter on the table in silence.

The sudden pause in the conversation appeared to startle Mr. Bashwood. He comforted himself with another little sip of wine, and, leaving the letter untouched, burst irrepressibly into words, as if the silence was quite unendurable to him.

"I am ready to answer any question, Sir," he began. "Mr. Pedgift told me that I must answer questions, because I was applying for a place of trust. Mr. Pedgift said, neither you nor Mr. Armadale were likely to think the testimonial sufficient of itself. Sir John doesn't say—he might have put it more kindly, but I don't complain—Sir John doesn't say what the troubles were that lost me my place. Perhaps you might wish to know—?" He stopped confusedly, looked at the testimonial, and said no more.

"If no interests but mine were concerned in the matter," rejoined Midwinter, "the testimonial would, I assure you, be quite enough to satisfy me. But while I am learning my new duties, the person who teaches me will be really and truly the steward of my friend's estate. I am very unwilling to ask you to speak on what may be a painful subject, and I am sadly inexperienced in putting such questions as I ought to put; but perhaps, in Mr. Armadale's interests, I ought to know something more, either from yourself, or from Mr. Pedgift, if you prefer it—" He, too, stopped confusedly, looked at the testimonial, and said no more.

There was another moment of silence. The night was warm, and Mr. Bashwood, among his other misfortunes, had the deplorable infirmity of perspiring at the palms of the hands. He took out a miserable little cotton pocket-handkerchief, rolled it up into a ball, and softly dabbed it to and fro, from one hand to the other, with the regularity of a pendulum. Performed

by other men, under other circumstances, the action might have been ridiculous. Performed by this man, at the crisis of the interview, the action was horrible.

"Mr. Pedgift's time is too valuable, Sir, to be wasted on me," he said. "I will mention what ought to be mentioned myself—if you will please to allow me. I have been unfortunate in my family. It was very hard to bear, though it seems not much to tell. My wife—" One of his hands closed fast on the pocket-handkerchief; he moistened his dry lips, struggled with himself, and went on.

"My wife, Sir," he resumed, "stood a little in my way; she did me (I am afraid I must confess) some injury with Sir John. Soon after I got the steward's situation she contracted—she took—she fell into habits (I hardly know how to say it) of drinking. I couldn't break her of it, and I couldn't always conceal it from Sir John's knowledge. She broke out, and—and—tried his patience once or twice, when he came to my office on business. Sir John excused it, not very kindly; but still he excused it. I don't complain of Sir John; I—I don't complain, now, of my wife." He pointed a trembling finger at his miserable crape-covered beaver hat on the floor. "I'm in mourning for her," he said, faintly. "She died nearly a year ago, in the county asylum here."

His mouth began to work convulsively. He took up the glass of wine at his side, and, instead of sipping it this time, drained it to the bottom. "I'm not much used to wine, Sir," he said, conscious, apparently, of the flush that flew into his face as he drank, and still observant of the obligations of politeness amidst all the misery of the recollections that he was calling up.

"I beg, Mr. Bashwood, you will not distress yourself by telling me any more," said Midwinter, recoiling from any further sanction on his part of a disclosure which had already bared the sorrows of the unhappy man before him to the quick.

"I'm much obliged to you, Sir," replied Mr. Bashwood. "But if I don't detain you too long, and if you will please to remember that Mr. Pedgift's directions to me were very particular—and, besides, I only mentioned my late wife because if she hadn't tried Sir John's patience to begin with, things might have turned out differently—" He paused, gave up the disjointed sentence in which he had involved himself, and tried another. "I had only two children, Sir," he went on, advancing to a new point in his narrative; "a boy and a girl. The girl died when she was a baby. My son lived to grow up—and it was my son who lost me my place. I did my best for him; I got him into a respectable office in London. They wouldn't take him without security. I'm afraid it was imprudent; but I had no rich friends to help me—and I became security. My boy turned out badly, Sir. He—perhaps you will kindly understand what I mean if I say he behaved dis-

honestly. His employers consented at my entreaty to let him off without prosecuting. I begged very hard—I was fond of my son James—and I took him home, and did my best to reform him. He wouldn't stay with me; he went away again to London; he—I beg your pardon, Sir! I'm afraid I'm confusing things; I'm afraid I'm wandering from the point?"

"No, no," said Midwinter, kindly. "If you think it right to tell me this sad story, tell it in your own way. Have you seen your son since he left you to go to London?"

"No, Sir. He's in London still for all I know. When I last heard of him he was getting his bread—not very creditably. He was employed, under the Inspector, at the Private Inquiry Office in Shadyside Place."

He spoke those words—apparently (as events then stood) the most irrelevant to the matter in hand that had yet escaped him; actually (as events were soon to be) the most vitally important that he had uttered yet—he spoke those words absently, looking about him in confusion, and trying vainly to recover the lost thread of his narrative.

Midwinter compassionately helped him. "You were telling me," he said, "that your son had been the cause of your losing your place. How did that happen?"

"In this way, Sir," said Mr. Bashwood, getting back again excitedly into the right train of thought. "His employers consented to let him off—but they came down on his security; and I was the man. I suppose they were not to blame; the security covered their loss. I couldn't pay it all out of my savings; I had to borrow—on the word of a man, Sir, I couldn't help it—I had to borrow. My creditor pressed me; it seemed cruel, but if he wanted the money, I suppose it was only just. I was sold out of house and home. I dare say other gentlemen would have said what Sir John said; I dare say most people would have refused to keep a steward who had had the bailiffs after him, and his furniture sold in the neighborhood. That was how it ended, Mr. Midwinter. I needn't detain you any longer—here is Sir John's address, if you wish to apply to him."

Midwinter generously refused to receive the address.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," said Mr. Bashwood, getting tremulously on his legs. "There is nothing more, I think, except—except that Mr. Pedgift will speak for me if you wish to inquire into my conduct in his service. I'm very much indebted to Mr. Pedgift; he's a little rough with me sometimes, but if he hadn't taken me into his office, I think I should have gone to the work-house when I left Sir John, I was so broken down." He picked up his dingy old hat from the floor. "I won't intrude any longer, Sir. I shall be happy to call again, if you wish to have time to consider before you decide."

"I want no time to consider after what you have told me," replied Midwinter, warmly, his memory busy, while he spoke, with the time

when *he* had told *his* story to Mr. Brock, and was waiting for a generous word in return, as the man before him was waiting now. "To-day is Saturday," he went on. "Can you come and give me my first lesson on Monday morning? I beg your pardon," he added, interrupting Mr. Bashwood's profuse expressions of acknowledgment, and stopping him on his way out of the room; "there is one thing we ought to settle, ought we not? We haven't spoken yet about your own interest in this matter—I mean, about the terms." He referred a little confusedly to the pecuniary part of the subject. Mr. Bashwood (getting nearer and nearer to the door) answered him more confusedly still.

"Any thing, Sir—any thing you think right. I won't intrude any longer—I'll leave it to you and Mr. Armadale."

"I will send for Mr. Armadale if you like," said Midwinter, following him into the hall. "But I am afraid he has as little experience in matters of this kind as I have. Perhaps, if you see no objection, we might be guided by Mr. Pedgift?"

Mr. Bashwood caught eagerly at the last suggestion, pushing his retreat while he spoke as far as the front-door. "Yes, Sir—oh yes, yes! nobody better than Mr. Pedgift. Don't—pray don't disturb Mr. Armadale!" His watery eyes looked quite wild with nervous alarm as he turned round for a moment in the light of the hall-lamp to make that polite request. If sending for Allan had been equivalent to unchaining a ferocious watch-dog Mr. Bashwood could hardly have been more anxious to stop the proceeding. "I wish you kindly good-evening, Sir," he went on, getting out to the steps. "I'm much obliged to you—I will be scrupulously punctual on Monday morning—I hope—I think—I'm sure you will soon learn every thing I can teach you. It's not difficult—oh dear, no—not difficult at all! I wish you kindly good-evening, Sir. A beautiful night; yes, indeed, a beautiful night for a walk home."

With those words, all dropping out of his lips one on the top of the other, and without noticing, in his agony of embarrassment at effecting his departure, Midwinter's outstretched hand, he went noiselessly down the steps, and was lost in the darkness of the night.

As Midwinter turned to re-enter the house the dining-room door opened and his friend met him in the hall.

"Has Mr. Bashwood gone?" asked Allan.

"He has gone," replied Midwinter, "after telling me a very sad story, and leaving me a little ashamed of myself for having doubted him without any just cause. I have arranged that he is to give me my first lesson in the steward's office on Monday morning."

"All right," said Allan. "You needn't be afraid, old boy, of my interrupting you over your studies. I dare say I'm wrong—but I don't like Mr. Bashwood."

"I dare say *I'm* wrong," retorted the other, a little petulantly. "I do."

The Sunday morning found Midwinter in the park, waiting to intercept the postman on the chance of his bringing more news from Mr. Brock.

At the customary hour the man made his appearance and placed the expected letter in Midwinter's hands. He opened it, far away from all fear of observation this time, and read these lines:

"MY DEAR MIDWINTER,—I write more for the purpose of quieting your anxiety than because I have any thing definite to say. In my last hurried letter I had no time to tell you that the elder of the two women whom I met in the Gardens had followed me, and spoken to me in the street. I believe I may characterize what she said (without doing her any injustice) as a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end. At any rate, she confirmed me in the suspicion that some underhand proceeding is on foot, of which Allan is destined to be the victim, and that the prime mover in the conspiracy is the vile woman who helped his mother's marriage and who hastened his mother's death.

"Feeling this conviction, I have not hesitated to do, for Allan's sake, what I would have done for no other creature in the world. I have left my hotel, and have installed myself (with my old servant Robert) in a house opposite the house to which I traced the two women. We are alternately on the watch (quite unsuspected, I am certain, by the people opposite) day and night. All my feelings, as a gentleman and a clergyman, revolt from such an occupation as I am now engaged in; but there is no other choice. I must either do this violence to my own self-respect, or I must leave Allan, with his easy nature, and in his assailable position, to defend himself against a wretch who is prepared, I firmly believe, to take the most unscrupulous advantage of his weakness and his youth. His mother's dying entreaty has never left my memory; and, God help me, I am now degrading myself in my own eyes in consequence.

"There has been some reward already for the sacrifice. This day (Saturday) I have gained an immense advantage—I have at last seen the woman's face. She went out with her veil down as before; and Robert kept her in view, having my instructions, if she returned to the house, not to follow her back to the door. She did return to the house; and the result of my precaution was, as I had expected, to throw her off her guard. I saw her face unveiled at the window, and afterward again in the balcony. If any occasion should arise for describing her particularly, you shall have the description. At present I need only say that she looks the full age (five-and-thirty) at which you estimated her, and that she is by no means so handsome a woman as I had (I hardly know why) expected to see.

"This is all I can now tell you. If nothing more happens by Monday or Tuesday next I shall have no choice but to apply to my lawyers for assistance; though I am most unwilling to

trust this delicate and dangerous matter in other hands than mine. Setting my own feelings, however, out of the question, the business which has been the cause of my journey to London is too important to be trifled with much longer as I am trifling with it now. In any and every case depend on my keeping you informed of the progress of events; and believe me

"Yours truly,

"DECIMUS BROCK."

Midwinter secured the letter as he had secured the letter that preceded it—side by side in his pocket-book with the narrative of Allan's Dream.

"How many days more?" he asked himself, as he went back to the house. "How many days more?"

Not many. The time he was waiting for was a time close at hand.

Monday came and brought Mr. Bashwood, punctual to the appointed hour. Monday came, and found Allan immersed in his preparations for the picnic. He held a series of interviews, at home and abroad, all through the day. He transacted business with Mrs. Gripper, with the butler, and with the coachman, in their three several departments of eating, drinking, and driving. He went to the town to consult his professional advisers on the subject of the Broads, and to invite both the lawyers, father and son (in the absence of any body else in the neighborhood whom he could ask), to join the picnic. Pedgift Senior (in his department) supplied general information, but begged to be excused from appearing at the picnic on the score of business engagements. Pedgift Junior (in his department) added all the details; and casting business engagements to the winds, accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure. Returning from the lawyer's office, Allan's next proceeding was to go to the major's cottage and obtain Miss Milroy's approval of the proposed locality for the pleasure party. This object accomplished, he returned to his own house to meet the last difficulty now left to encounter—the difficulty of persuading Midwinter to join the expedition to the Broads.

On first broaching the subject Allan found his friend impenetrably resolute to remain at home. Midwinter's natural reluctance to meet the major and his daughter, after what had happened at the cottage, might probably have been overcome. But Midwinter's determination not to allow Mr. Bashwood's course of instruction to be interrupted was proof against every effort that could be made to shake it. After exerting his influence to the utmost, Allan was obliged to remain contented with a compromise. Midwinter promised, not very willingly, to join the party toward evening at the place appointed for a gipsy tea-making, which was to close the proceedings of the day. To this extent he would consent to take the opportunity of placing himself on a friendly footing with the Milroys. More he could not concede, even to Allan's persuasion, and for more it would be useless to ask.

The day of the picnic came. The lovely morning and the cheerful bustle of preparation for the expedition failed entirely to tempt Midwinter into altering his resolution. At the regular hour he left the breakfast-table to join Mr. Bashwood in the steward's office. The two were quietly closeted over the books, at the back of the house, while the packing for the picnic went on in front. Young Pedgift (short in stature, smart in costume, and self-reliant in manner) arrived some little time before the hour for starting, to revise all the arrangements, and to make any final improvements which his local knowledge might suggest. Allan and he were still busy in consultation when the first hitch occurred in the proceedings. The woman-servant from the cottage was reported to be waiting below for an answer to a note from her young mistress, which was placed in Allan's hands.

On this occasion Miss Milroy's emotions had apparently got the better of her sense of propriety. The tone of the letter was feverish, and the handwriting wandered crookedly up and down, in deplorable freedom from all proper restraint.

"Oh, Mr. Armadale" (wrote the major's daughter), "such a misfortune! What *are* we to do? Papa has got a letter from grandmamma this morning about the new governess. Her reference has answered all the questions, and she's ready to come at the shortest notice. Grandmamma thinks (how provoking!) the sooner the better; and she says we may expect her—I mean the governess—either to-day or to-morrow. Papa says (he *will* be so absurdly considerate to every body!) that we can't allow Miss Gwilt to come here (if she comes to-day) and find nobody at home to receive her. What is to be done? I am ready to cry with vexation. I have got the worst possible impression (though grandmamma says she is a charming person) of Miss Gwilt. *Can* you suggest something, dear Mr. Armadale? I'm sure papa would give way if you could. Don't stop to write—send me a message back. I have got a new hat for the picnic; and oh the agony of not knowing whether I am to keep it on or take it off.—Yours truly, E. M."

"The devil take Miss Gwilt!" said Allan, staring at his legal adviser in a state of helpless consternation.

"With all my heart, Sir—I don't wish to interfere," remarked Pedgift Junior. "May I ask what's the matter?"

Allan told him. Mr. Pedgift the Younger might have his faults, but a want of quickness of resource was not among them.

"There's a way out of the difficulty, Mr. Armadale," he said. "If the governess comes to-day let's have her at the picnic."

Allan's eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"All the horses and carriages in the Thorpe-Ambrose stables are not wanted for this small party of ours," proceeded Pedgift Junior. "Of course not! Very good. If Miss Gwilt comes to-day she can't possibly get here before five

o'clock. Good again. You order an open carriage to be waiting at the major's door at that time, Mr. Armadale; and I'll give the man his directions where to drive to. When the governess comes to the cottage let her find a nice little note of apology (along with the cold fowl, or whatever else they give her after her journey), begging her to join us at the picnic, and putting a carriage at her own sole disposal to take her there. Gad, Sir!" said young Pedgift, gayly, "she *must* be a Touchy One if she thinks herself neglected after that!"

"Capital!" cried Allan. "She shall have every attention. I'll give her the pony-chaise and the white harness, and she shall drive herself if she likes."

He scribbled a line to relieve Miss Milroy's apprehensions, and gave the necessary orders for the pony-chaise. Ten minutes later the carriages for the pleasure party were at the door.

"Now we've taken all this trouble about her," said Allan, reverting to the governess as they left the house, "I wonder, if she does come to-day, whether we shall see her at the picnic."

"Depends entirely on her age, Sir," remarked young Pedgift, pronouncing judgment with the happy confidence in himself which eminently distinguished him. "If she's an old one, she'll be knocked up with the journey, and she'll stick to the cold fowl and the cottage. If she's a young one, either I know nothing of women or the pony in the white harness will bring her to the picnic."

They started for the major's cottage.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.\*

NEW COLLEGE is four centuries and a half old. Once it was not only new, but a novelty, and the wonder of its age. This college, and the great school at Winchester attached to it, were the splendid and memorable work of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who, combining, after the manner of those days, the statesman with the churchman, was the Chancellor, the favorite minister, and the chief diplomatist of Edward III. Loaded with preferment, even to an excess of pluralism, by the favor of his sovereign, he used his accumulated wealth with the munificence which Bacon, childless himself, complacently notes as characteristic of childless men. The founder of New College had originally risen in life and attracted the King's notice by his skill as an architect—a calling not incompatible with the clerical character in an age when the clergy embraced all who wrought not with the hand but with the brain. He had built Windsor Castle; and in founding his own colleges no doubt he gratified the tastes of the architect as well as those of the friend of religion and learning. The chapel, the hall, the cloisters, the tower, the great quadrangle, still bespeak his genius; though the great quadrangle has been somewhat marred by the tastelessness of a later

age, which has also added another quadrangle, in wretched imitation, it is believed, of some part of Versailles. Beyond, you pass into a garden remarkable for its fine masses of varied foliage and its vignette view of Magdalen Tower. Skirting the college and garden is the ancient city wall, here in its most perfect state, and most completely recalling the image of the old feudal town. The style of the college is the earliest perpendicular, marking the entrance of Gothic architecture into the last of its successive phases of beauty, and at the same time the entrance of Medieval Catholicism and the feudal system upon the period of their decline. The special studies prescribed by the founder, which are of a classical character, also mark the dawn of the Renaissance in England some time after its light had begun to fill the sky in the land of Petrarch. This was the age of Gower and Chaucer, the natal hour of modern English literature. With the revival of learning was destined to come a great revolution in the religious sphere. But to this part of the movement Wykeham was no friend. In ecclesiastical matters he was a Conservative. He had come into collision with the early Reformation, and with the precursor of Luther in the person of Wycliffe. He dedicated his two colleges to the Virgin, of whom he was a special devotee, and whose image stands conspicuous in more than one part of the quadrangle. He went beyond the previous founders in making peculiar and sumptuous provision for the performance of the Catholic ritual, with its stoled processions and tapered rites, and in enjoining religious observances and devotions on the members of his college. New College is still distinguished not only by the size and beauty of its chapel, but by its excellent choral service. Like many a Catholic patron and promoter of learning in the epoch preceding the Reformation—like Wolsey, like Sir Thomas More, like Leo X.—Wykeham, in fostering classical literature and intellectual progress, unconsciously forwarded the destruction of all that was most dear to him. He warmed into life the serpent (so he would have thought it) that was to sting his own Church to death.

New College had altogether more the character of an Abbey than the previous foundations. Its warden lived with more of the state of an abbot than the warden of Merton and the other colleges of that type. Its statutes prescribed a more monastic rule of life than previous codes. They regulated more narrowly, not to say more tyrannically, the details of personal conduct, and provided for more of mutual surveillance and denunciation. They forbid any student to go beyond the gates any where, except to the schools of the University, without a companion to keep watch over him. They betray an increased desire to force individual character into a prescribed mould. We may gather from their enactments that in those days, as in these, the student was sometimes led astray from the path of learning and asceticism by the sports and

\* Concluded from the May Number.

allurements of an evil world; for they strictly enjoin abstinence from gambling, hunting, and hawking. Each member of the college is sworn to observe them by oaths which, by their almost portentous rigor and prolixity, seem to betray the advent of an age when, the religious faith of the world having given way, morality had given way with it, and man could no longer put trust in man.

The University, as has been said, appears to have been in a languishing state when New College was founded. Wykeham obtained for his students the peculiar privilege of being examined for their degrees by the college instead of the University, whereby he meant to raise them to a higher pitch of industry, though the privilege proved, in after-times, a charter of idleness. He also provided for instruction by college tutors within the walls.

In these respects his college was peculiar. It was still more peculiar in its connection with the famous school which, standing beneath the shadow of Winchester Cathedral, casts over boyhood the spell of reverend antiquity. Winchester was the first of our English public schools, and the archetype of our public school system: a system somewhat severe, taking the boy, almost the child, from his home, and throwing him before his hour into a world almost as hard as that with which the man will have to struggle; but the parent, no doubt, of some Roman virtues, and the mistress, in part, of our imperial greatness.

It is probable that the troubles which interfered with the prosperity of the University had been connected with the rise of Wycliffeism. The arch-heretic was himself the foremost of Oxford teachers and the leader of the ardent intellect of Oxford, as well as of its high spiritual aspirations. It was with great difficulty, and after repeated struggles, that the church authorities succeeded in purifying, if ever they did succeed in purifying, the University of this plague; and our first religious test was directed against this the earliest form of the Protestant religion. Among those who had caught the infection was Fleming, the founder of Lincoln College, a venerable and somewhat sombre pile, close to Exeter. Afterward he grew orthodox, was made a bishop, and, becoming a deadly enemy of the party which he had deserted, founded a theological college specially to combat "that new and pestilent sect, which assailed all the sacraments and all the possessions of the Church." These words are not a bad summary of Wycliffeism, a movement directed at once against the worldly wealth of the Establishment and the sacramental and ceremonial system, which failed any longer to satisfy the religious heart. Whether Bishop Fleming's college contributed much toward the suppression of Protestant heresy in those days we do not know. In the last century it produced a group of students of a serious turn, diligent in religious studies and exercises, and on that account the laughing-stock of their fellow-students in a skept-

tical and scoffing age, at the head of whom was the modern counterpart of Wycliffe—John Wesley.

Facing one way on High Street, the other on the Radclyffe Square, with a fine Gothic front, two quadrangles, and a pair of high towers in debased Gothic style, but very picturesque, stands All Souls College. Over the gateway in High Street are sculptured the souls for whose relief from Purgatory the college was partly founded. Chichele, its founder, was Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor of Henry V. Parliament already at that time was moving the Crown to secularize church property and apply it to the defense of the realm. Shakspeare has immortalized the statement of the chroniclers that Archbishop Chichele urged his master to claim the crown of France in order to divert him from attending to these proposals. Some confirmation of this belief may perhaps be found in the statutes of Chichele's college, which command its members, as a duty more incumbent on them even than that of learning, to pray for the souls of King Henry V. and such of his companions in arms as "drank the bitter cup of death" in the fields of that glorious but unjust, and therefore, in its ultimate issue, disastrous war. In after-times, through some unexplained train of accidents, the college became appropriated to men of high family, and the claims of aristocratic connection are still struggling with those of merit for the possession of the institution.

Chichele had been educated at New College, the statutes of which he to a great extent copied. Another son of the same house, who also copied its statutes, was William of Waynflete, Chancellor of Henry VI., and founder of Magdalen College, which stands beside the river Cherwell, amidst its smooth expanses of lawn and under its immemorial trees, the loveliest of all the homes of learning, the richest in all that is dear to a student's heart. Let one whose youth was passed in that fair house pay his tribute of gratitude and reverence to his founder's shade. In this work, we may believe, the spirit of a statesman-prelate, tossed on the waves of civil war, found relief from the troubles of an unquiet time. Under that gateway, when the tracery, now touched by age, was fresh, and the stone, now gray, was white, passed Richard III., with his crime in his heart. The shadow of his dark presence is in the rooms of state over the gateway, which have just been restored by the college to their pristine magnificence. But pass on, under the cloisters, through the quadrangle, with its tranquil beauty, its level floor of green, and its quaint symbolic figures, and you will come to the walk consecrated by the gentle genius of Addison.

The quadrangle, chapel, and hall are the work of the founder. But the tower, which lends grace to every view of Oxford, is believed to be a monument of the taste and of the soaring genius of Wolsey, who was a Fellow of the college, and the occurrence of whose name is ominous of coming change.

The next foundation, following hard upon Magdalen, is Brasenose, a mass of buildings close under the Radclyffe Library—dark, as much from the discoloring of the stone as from years. As the night of the Middle Ages passed away, and the sun of the Renaissance climbed the sky, more colleges and fewer monasteries were founded. Yet the bishop and the pious knight who jointly founded Brasenose had no misgiving as to the perpetual continuance of Roman Catholic devotions. They did not imagine that a day would come, and that soon, when it would be no longer a duty to attend daily mass, to repeat the *Miserere* and the *Sancta Marie Mater*, to say the *Paternoster* five times a day in honor of the five wounds of Christ, and the Angelical Salutation as many times in honor of the five joys of the Virgin. Yet the patent of their foundation is dated in the third year of Henry VIII.

Pent between Merton and Christchurch—a confinement from which its growing greatness may one day tempt it to escape by migration—is Corpus Christi College. The quadrangle, with its quaint sun-dial, stands as it was left by the founder, Fox, Bishop of Winchester, a statesman and diplomatist, trusted in the crafty councils of Henry VII. We are now in full Renaissance, and on the brink of the Reformation. The name of the college, denoting a strong belief in transubstantiation, and the devotions prescribed in the statutes, show that the founder was (as the holder of the rich see of Winchester might be expected to be) an adherent of the established faith. He had first intended to found a monastery. But his far-sighted friend, Bishop Oldham, said, "What! my lord, shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of bussing [praying] monks, whose end and fall we may ourselves live to see? No, no; it is more meet that we should provide for the increase of learning, and for such as by their learning may do good to the Church and commonwealth." To the Renaissance, however, Fox's college emphatically belongs. For the first time the classical authors are distinctly prescribed as studies, and a long and liberal list of them is given in the statutes. Latin composition, both in prose and verse, is enjoined; and even on holidays and in vacation the students are required to practice themselves in writing verses and letters, in the rules of eloquence, the poets, orators, and historians. Greek as well as Latin was to be spoken by the students in the college hall—an enactment which bespeaks the intoxicating enthusiasm excited by the revival of learning. The foundation embraced two classical lecturers for the whole University, and Greece and Southern Italy are especially mentioned as countries from which the lecturers are to be taken. The language of the statutes themselves affects classical elegance, and the framer apologizes for not being perfectly Ciceronian. Erasmus, who had visited the college, said that it would be to Britain what the Mausoleum was to Caria, what the Colossus was to Rhodes.

This it has hardly been, but it has produced eminent men; and here Arnold practiced in youthful, almost boyish, debate the weapons which he was afterward to wield for truth and justice on an ampler field.

Pulpit eloquence as well as classical learning was now in vogue; and the Fellows of Corpus Christi College are required, when of a certain standing, to preach in populous cities, and at last, as the crowning test of their powers, at St. Paul's Cross. To preach at St. Paul's Cross went, among other Fellows of the College, Richard Hooker; and those who have read his life can tell with how ludicrous and calamitous a result.

The hour of Medieval Catholicism was now come; but its grandest foundation at Oxford was its last. The stately façade, the ample quadrangle, the noble hall of Christchurch are monuments, as every reader of Shakspeare knows, of the magnificence of Cardinal Wolsey, a true Prince of the Church, with a princely, if not with a pure, heart. Here we stand on the point of transition between Catholic and Protestant England. Wolsey was in every sense the English Leo X.; an indifferentist, probably, in religion, as well as loose in morals, till misfortune and the approach of death made him again turn to God; an enthusiast only in learning; one of a group of men who, by fostering the new studies, promoted—without being aware of it—the progress of the new faith, and built with their own hands the funeral pile of their own Church. He suppressed a number of small monasteries to found Christchurch; and no doubt he felt for the monks—with their trumpery, their gross legends, and their fabricated relics—the same contempt which was felt for them by Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, and all other educated and enlightened men of the time. But he started back, and was troubled in mind, when he found that the eminent teachers whom he had sought out with great pains for his new college were teachers of other novelties besides the classics.

Grand as it is, Christchurch is not what Wolsey intended it to be. Had his design been fulfilled it would have been "Oxford" indeed, and the University would have been almost swallowed up in "Cardinal College," the name which, with a spirit of self-glorification somewhat characteristic of him, he intended to give his foundation. But in the midst of his work he fell; and the King, whom he had served too well, took his wealth and usurped his place as the legal founder of Christchurch, though he has not been able to usurp his place in history or in the real allegiance of Christchurch men. The college, however, though shorn of part of its splendor, was still splendid. In after-times it became—in a social and political sense at least—the first in England; and the portraits which line its hall are a gallery of English worthies in Church and State.

And now over Oxford, as well as over the rest of England—and more fiercely, perhaps,

than over any other city of England—swept the great storm of the Reformation. The current of religious thought which, left to itself, would have flowed in a peaceful and beneficent stream, restrained by the barriers of a political church, at last burst upon society with the accumulated fury of a pent-up torrent. The monasteries, in Oxford as elsewhere, fell by a cruel though a righteous doom; their beauty was laid desolate. For a moment the colleges were in danger. Our charters were taken from us, and the hungry courtiers, fleshed with the plunder of the monasteries, marked us for their prey. But Henry VIII. was learned, and a friend of learning: after a short hesitation he drove off the pack of ravening hounds, and the charters were given back into our trembling hands. But every thing monastic was rigorously suppressed. The great bell of Christchurch, which Milton heard from his neighboring house at Forest Hill, "swinging slow with sullen roar," was saved from the wreck of Ouseney Abbey, the chief monastery of the city.

The revolution was almost as great in the intellectual as in the ecclesiastical sphere. The books of the great school philosophers and divines—of Aquinas, Duns Scotus, the Master of the Sentences—were torn up and scattered about the college quadrangles. They had been the "angelic," the "subtle," the "irrefragable" doctors of their day.

To and fro swept the tide of controversy and persecution from the beginning of the Reformation, under Henry VIII., to the final settlement under Elizabeth. Now Catholics were expelled from their colleges by Edward VI., now Protestants by Mary, and again Catholics by Elizabeth. In Broad Street, opposite Baliol College, a site once occupied by the city ditch, is a spot marked by a flat cross of stone. There Crannier, Latimer, and Ridley died. In the city wall, close by, was their prison-house. While the Protestant divines, Bucer and Fagius, reigned in Oxford the wife of Fagius was buried near the shrine of St. Frideswide, in Christchurch Cathedral. The Catholics, in their hour of triumph, flung out the accursed wife of the heretic from the holy ground. The Protestants, in their turn victorious, mingled her bones with those of the Saint; and the dust of the two remains forever blended together by the irony of fate.

Two colleges, Trinity and St. John's, were founded during the brief Catholic reaction under Philip and Mary. As celibate institutions, colleges, though less distinctively Catholic than monasteries, were still more congenial to Catholicism than to Protestantism, and it was natural that the fashion of founding them should revive with Catholic ascendancy. The founder of Trinity, Sir Thomas Pope, was an ardent partisan of the Reaction, and has earnestly enjoined his Fellows to avoid the contamination of the Protestant heresy. He lived to see them make way for Protestants. Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's, was a great merchant, and one of a group whose princely munificence

in the endowment of literary or charitable institutions ennobled English commerce in those days. In England, at the present day, a man who has grown rich by commerce generally aspires to found a family. In America, it seems, he still aspires to found an institution.

The Elizabethan era was glorious at Oxford, as well as elsewhere, though the literary spirit of the University was classical, not national, like that which culminated in Shakspeare. The learned Queen paid us a visit, was entertained with classical dramas and flattered in classical harangues; and, at parting, expressed her warm affection for the University. On Shot-over Hill, over which the old London Road passed, is a monument marking the spot to which the Heads of Colleges toiled up to meet her, and where, no doubt, there was abundance of ceremony and genuflection. It need scarcely be said that her still more learned successor made the light of his countenance shine upon us. In the great Quadrangle of the Schools, a very noble monument of the late Tudor architecture, upon a façade pedantically adorned with all the Greek orders, sits the effigy of the royal Solomon, majestic as when he drank the rich incense of Bacon's adulation. And be it said that James was, at all events, none the worse for his learning. It inspired him with some beneficent ideas, and redeemed his weakness from utter degradation.

James bestowed on the University the right of sending representatives to Parliament. A questionable boon. For though universities, if they are worth any thing, will make their influence felt in politics, it is not desirable that they should be directly involved in the struggles of political parties. Theirs should be a neutral territory and a serener air.

Exeter College, founded by a prelate of Edward II., was refounded and raised to its present magnificence by Sir William Petre, a statesman of the Elizabethan age, and an upholder of the Spartan theory of education against Ascham, who took the more liberal view. These famous Elizabethan statesmen were all highly-cultivated men. Cultivation without force may be impotent, but force without cultivation is blind. Force without cultivation has produced great effects for the time; but only cultivated men have left their mark upon the world.

Another knight of the Elizabethan age, Sir Thomas Bodley, founded the Bodleian Library, now one of the famous libraries of the world. The book-worm will scarcely find a greater paradise than the good knight's antique reading-room, especially in the quiet months of the summer vacation. If the spirit of learned leisure and repose breathes any where, it is there.

Jesus College was founded in the reign of Elizabeth for Welshmen, the remnant of the old Celtic inhabitants of Britain, who, saved from the Saxon sword by the rampart of the Welsh hills, had in that fastness preserved their national language and character, and do still to some extent preserve them, though railroads

and other centralizing and civilizing influences are now fast completing the inevitable work of amalgamation. To draw Welsh students to English universities would of course be an object with all who desired the consolidation of the United Kingdom. This was a Protestant college, founded to uphold and disseminate the faith which Lincoln College, its neighbor over the way, had been founded to combat and put down. The Fellows are adjured to prefer Scripture to that which is not Scripture, truth to tradition. They are also directed specially to cultivate, and even to speak, Hebrew—a language which Protestants loved as the key to the Old Testament, and Catholics dreaded as the sure source of misbeliefs. According to the strong partisans of Catholicism, to learn Greek was heretical, to learn Hebrew was diabolical. The lingering love of clerical celibacy, however, betrays itself in a statute forbidding the Principal to marry. It is well known how strong this feeling was in the half-Catholic heart of the Virgin Queen.

Wadham College was founded in the reign of James I., on a site occupied by a monastery of Austin friars. In style it is a mixture of the Gothic college with the Tudor manor-house. In beauty and attractiveness as a home of learning it is second, perhaps, only to Magdalen. It is, moreover, interesting as the last great collegiate foundation of the medieval type, the last creation of that medieval spirit, which, like Gothic architecture, lingered at Oxford longer than in any other place in Protestant Britain. Sir Nicholas Wadham, whose name it bears, seems to have been, like a large portion of the wealthier classes at that time, a waverer in religion. It is said that he first intended to found a monastery abroad, but afterward made up his mind to found a college at home. Upon his death his widow, Dame Dorothy Wadham, fulfilled his design by building and endowing this noble house. The hand of time has touched it with a far higher beauty, especially on its garden side, since its foundress looked upon her work.

Two colleges, Pembroke and Worcester (the latter known to our summer visitors by the beauty of its gardens), are of later date than Wadham; but these grew up to their present goodly proportions out of foundations which, in their origin, were comparatively poor and insignificant.

Meantime a great change had been passing over the character of the University. In the thirteenth century we had been liberal and even somewhat revolutionary, both in religion and politics: we now became at once Tory and High Church. We had been the school of liberty, progress, hope: we now became the school of doctrines most adverse to them all. This was due mainly to the clerical character of the Fellowship, which, the University having been completely absorbed in the colleges, bound her destinies to those of the Established Church and its protector and ally, the Crown. The rule of celibacy, and the somewhat monkish tendencies of

college life, also contributed to make Oxford, as she has twice been, the scene of a great Romanizing reaction.

In restoring the beautiful Gothic Church of St. Mary, where the University sermons are preached, we have spared, on historical grounds, an incongruous portico, in the Italian style, which, though built nearly a century after the Reformation, bears an image of the Virgin and Child. This is a monument of Laud, and helped to send him to the scaffold. In the interior quadrangle of St. John's College stand the statues of Charles and Henrietta, placed there by the same hand. Laud was the President of this college. Here he learned the narrow, arbitrary notions of government which he afterward put in practice with such fatal effect upon a more important scene; and here, in angry college controversies with the Puritans, he imbibed the malignant hatred of that sect which, when he had mounted to power, broke out in persecution.

Laud was a University reformer, though in a despotic way. He gave us a new Code of University Statutes, containing, no doubt, some enactments which were useful in their day. But here, too, he was Laud. He completely sacrificed liberty to order. He gave us no power of amendment; and he legally bound upon our necks the oligarchy toward which our once free constitution had for some time been practically tending. We burst his fetters only a few years ago.

During the great civil war Oxford, once almost the head-quarters of Simon de Montfort, was the head-quarters of Charles. The city was in a state of siege. Study ceased. The students were in arms. The Royalist Parliaments sat in our college halls and our Convocation. One seat of learning became the mint. Soldiers trooped in the streets. The college plate was melted down into money; and thus perished, probably, a rare collection of medieval works of art. The monuments of that period are not houses of learning, but the traces of earth-works which united the river Cherwell with the Isis, and protected the beleaguered city.

The victorious Puritans have left their mark on some painted windows and Romish images. The extreme fanatics of the party would have done away with universities and learning altogether, and left nothing but the Bible and the pulpit. But Cromwell was of a different mind. He was no incarnation either of mere fanaticism or of brute force. He had been bred at a grammar-school and at Cambridge. What was more, he had conversed on the highest themes with the choicest spirits of his time. He protected and fostered both universities, and did his best to draw highly-cultivated men from them into the public service. Of course he put Puritans in our high places. But these men promoted learning as well as Puritanism, restored discipline, revived education, and upheld the honor of the University in their day.

Of course Oxford hailed the Restoration. Alas for the depths of servility into which, in

that her evil hour, she fell! Archbishop Sheldon then reigned over us in the spirit of the most violent Royalism and the narrowest intolerance. The Sheldonian Theatre, in which our Commemorations are held, is his work. Let it do what it may to redeem an unloved and unhonored name.

The Radclyffe Library, rising with its Palladian dome in not unpleasing contrast to the Gothic buildings which surround it, and upon the whole galaxy of which it looks down, is a memorial of the Augustan glories of the reign of Anne, of which even Tory Oxford did not fail to catch the beams. Its founder, Dr. Radclyffe, was the court physician of the time. Less pleasing memorials of the same age are the Chapel of Trinity College, and other buildings, designed by Aldrich, the Dean of Christchurch in that day, a tasteless architect, but a man of liberal culture, and the centre of a group of scholars who made Christchurch illustrious in his time.

And now we come to a period over which every loyal son of Oxford will gladly pass as quickly as he may. The State Church of England during the greater half of the last century was torpid and corrupt, and Oxford shared its torpor and corruption. The only spirit active in the University was that of Jacobitism—a political conspiracy in favor of the heir of James II., and against the constitutional liberties of the nation—destitute, in the case of the Oxford Fellows, even of the redeeming lustre which valor sheds over the self-devoted adherents of a bad cause. Instead of bleeding at Preston and Culloden, these men merely indulged their factious feeling by “drinking the king over the water,” in what Gibbon calls the “deep but dull potations which excused the brisk intemperance of youth.” In truth the University, in the proper sense of the word, could scarcely be said to live in those days. Her corpse was possessed by an alien spirit of clerical depravity and political intrigue. Learning slept, education languished, university and college examinations became a farce. Life in most of the colleges was indolent, sensual, and coarse. A few names, such as those of Lowth and Wharton, redeemed our dishonor. Christchurch—thanks, chiefly, to the good scholars it received from Westminster school—maintained a position higher than that of the other colleges. But our general history, for seventy or eighty years, was such that we would gladly bury it in oblivion. It is not surprising that a University where duty was dead, where religious faith was a mere prejudice deeply tainted with political bigotry, should have become the mother of skepticism and irreligion, or that the most conspicuous name among the Oxford men of the last century should be that of Gibbon. If we seek architectural memorials of this evil age, they will be found in tasteless masses of modern building, such as the “new buildings” at Magdalen, designed merely as luxurious residences, without any thought of the higher aims of architectural art.

The commencement of the present century, when the mind of Europe had been stirred by the French Revolution, and the great struggles, political and intellectual as well as military, to which it gave birth, witnessed a revival of learning and education at Oxford. Then it was that our examinations were again made effective, that our class-list was instituted, and that Oxford once more became, what she had so long ceased to be, a power in the intellectual world. Then it was that our Canning and Peels began to arise, and that we began again to send men of worth and high aspirations into the service of the state. Still we were High Tories. At Oxford, in 1814, the Allied Sovereigns celebrated their victory, and a memorial of their visit is seen in the portraits of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, which hang, with that of George IV. between them, in the Sheldonian Theatre. Among the honors and rewards heaped on the Duke of Wellington, the great chief of the Tory party, was the Chancellorship of the University, and at his installation Oxford was the scene of a memorable gathering of his political adherents. It was, in fact, their first rally after their great overthrow.

Scarcely, however, had the intellectual revival of the University commenced when, owing to the clerical and half-monastic character of the colleges, Oxford became the centre of the great priestly and Romanizing reaction in the Anglican Church, of which Dr. Newman was the illustrious leader, and which was provoked by the general progress of liberal opinions in the nation and the victory of Parliamentary Reform. The annals of that reaction belong rather to the history of the Anglican Church than to that of the University of Oxford. But when it was at its height it completely absorbed the intellectual activity of the University, and fatally shattered many a fine mind destined by nature to render high service to Oxford and to the nation, but now rendered useless, except as the wrecked vessel which marks the sunken reef. Of this attempt to revive the faith and the ecclesiastical institutions of the Middle Ages, the architectural additions and restorations in the Gothic style with which Oxford abounds, and which have been made within the last thirty years, are in part the monuments; though they are mainly the fruits of an improved taste in architecture, and a returning preference for the Romantic over the Classical in poetry and art. The Martyrs' Memorial, also—erected near the spot where Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley suffered—may be regarded as, in another sense, a monument of the same epoch. It is the architectural manifesto of the Protestant party against the Romanizing doctrines of Dr. Newman and his disciples.

The secession of Dr. Newman to the Church of Rome closed, in truth, the history of the religious movement of which he was the leader. With him its genius, its poetry, its chivalry, its fascinations for high intellects and spiritual natures passed away. Since that time it has al-

most lost its spiritual character, and degenerated into a mere State Church combination, the subservient ally of political Toryism, and the tool of the Tory chiefs. Twenty years ago it carried with it almost all the powerful intellects of the University; now it has decisively lost them all. Romanizing extravagances in ceremonial, language, dress, and all that Carlyle calls the "millinery and upholstery" part of the movement, still go on; but these are the freaks and toys of children, not the deliberate efforts of men to master the intellect of the world.

Since the catastrophe of Tractarianism the proper interests of the University have revived, and a more liberal spirit has begun to pervade our society and administration. The Tractarian movement, though itself reactionary, broke up old Anglican and Tory prejudices, weaned active minds from subservience to custom and tradition, loosened the soil in all directions, and prepared the ground for healthier plants to grow. Having trained those who were influenced by it to rest on authority instead of resting on truth, it, of course, at its downfall, left behind it a certain amount of religious perplexity and distress peculiar to Oxford, besides what is generally prevalent in an age of final transition from false authority to rational religion. But this is accidental, and, as Oxford teachers and students brace themselves to their proper duties, it will pass away.

Meantime our course of education, till lately confined to classics and mathematics, is being rendered more liberal and more adequate to the needs of our age by the admission of Science, History, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy. The Museum, newly built on the north of the city, and the Taylor Institution for the study of modern languages, are the architectural expressions of an onward movement in education almost as important as that which substituted classical literature for the scholastic philosophy in the sixteenth century.

We have also got rid, by the help of Parliament, of the antiquated codes of statutes with which each founder, anxious to perpetuate his own will to the end of time, had prevented the free development and frozen the life-blood of his college. Our case is a warning to others, especially to the citizens of the United States, where private munificence displays itself to so large an extent in the endowment of institutions, against the danger, incident to perpetual endowments, of allowing the gifts of one generation to become the fetters of those which follow. No perpetual foundation should be permitted without a power vested in proper authorities of amending, from time to time, the regulations of the founder, so far as is consistent with his main object, which should always be distinctly stated at the commencement of the instrument of foundation.

At the same time and by the same assistance we shook off, in part at least, the oligarchical government imposed on us by Laud, and recovered in some measure the freedom of action and

the power of self-adaptation and development without which no institution can long sustain its greatness.

The friends of Reform and Progress within the University did not call on the central Government for aid without hesitation. All Englishmen are attached to local liberties and jealous of the interference of the central power. We are, moreover, convinced that the great places of national education and learning, as the guardians of interests and principles which are the common heritage of all, should be as free as possible from the influence and vicissitudes of political parties. But it was for emancipation, not for interference, that Oxford reformers appealed to Parliament; and it was in a case where, from the absence of any legal power of amending our statutes, we were unable to emancipate ourselves.

Moreover, from the predominance of the clerical element (the immemorial bane of our greatness), we are subjected, in academical legislation, to an influence more sectional and more injurious than that of any political party not wholly regardless of the general interests of the nation. It is on this account that the friends of liberty at Oxford are obliged again to appeal to Parliament to relieve us from the religious tests, and enable us once more to become the University of the whole nation. Your Oxford guest will not exert himself with the less energy or the less confidence in this cause after having, once in his life, breathed the air, to him so strange, to you so happily familiar, of perfect religious liberty, and learned, from the evidence of his own senses, how false, how blasphemous, is the belief that rational religion is opposed to freedom, or that freedom is injurious to rational religion.

Thus we have traced, though necessarily in a brief and summary way, the history of this group of corporations, and seen the united threads of their existence pass through many successive phases of the national history, and reflect the varying hues, the happy lights, and the melancholy shadows of each phase in turn. We have seen pass before us the long train of Founders, in the characters and costumes of many successive ages: the sceptred Plantagenets; the warrior prelates; the ecclesiastical statesmen of the Middle Ages; the grave knights, bountiful ladies, and wealthy merchants of the Tudor age; the more familiar forms of modern intellect and science. A common purpose runs through and unites the whole, binding the present to all the generations of the past. In the latest buildings we see modern science installed in a home prepared for it by the Gothic architecture of the Middle Ages.

It only remains to be said that Oxford, like all the antiquities and glories of England, is yours as well as ours. It is a part of the common heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. I trust that any American who may come to it, either as a visitor or a student, will not fail to be welcomed, as I know by happy experience that Englishmen are welcomed here.

## In Memoriam W. S.

## I.

WHAT shall I sing, and how,  
Of what I suffer now?  
To Nature trust, or Art,  
The burden of my heart?

'Tis three weeks now—but *three*,  
Since he was here with me;  
The dreadful time has flown,  
And now I am alone!

I left him in the morn,  
(Not knowing how forlorn!)  
There, in his little bed,  
Weak, sick, but oh, *not* dead!

When I came back at noon,  
(Too late, and yet so soon!)  
They met me on the stairs,  
Like Judgment unawares!

I stopped. "Your Will is dead!"  
"It can not be," I said.  
It *could*, it *was*—ah, why?  
What had he done to die?

I knelt beside his bed,  
I kissed his royal head,  
His hand, his feet, his arm—  
The body yet was warm!

I wept! But did I weep?  
Or was my grief too deep?  
I only know I cursed,  
Pray Heaven that was the worst!

And shall I sing of this?  
Or of the dark abyss  
In which I grope apart,  
Hugging my broken heart?

Not now, whate'er I may  
In some far distant day;  
Enough what here appears,  
Drowned in these bitter tears!

## II.

THE Christmas-time drew slowly near,  
The happy days we loved to see;  
Thrice had we had a Christmas-tree,  
The evergreen of all the year.

"What have you brought me?" asked the boy  
When I came home at night; and I  
Made some, I know not what, reply,  
The promise of a future toy.

"You must not ask me any more,"  
I said at last; "but wait and see,  
When Christmas comes, your Christmas-tree,  
For you shall have it as before."

We meant to have a tiny one,  
With pendent toys and lighted boughs;  
But darkness fell upon the house,  
For Death, in passing, took my son!

Nathless he had his Christmas-tree;  
For pines within the grave-yard stand,  
Above his bed of yellow sand,  
Beside the moaning of the sea.

## III.

"Come unto these yellow sands;"  
Not to sing a fairy song,  
As when summer nights are sweet,  
Keeping time with flying feet;  
But to wring your hands,  
Now the nights are long,  
And the winds of winter blow,  
Whirling round the drifts of snow,  
Over him who lies below,  
Buried (God have mercy!) in the yellow sands.

## IV.

I sit in my lonesome chamber  
This stilly winter night,  
In the midst of quaint old volumes,  
With the cheery fire in sight!

In the darkened room behind me,  
My darling lies asleep,  
Worn out with constant weeping—  
'Tis now my turn to weep!

What do I weep for? Nothing!  
Or a very common thing;  
That the little boy I loved so,  
Like a dove has taken wing!

He used to sleep beside us,  
In reach of his mother's hand;  
They have moved his bed—ah, whither?  
And made him one in the sand!

Why didn't they make mine also?  
I'm sure I want to go:  
But no—I must live for his mother,  
For she needs me still, I know.

For her I must bear my sorrow,  
Nor weep—when she can see;  
She grieves too much already,  
To waste a sigh for me!

## V.

You think—I see it by your looks—  
That I am buried in my books,  
Wherein, as when he lived, I find  
An easy solace for my mind.

It is not so. I try, indeed,  
What charmed me once again to read;  
Page after page I turn in vain—  
They leave no meaning in my brain.

I see the words—they come and go,  
In dark procession, sad and slow,  
Like mourners at a funeral—  
I know *who* lies beneath the pall!

I dally with my books, and why?  
Read you the reason in my eye:  
Because I would do *more* than weep;  
Grief, even for *him*, may be *too* deep!

Had *I* been taken, what would *he*,  
Dear heart! be doing now for me?  
His few tears dried (the blow being new  
We'll grant he sheds a tear or two),

He would have smiled as heretofore,  
And soon have talked of me no more:  
Like other little orphan boys,  
He would be playing with his toys!

Should I, a child of larger growth  
(You know you called us children, both),  
Be, in my grief, less wise than he?  
Or you be harder, love, with me?

Then chide not, as you have to-day,  
For poring o'er my books, but say,  
"His ways remind me of the boys;  
For see—he's playing with his toys!"

## VI.

WHAT shall we do when those we love  
Are gone to their seraphic rest?  
Since we must live, what life is best  
Before the clearer eyes above?

Shall we recall them as they were,  
The day, the hour, the dreadful blow  
That, dealt in darkness, laid them low,  
The coffin, and the sepulchre?

Or shall we rather (say, we can)  
Be what we used to be of old?  
Work, one for love, and one for gold—  
The tender woman, worldly man?

Shall we be jealous if the heart  
Lets go a moment of its dead?  
Mistrust it, and revile the head,  
And say to all but Death, "*Depart?*"

Or shall we willing be to take  
What good we may in common things—  
Blue skies, the sea, a bird that sings,  
And other hearts that do not break?

What God approves, methinks, I know  
(If aught we do approved can be),  
But since my child was taken from me,  
My only pleasure is in woe:—

My tortured heart, my frenzied head,  
For when, as now, a smile appears,  
I would be drowned in endless tears,  
Or, happier, with my darling dead!

## VII.

WE sat by the cheerless fireside,  
Mother, and you, and I;  
All thinking of our darling,  
And sad enough to die!

He lay in his little coffin,  
In the room adjoining ours;  
A Christmas wreath on his bosom,  
His brow in a band of flowers.

"We bury the boy to-morrow,"  
I said, or seemed to say;  
"Would I could keep it from coming  
By lengthening out to-day!"

"Why can't I sit by the fireside,  
As I am sitting now,  
And feel my gray hairs thinning,  
And the wrinkles on my brow?"

"God keep him there in his coffin  
Till the years have rolled away!  
If he *must* be buried to-morrow,  
O let me die to-day!"

## VIII.

It looks in at the window,  
Divinely bright and far,  
The loving star of Venus,  
Our little Willy's star!

He used to watch its rising,  
As we have done to-night;  
Its lustrous, steel-blue twinkle,  
Its steady heart of light!

"O mamma, there is Venus!"  
Methinks I hear him cry,  
As he leads us to the window,  
To watch his brighter eye!

And once we saw him kneeling  
Before it, in his chair,  
Folding his hands together,  
And making some sweet prayer!

What did he ask you, Venus?  
To take his soul away?  
Or, feeling he must leave us,  
Perhaps he prayed to stay!

God knows; *you* can not tell us,  
And *he* is gone afar;  
And we are left in sorrow,  
To gaze upon his star!

## IX.

WHAT shall I do next summer?  
What will become of me  
When I draw near my cottage,  
Beside the solemn sea?

Along the dusty road-side  
I shall not see him run,  
To greet his loving father,  
So proud to meet his son!

No longer in the distance  
I'll strain my eager eyes,  
To catch him at the window,  
And mark his sweet surprise.

The gate how can I enter?  
How bear to touch the door  
That opens in the chambers  
Where he is seen no more?

When last I crossed the threshold  
(I'm glad I did not take  
His dear dead body thither!)  
I thought my heart would break.

"My son was here last summer:  
He sat in yonder chair;  
And there, beside the window,  
I kissed his golden hair!"

With every sweet remembrance  
There came a burst of tears;  
There is but *one* such tempest  
In all our stormy years.

I kissed the chair he sat in,  
The spot his feet had trod;  
I clutched the empty darkness  
To pluck him back from God.

O ruined heart and hearth-stone!  
What will become of me,  
In my deserted dwelling  
Beside the dreadful sea?

## X.

THIS book of dirges, if it be  
True to the hue of grief in me,  
To what I am, my son, for thee,

Will be an endless stretch of plain,  
Swept by the dreary autumn rain,  
And winds that sob, like souls in pain!

No light, a blind sky overhead,  
And every where a sense of dread:  
For such my heart is—broken, dead!

## XI.

WHEN first he died there was no day  
That was not saddened by my tears:  
"And 'twill be thus," I said, "for years;  
His memory can not fade away."

That first wild burst of grief is o'er,  
The spring is sealed of wretchedness;  
Not that I love my darling less,  
But love, or think of, others more.

They move me as they could not then—  
My brain at least, if not my heart;  
And so I try to act my part  
As patiently as lesser men.

Pale fathers pass me in the street,  
Whose little sons, like mine, are dead;  
I see it in the drooping head,  
And in the wandering of the feet!

## XII.

THE dreary winter days are past,  
The cloudy sky, the bitter blast:  
Gone is the snow, the sleet  
That glazed each rugged street.

All things proclaim that Spring is near,  
Rejoicing in the wakened Year:  
Even *I*, whose tears are shed  
Above the Winter dead!

Darker than now my death can be,  
In that it took my boy from me—  
My heart it did not wring  
Like this first breath of Spring!

What though the clouds were thick o'erhead,  
And Earth was iron to my tread,  
Rains poured, snows whirled, winds blew,  
And my great grief was new?

'Twas still—if not a solace, yet  
Something akin that laid regret.  
It hushed my useless moan  
To think I was alone!

When drove the snow, the thought would rise,  
"It does not blind his little eyes!"  
When winds were sharp I smiled;  
"They can not stab my child!"

Now Spring is come, I sigh and say,  
"He can not see this sunny day,  
Nor feel this balmy air  
That longs to kiss his hair!"

The tender spirit of the hour  
That stirs the sap, and paints the flower,  
Enfolding land and sea,  
And quickening even me,

So stings my soul, I hold my breath,  
And try to break the dream of death,  
And stagger on his track  
Until I snatch him back!

Great God! if *he* should feel it there,  
(Where, *where*—some angel tell me where?)  
And struggle so for *me*,  
How terrible 'twould be!

R. H. STODDARD.



BIBLIOMANIA OF THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN.—[SEE MAY NUMBER, PAGE 785.]

## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE THIRD. A LONG LANE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE END OF A LONG JOURNEY.

THE train of carts and horses came and went all day from dawn to nightfall, making little or no daily impression on the heap of ashes, though, as the days passed on, the heap was seen to be slowly melting. My lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, when you in the course of your dust-shoveling and cinder-

raking have piled up a mountain of pretentious failure, you must off with your honorable coats for the removal of it, and fall to the work with the power of all the queen's horses and all the queen's men, or it will come rushing down and bury us alive.

Yes, verily, my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, adapting your Catechism to the occasion, and by God's help so you must. For when we have got things to the pass that with



THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE HOUSE OF BOFFIN.—[SEE MAY NUMBER, PAGE 799.]

an enormous treasure at disposal to relieve the poor, the best of the poor detest our mercies, hide their heads from us, and shame us by starving to death in the midst of us, it is a pass impossible of prosperity, impossible of continuance. It may not be so written in the Gospel according to Podsnappery; you may not "find these words" for the text of a sermon, in the Returns of the Board of Trade; but they have been the truth since the foundations of the universe were laid, and they will be the truth until the foundations of the universe are shaken by the Builder. This boastful handiwork of ours, which fails in its terrors for the professional pauper, the sturdy breaker of windows and the rampant tearer of

clothes, strikes with a cruel and a wicked stab at the stricken sufferer, and is a horror to the deserving and unfortunate. We must mend it, lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, or in its own evil hour it will mar every one of us.

Old Betty Higden fared upon her pilgrimage as many ruggedly honest creatures, women and men, fare on their toiling way along the roads of life. Patiently to earn a spare bare living, and quietly to die, untouched by work-house hands—this was her highest sublunary hope.

Nothing had been heard of her at Mr. Boffin's house since she trudged off. The weather had been hard and the roads had been bad, and her spirit was up. A less stanch spirit might have

been subdued by such adverse influences; but the loan for her little outfit was in no part repaid, and it had gone worse with her than she had foreseen, and she was put upon proving her case and maintaining her independence.

Faithful soul! When she had spoken to the Secretary of that "deadness that steals over me at times," her fortitude had made too little of it. Oftener and ever oftener, it came stealing over her; darker and ever darker, like the shadow of advancing Death. That the shadow should be deep as it came on, like the shadow of an actual presence, was in accordance with the laws of the physical world, for all the Light that shone on Betty Higden lay beyond Death.

The poor old creature had taken the upward course of the river Thames as her general track; it was the track in which her last home lay, and of which she had last had local love and knowledge. She had hovered for a little while in the near neighborhood of her abandoned dwelling, and had sold, and knitted and sold, and gone on. In the pleasant towns of Chertsey, Walton, Kingston, and Staines, her figure came to be quite well known for some short weeks, and then again passed on.

She would take her stand in market-places, where there were such things, on market-days; at other times, in the busiest (that was seldom very busy) portion of the little quiet High Street; at still other times she would explore the outlying roads for great houses, and would ask leave at the Lodge to pass in with her basket, and would not often get it. But ladies in carriages would frequently make purchases from her trifling stock, and were usually pleased with her bright eyes and her hopeful speech. In these and her clean dress originated a fable that she was well-to-do in the world: one might say, for her station, rich. As making a comfortable provision for its subject which costs nobody any thing, this class of fable has long been popular.

In those pleasant little towns on Thames you may hear the fall of the water over the weirs, or even, in still weather, the rustle of the rushes; and from the bridge you may see the young river, dimpled like a young child, playfully gliding away among the trees, unpolluted by the defilements that lie in wait for it on its course, and as yet out of hearing of the deep summons of the sea. It were too much to pretend that Betty Higden made out such thoughts; no; but she heard the tender river whispering to many like herself, "Come to me, come to me! When the cruel shame and terror you have so long fled from most beset you, come to me! I am the Relieving Officer appointed by eternal ordinance to do my work; I am not held in estimation according as I shirk it. My breast is softer than the pauper-nurse's; death in my arms is peace-fuller than among the pauper-wards. Come to me!"

There was abundant place for gentler fancies too, in her untutored mind. Those gentlefolks and their children inside those fine houses, could

they think, as they looked out at her, what it was to be really hungry, really cold? Did they feel any of the wonder about her that she felt about them? Bless the dear laughing children! If they could have seen sick Johnny in her arms would they have cried for pity? If they could have seen dead Johnny on that little bed would they have understood it? Bless the dear children, for his sake, any how! So with the humbler houses in the little street, the inner fire-light shining on the panes as the outer twilight darkened. When the families gathered indoors there, for the night, it was only a foolish fancy to feel as if it were a little hard in them to close the shutter and blacken the flame. So with the lighted shops, and speculations whether their masters and mistresses taking tea in a perspective of back-parlor—not so far within but that the flavor of tea and toast came out, mingled with the glow of light, into the street—ate or drank or wore what they sold, with the greater relish because they dealt in it. So with the church-yard on a branch of the solitary way to the night's sleeping-place. "Ah me! The dead and I seem to have it pretty much to ourselves in the dark and in this weather! But so much the better for all who are warmly housed at home." The poor soul envied no one in bitterness, and grudged no one any thing.

But the old abhorrence grew stronger on her as she grew weaker, and it found more sustaining food than she did in her wanderings. Now, she would light upon the shameful spectacle of some desolate creature—or some wretched ragged groups of either sex, or of both sexes, with children among them huddled together like the smaller vermin for a little warmth—lingering and lingering on a doorstep, while the appointed evader of the public trust did his dirty office of trying to weary them out and so get rid of them. Now, she would light upon some poor decent person, like herself, going afoot on a pilgrimage of many weary miles to see some worn-out relative or friend who had been charitably eluted off to a great blank barren Union House, as far from old home as the County Jail (the remoteness of which is always its worst punishment for small rural offenders), and in its dietary, and in its lodging, and in its tending of the sick, a much more penal establishment. Sometimes she would hear a newspaper read out, and would learn how the Registrar-General cast up the units that had within the last week died of want and of exposure to the weather: for which that Recording Angel seemed to have a regular fixed place in his sum, as if they were its half-pence. All such things she would hear discussed, as we, my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, in our unapproachable magnificence never hear them, and from all such things she would fly with the wings of raging Despair.

This is not to be received as a figure of speech. Old Betty Higden however tired, however foot-sore, would start up and be driven away by her awakened horror of falling into the hands of

Charity. It is a remarkable Christian improvement, to have made a pursuing Fury of the Good Samaritan; but it was so in this case, and it is a type of many, many, many.

Two incidents united to intensify the old unreasoning abhorrence — granted in a previous place to be unreasoning, because the people always are unreasoning, and invariably make a point of producing all their smoke without fire.

One day she was sitting in a market-place on a bench outside an inn, with her little wares for sale, when the deadness that she strove against came over her so heavily that the scene departed from before her eyes; when it returned, she found herself on the ground, her head supported by some good-natured market-women, and a little crowd about her.

"Are you better now, mother?" asked one of the women. "Do you think you can do nicely now?"

"Have I been ill then?" asked old Betty.

"You have had a faint like," was the answer, "or a fit. It ain't that you've been a-struggling, mother, but you've been stiff and numbed."

"Ah!" said Betty, recovering her memory. "It's the numbness. Yes. It comes over me at times."

"Was it gone?" the women asked her.

"It's gone now," said Betty. "I shall be stronger than I was afore. Many thanks to ye, my dears, and when you come to be as old as I am, may others do as much for you!"

They assisted her to rise, but she could not stand yet, and they supported her when she sat down again upon the bench.

"My head's a bit light, and my feet are a bit heavy," said old Betty, leaning her face drowsily on the breast of the woman who had spoken before. "They'll both come nat'ral in a minute. There's nothing more the matter."

"Ask her," said some farmers standing by, who had come out from their market-dinner, "who belongs to her."

"Are there any folks belonging to you, mother?" said the woman.

"Yes, sure," answered Betty. "I heerd the gentleman say it, but I couldn't answer quick enough. There's plenty belonging to me. Don't ye fear for me, my dear."

"But are any of 'em near here?" said the men's voices; the women's voices chiming in when it was said, and prolonging the strain.

"Quite near enough," said Betty, rousing herself. "Don't ye be afeard for me, neighbors."

"But you are not fit to travel. Where are you going?" was the next compassionate chorus she heard.

"I'm agoing to London when I've sold out all," said Betty, rising with difficulty. "I've right good friends in London. I want for nothing. I shall come to no harm. Thankye. Don't ye be afeard for me."

A well-meaning by-stander, yellow-legged and purple-faced, said hoarsely over his red

comforter, as she rose to her feet, that she "oughtn't to be let to go."

"For the Lord's love don't meddle with me!" cried old Betty, all her fears crowding on her. "I am quite well now, and I must go this minute."

She caught up her basket as she spoke and was making an unsteady rush away from them, when the same by-stander checked her with his hand on her sleeve, and urged her to come with him and see the parish doctor. Strengthening herself by the utmost exercise of her resolution, the poor trembling creature shook him off, almost fiercely, and took to flight. Nor did she feel safe until she had set a mile or two of by-road between herself and the market-place, and had crept into a copse, like a hunted animal, to hide and recover breath. Not until then for the first time did she venture to recall how she had looked over her shoulder before turning out of the town, and had seen the sign of the White Lion hanging across the road, and the fluttering market booths, and the old gray church, and the little crowd gazing after her but not attempting to follow her.

The second frightening incident was this. She had been again as bad, and had been for some days better, and was traveling along by a part of the road where it touched the river, and in wet seasons was so often overflowed by it that there were tall white posts set up to mark the way. A barge was being towed toward her, and she sat down on the bank to rest and watch it. As the tow-rope was slackened by a turn of the stream and dipped into the water, such a confusion stole into her mind that she thought she saw the forms of her dead children and dead grandchildren peopling the barge, and waving their hands to her in solemn measure; then, as the rope tightened and came up, dropping diamonds, it seemed to vibrate into two parallel ropes and strike her, with a twang, though it was far off. When she looked again, there was no barge, no river, no daylight, and a man whom she had never before seen held a candle close to her face.

"Now, Missus," said he; "where did you come from and where are you going to?"

The poor soul confusedly asked the counter-question where she was?

"I am the Lock," said the man.

"The Lock?"

"I am the Deputy Lock, on job, and this is the Lock-house. (Lock or Deputy Lock, it's all one, while the t'other man's in the hospital.) What's your Parish?"

"Parish!" She was up from the truckle-bed directly, wildly feeling about her for her basket, and gazing at him in affright.

"You'll be asked the question down town," said the man. "They won't let you be more than a Casual there. They'll pass you on to your settlement, Missis, with all speed. You're not in a state to be let come upon strange parishes 'ceptin as a Casual."

THE FLIGHT.



"'Twas the deadness again!" murmured Betty Higden, with her hand to her head.

"It was the deadness, there's not a doubt about it," returned the man. "I should have thought the deadness was a mild word for it, if it had been named to me when we brought you in. Have you got any friends, Missis?"

"The best of friends, Master."

"I should recommend your looking 'em up if you consider 'em game to do any thing for you," said the Deputy Lock. "Have you got any money?"

"Just a morsel of money, Sir."

"Do you want to keep it?"

"Sure I do!"

"Well, you know," said the Deputy Lock, shrugging his shoulders with his hands in his pockets, and shaking his head in a sulkily ominous manner, "the parish authorities down town will have it out of you, if you go on, you may take your Alfred David."

"Then I'll not go on."

"They'll make you pay, as fur as your money will go," pursued the Deputy, "for your relief as a Casual and for your being passed to your Parish."

"Thank ye kindly, Master, for your warning, thank ye for your shelter, and good-night."

"Stop a bit," said the Deputy, striking in between her and the door. "Why are you all of a shake, and what's your hurry, Missis?"

"Oh, Master, Master," returned Betty Higden, "I've fought against the Parish and fled from it, all my life, and I want to die free of it!"

"I don't know," said the Deputy, with deliberation, "as I ought to let you go. I'm a honest man as gets my living by the sweat of my brow, and I may fall into trouble by letting you go. I've fell into trouble afore now, by George, and I know what it is, and it's made me careful. You might be took with your deadness again, half a mile off—or half of half a quarter, for the matter of that—and then it would be asked, Why did that there honest Deputy Loek let her go, instead of putting her safe with the Parish? That's what a man of his character ought to have done, it would be arguified," said the Deputy Loek, cunningly harping on the strong string of her terror; "he ought to have handed her over safe to the Parish. That was to be expected of a man of his merits."

As he stood in the doorway the poor old careworn wayworn woman burst into tears, and clasped her hands, as if in a very agony she prayed to him.

"As I've told you, Master, I've the best of friends. This letter will show how true I spoke, and they will be thankful for me."

The Deputy Loek opened the letter with a grave face, which underwent no change as he eyed its contents. But it might have done, if he could have read them.

"What amount of small change, Missis," he said, with an abstracted air, after a little meditation, "might you call a morsel of money?"

Hurriedly emptying her pocket, old Betty laid down on the table a shilling, and two sixpenny pieces, and a few pence.

"If I was to let you go instead of handing you over safe to the Parish," said the Deputy, counting the money with his eyes, "might it be your own free wish to leave that there behind you?"

"Take it, Master, take it, and welcome and thankful!"

"I'm a man," said the Deputy, giving her back the letter, and pocketing the coins, one by one, "as earns his living by the sweat of his brow;" here he drew his sleeve across his forehead, as if this particular portion of his humble gains were the result of sheer hard labor and virtuous industry; "and I won't stand in your way. Go where you like."

She was gone out of the Loek-house as soon as he gave her this permission, and her tottering steps were on the road again. But, afraid to go back and afraid to go forward; seeing what she fled from, in the sky-glare of the lights of the little town before her, and leaving a confused horror of it every where behind her, as if she had escaped it in every stone of every marketplace; she struck off by side ways, among which she got bewildered and lost. That night she took refuge from the Samaritan in his latest accredited form, under a farmer's rick; and if—

worth thinking of, perhaps, my fellow-Christians—the Samaritan had in the lonely night "passed by on the other side," she would have most devoutly thanked High Heaven for her escape from him.

The morning found her afoot again, but fast declining as to the clearness of her thoughts, though not as to the steadiness of her purpose. Comprehending that her strength was quitting her, and that the struggle of her life was almost ended, she could neither reason out the means of getting back to her protectors, nor even form the idea. The overmastering dread, and the proud stubborn resolution it engendered in her to die undegraded, were the two distinct impressions left in her failing mind. Supported only by a sense that she was bent on conquering in her life-long fight, she went on.

The time was come now when the wants of this little life were passing away from her. She could not have swallowed food though a table had been spread for her in the next field. The day was cold and wet, but she scarcely knew it. She crept on, poor soul, like a criminal afraid of being taken, and felt little beyond the terror of falling down while it was yet daylight, and being found alive. She had no fear that she would live through another night.

Sewn in the breast of her gown, the money to pay for her burial was still intact. If she could wear through the day, and then lie down to die under cover of the darkness, she would die independent. If she were captured previously, the money would be taken from her as a pauper who had no right to it, and she would be carried to the accursed work-house. Gaining her end, the letter would be found in her breast, along with the money, and the gentlefolks would say when it was given back to them, "She prized it, did old Betty Higden; she was true to it; and while she lived she would never let it be disgraced by falling into the hands of those that she held in horror." Most illogical, inconsequential, and light-headed, this; but travelers in the valley of the shadow of death are apt to be light-headed; and worn-out old people of low estate have a trick of reasoning as indifferently as they live, and doubtless would appreciate our Poor Law more philosophically on an income of ten thousand a year.

So, keeping to by-ways, and shunning human approach, this troublesome old woman hid herself, and fared on all through the dreary day. Yet so unlike was she to vagrant hiders in general that sometimes, as the day advanced, there was a bright fire in her eyes, and a quicker beating at her feeble heart, as though she said exultingly, "The Lord will see me through it!"

By what visionary hands she was led along upon that journey of escape from the Samaritan; by what voices, hushed in the grave, she seemed to be addressed; how she fancied the dead child in her arms again, and times innumerable adjusted her shawl to keep it warm; what infinite variety of forms of tower and roof and steeple

the trees took ; how many furious horsemen rode at her, crying, "There she goes ! Stop ! Stop, Betty Higden !" and melted away as they came close ; be these things left untold. Faring on and hiding, hiding and faring on, the poor harmless creature, as though she were a Murderess and the whole country were up after her, wore out the day and gained the night.

"Water-meadows, or such like," she had sometimes murmured, on the day's pilgrimage, when she had raised her head and taken any note of the real objects about her. There now arose in the darkness a great building, full of lighted windows. Smoke was issuing from a high chimney in the rear of it, and there was the sound of a water-wheel at the side. Between her and the building lay a piece of water, in which the lighted windows were reflected, and on its nearest margin was a plantation of trees. "I humbly thank the Power and the Glory," said Betty Higden, holding up her withered hands, "that I have come to my journey's end !"

She crept among the trees to the trunk of a tree whence she could see, beyond some intervening trees and branches, the lighted windows, both in their reality and their reflection in the water. She placed her orderly little basket at her side, and sank upon the ground, supporting herself against the tree. It brought to her mind the foot of the Cross, and she committed herself to Him who died upon it. Her strength held out to enable her to arrange the letter in her breast, so as that it could be seen that she had a paper there. It had held out for this, and it departed when this was done.

"I am safe here," was her last benumbed thought. "When I am found dead at the foot of the Cross it will be by some of my own sort ; some of the working people who work among the lights yonder. I can not see the lighted windows now, but they are there. I am thankful for all !"

\* \* \* \* \*

The darkness gone, and a face bending down.

"It can not be the boofer lady?"

"I don't understand what you say. Let me wet your lips again with this brandy. I have been away to fetch it. Did you think that I was long gone?"

It is as the face of a woman, shaded by a quantity of rich dark hair. It is the earnest face of a woman who is young and handsome. But all is over with me on earth, and this must be an Angel.

"Have I been long dead?"

"I don't understand what you say. Let me wet your lips again. I hurried all I could, and brought no one back with me, lest you should die of the shock of strangers."

"Am I not dead?"

"I can not understand what you say. Your voice is so low and broken that I can not hear you. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean Yes?"

"Yes."

"I was coming from my work just now, along the path outside (I was up with the night-hands last night), and I heard a groan, and found you lying here."

"What work, deary?"

"Did you ask what work? At the paper-mill."

"Where is it?"

"Your face is turned up to the sky, and you can't see it. It is close by. You can see my face, here, between you and the sky?"

"Yes."

"Dare I lift you?"

"Not yet."

"Not even lift your head to get it on my arm? I will do it by very gentle degrees. You shall hardly feel it."

"Not yet. Paper. Letter."

"This paper in your breast?"

"Bless ye!"

"Let me wet your lips again. Am I to open it? To read it?"

"Bless ye!"

She reads it with surprise, and looks down with a new expression and an added interest on the motionless face she kneels beside.

"I know these names. I have heard them often."

"Will you send it, my dear?"

"I can not understand you. Let me wet your lips again, and your forehead. There. O poor thing, poor thing!" These words through her fast-dropping tears. "What was it that you asked me? Wait till I bring my ear quite close."

"Will you send it, my dear?"

"Will I send it to the writers? Is that your wish? Yes, certainly."

"You'll not give it up to any one but them?"

"No."

"As you must grow old in time, and come to your dying hour, my dear, you'll not give it up to any one but them?"

"No. Most solemnly."

"Never to the Parish!" with a convulsed struggle.

"No. Most solemnly."

"Nor let the Parish touch me, nor yet so much as look at me!" with another struggle.

"No. Faithfully."

A look of thankfulness and triumph lights the worn old face. The eyes, which have been darkly fixed upon the sky, turn with meaning in them toward the compassionate face from which the tears are dropping, and a smile is on the aged lips as they ask:

"What is your name, my dear?"

"My name is Lizzie Hexam."

"I must be sore disfigured. Are you afraid to kiss me?"

The answer is, the ready pressure of her lips upon the cold but smiling mouth.

"Bless ye! Now lift me, my love."

Lizzie Hexam very softly raised the weather-stained gray head and lifted her as high as Heaven.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SOMEBODY BECOMES THE SUBJECT OF A PRE- DICTION.

"WE GIVE THEE HEARTY THANKS FOR THAT IT HATH PLEASED THEE TO DELIVER THIS OUR SISTER OUT OF THE MISERIES OF THIS SINFUL WORLD." So read the Reverend Frank Milvey in a not untroubled voice, for his heart mis-gave him that all was not quite right between us and our sister—or say our sister in Law—Poor Law—and that we sometimes read these words in an awful manner over our Sister and our Brother too.

And Sloppy—on whom the brave deceased had never turned her back until she ran away from him, knowing that otherwise he would not be separated from her—Sloppy could not in his conscience as yet find the hearty thanks required of it. Selfish in Sloppy, and yet excusable, it may be humbly hoped, because our sister had been more than his mother.

The words were read above the ashes of Betty Higden, in a corner of a church-yard near the river; in a church-yard so obscure that there was nothing in it but grass-mounds, not so much as one single tombstone. It might not be to do an unreasonably great deal for the diggers and hewers, in a registering age, if we ticketed their graves at the common charge; so that a new generation might know which was which: so that the soldier, sailor, emigrant, coming home, should be able to identify the resting-place of father, mother, playmate, or betrothed. For we turn up our eyes and say that we are all alike in death, and we might turn them down and work the saying out in this world, so far. It would be sentimental, perhaps? But how say ye, my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, shall we not find good standing-room left for a little sentiment, if we look into our crowds?

Near unto the Reverend Frank Milvey as he read stood his little wife, John Rokesmith the Secretary, and Bella Wilfer. These, over and above Sloppy, were the mourners at the lowly grave. Not a penny had been added to the money sewn in her dress: what her honest spirit had so long projected was fulfilled.

"I've took it in my head," said Sloppy, laying it, inconsolable, against the church door, when all was done: "I've took it in my wretched head that I might have sometimes turned a little harder for her, and it cuts me deep to think so now."

The Reverend Frank Milvey, comforting Sloppy, expounded to him how the best of us were more or less remiss in our turnings at our respective Mangles—some of us very much so—and how we were all a halting, failing, feeble, and inconstant crew.

"*She warn't, Sir,*" said Sloppy, taking this ghostly counsel rather ill, in behalf of his late benefactress. "Let us speak for ourselves, Sir. She went through with whatever duty she had to do. She went through with me, she went through with the Minders, she went through with herself, she went through with every think. O Mrs. Higden, Mrs. Higden, you was a woman and a mother and a mangler in a million million!"

With those heart-felt words Sloppy removed his dejected head from the church door, and took it back to the grave in the corner, and laid it down there, and wept alone. "Not a very poor grave," said the Reverend Frank Milvey, brushing his hand across his eyes, "when it has that homely figure on it. Richer, I think, than it could be made by most of the sculpture in Westminster Abbey!"

They left him undisturbed and passed out at the wicket-gate. The water-wheel of the paper-mill was audible there, and seemed to have a softening influence on the bright wintry scene. They had arrived but a little while before, and Lizzie Hexam now told them the little she could add to the letter in which she had inclosed Mr. Rokesmith's letter and had asked for their instructions. This was merely how she had heard the groan, and what had afterward passed, and how she had obtained leave for the remains to be placed in that sweet, fresh, empty store-room of the mill from which they had just accompanied them to the church-yard, and how the last requests had been religiously observed.

"I could not have done it all, or nearly all, of myself," said Lizzie. "I should not have wanted the will; but I should not have had the power, without our managing partner."

"Surely not the Jew who received us?" said Mrs. Milvey.

("My dear," observed her husband in parenthesis, "why not?")

"The gentleman certainly is a Jew," said Lizzie, "and the Lady, his wife, is a Jewess, and I was first brought to their notice by a Jew. But I think there can not be kinder people in the world."

"But suppose they try to convert you!" suggested Mrs. Milvey, bristling in her good little way, as a clergyman's wife.

"To do what, ma'am?" asked Lizzie, with a modest smile.

"To make you change your religion," said Mrs. Milvey.

Lizzie shook her head, still smiling. "They have never asked me what my religion is. They asked me what my story was, and I told them. They asked me to be industrious and faithful, and I promised to be so. They most willingly and cheerfully do their duty to all of us who are employed here, and we try to do ours to them. Indeed they do much more than their duty to us, for they are wonderfully mindful of us in many ways."

"It is easy to see you're a favorite, my dear," said little Mrs. Milvey, not quite pleased.

"It would be very ungrateful in me to say I am not," returned Lizzie, "for I have been already raised to a place of confidence here. But that makes no difference in their following their own religion and leaving all of us to ours. They never talk of theirs to us, and they never talk of ours to us. If I was the last in the mill it would be just the same. They never asked me what religion that poor thing had followed."

"My dear," said Mrs. Milvey, aside to the Reverend Frank, "I wish you would talk to her."

"My dear," said the Reverend Frank aside to his good little wife, "I think I will leave it to somebody else. The circumstances are hardly favorable. There are plenty of talkers going about, my love, and she will soon find one."

While this discourse was interchanging, both Bella and the Secretary observed Lizzie Hexam with great attention. Brought face to face for the first time with the daughter of his supposed murderer, it was natural that John Harmon should have his own secret reasons for a careful scrutiny of her countenance and manner. Bella knew that Lizzie's father had been falsely accused of the crime which had had so great an influence on her own life and fortunes; and her interest, though it had no secret springs, like that of the Secretary, was equally natural. Both had expected to see something very different from the real Lizzie Hexam, and thus it fell out that she became the unconscious means of bringing them together.

For, when they had walked on with her to the little house in the clean village by the paper-mill, where Lizzie had a lodging with an elderly couple employed in the establishment, and when Mrs. Milvey and Bella had been up to see her room and had come down, the mill bell rang. This called Lizzie away for the time, and left the Secretary and Bella standing rather awkwardly in the small street; Mrs. Milvey being engaged in pursuing the village children, and her investigations whether they were in danger of becoming children of Israel; and the Reverend Frank being engaged—to say the truth—in evading that branch of his spiritual functions, and getting out of sight surreptitiously.

Bella at length said:

"Hadn't we better talk about the commission we have undertaken, Mr. Rokesmith?"

"By all means," said the Secretary.

"I suppose," faltered Bella, "that we *are* both commissioned, or we shouldn't both be here?"

"I suppose so," was the Secretary's answer.

"When I proposed to come with Mr. and Mrs. Milvey," said Bella, "Mrs. Boffin urged me to do so, in order that I might give her my small report—it's not worth any thing, Mr. Rokesmith, except for it's being a woman's—which indeed with you may be a fresh reason for it's being worth nothing—of Lizzie Hexam."

"Mr. Boffin," said the Secretary, "directed me to come for the same purpose."

As they spoke they were leaving the little street and emerging on the wooded landscape by the river.

"You think well of her, Mr. Rokesmith?" pursued Bella, conscious of making all the advances.

"I think highly of her."

"I am so glad of that! Something quite refined in her beauty, is there not?"

"Her appearance is very striking."

"There is a shade of sadness upon her that is quite touching. At least I—I am not setting up my own poor opinion, you know, Mr. Rokesmith," said Bella, excusing and explaining herself in a pretty shy way; "I am consulting you."

"I noticed that sadness. I hope it may not," said the Secretary in a lower voice, "be the result of the false accusation which has been retracted."

When they had passed on a little further without speaking, Bella, after stealing a glance or two at the Secretary, suddenly said:

"Oh, Mr. Rokesmith, don't be hard with me, don't be stern with me; be magnanimous! I want to talk with you on equal terms."

The Secretary as suddenly brightened, and returned: "Upon my honor I had no thought but for you. I forced myself to be constrained, lest you might misinterpret my being more natural. There. It's gone."

"Thank you," said Bella, holding out her little hand. "Forgive me."

"No!" cried the Secretary, eagerly. "Forgive *me*!" For there were tears in her eyes, and they were prettier in his sight (though they smote him on the heart rather reproachfully too) than any other glitter in the world.

When they had walked a little further:

"You were going to speak to me," said the Secretary, with the shadow so long on him quite thrown off and cast away, "about Lizzie Hexam. So was I going to speak to you, if I could have begun."

"Now that you *can* begin, Sir," returned Bella, with a look as if she italicized the word by putting one of her dimples under it, "what were you going to say?"

"You remember, of course, that in her short letter to Mrs. Boffin—short, but containing every thing to the purpose—she stipulated that either her name, or else her place of residence, must be kept strictly a secret among us."

Bella nodded Yes.

"It is my duty to find out why she made that stipulation. I have it in charge from Mr. Boffin to discover, and I am very desirous for myself to discover, whether that retracted accusation still leaves any stain upon her. I mean whether it places her at any disadvantage toward any one, even toward herself."

"Yes," said Bella, nodding thoughtfully; "I understand. That seems wise and considerate."

"You may not have noticed, Miss Wilfer, that she has the same kind of interest in you that you have in her. Just as you are attracted by her beauty—by her appearance and manner, she is attracted by yours."

"I certainly have *not* noticed it," returned Bella, again italicizing with the dimple, "and I should have given her credit for—"

The Secretary with a smile held up his hand, so plainly interposing "not for better taste" that Bella's color deepened over the little piece of coquetry she was checked in.

"And so," resumed the Secretary, "if you would speak with her alone before we go away from here, I feel quite sure that a natural and easy confidence would arise between you. Of course you would not be asked to betray it; and of course you would not, if you were. But if you do not object to put this question to her—to ascertain for us her own feeling in this one matter—you can do so at a far greater advantage than I or any else could. Mr. Boffin is anxious on the subject. And I am," added the Secretary after a moment, "for a special reason, very anxious."

"I shall be happy, Mr. Rokesmith," returned Bella, to be of the least use; for I feel, after the serious scene of to-day, that I am useless enough in this world."

"Don't say that," urged the Secretary.

"Oh, but I mean that," said Bella, raising her eyebrows.

"No one is useless in this world," retorted the Secretary, "who lightens the burden of it for any one else."

"But I assure you I *don't*, Mr. Rokesmith," said Bella, half crying.

"Not for your father?"

"Dear, loving, self-forgetting, easily-satisfied Pa! Oh yes! He thinks so."

"It is enough if he only thinks so," said the Secretary. "Excuse the interruption: I don't like to hear you depreciate yourself."

"But *you* once depreciated *me*, Sir," thought Bella, pouting, "and I hope you may be satisfied with the consequences you brought upon your head!" However, she said nothing to that purpose; she even said something to a different purpose.

"Mr. Rokesmith, it seems so long since we spoke together naturally, that I am embarrassed in approaching another subject. Mr. Boffin. You know I am very grateful to him; don't you? You know I feel a true respect for him, and am bound to him by the strong ties of his own generosity; now don't you?"

"Unquestionably. And also that you are his favorite companion."

"That makes it," said Bella, "so very difficult to speak of him. But—Does he treat you well?"

"You see how he treats me," the Secretary answered, with a patient and yet proud air.

"Yes, and I see it with pain," said Bella, very energetically.

The Secretary gave her such a radiant look,

that if he had thanked her a hundred times he could not have said as much as the look said.

"I see it with pain," repeated Bella, "and it often makes me miserable. Miserable, because I can not bear to be supposed to approve of it, or have any indirect share in it. Miserable, because I can not bear to be forced to admit to myself that Fortune is spoiling Mr. Boffin."

"Miss Wilfer," said the Secretary, with a beaming face, "if you could know with what delight I make the discovery that Fortune is not spoiling *you*, you would know that it more than compensates me for any slight at any other hands."

"Oh, don't speak of *me*," said Bella, giving herself an impatient little slap with her glove. "You don't know me as well as—"

"As you know yourself?" suggested the Secretary, finding that stopped. "*Do* you know yourself?"

"I know quite enough of myself," said Bella, with a charming air of being inclined to give herself up as a bad job, "and I don't improve upon acquaintance. But Mr. Boffin."

"That Mr. Boffin's manner to me, or consideration for me, is not what it used to be," observed the Secretary, "must be admitted. It is too plain to be denied."

"Are you disposed to deny it, Mr. Rokesmith?" asked Bella, with a look of wonder.

"Ought I not to be glad to do so, if I could; though it were only for my own sake?"

"Truly," returned Bella, "it must try you very much, and—you must please promise me that you won't take ill what I am going to add, Mr. Rokesmith?"

"I promise it with all my heart."

"—And it must sometimes, I should think," said Bella, hesitating, "a little lower you in your own estimation?"

Assenting with a movement of his head, though not at all looking as if it did, the Secretary replied:

"I have very strong reasons, Miss Wilfer, for bearing with the drawbacks of my position in the house we both inhabit. Believe that they are not all mercenary, although I have, through a series of strange fatalities, faded out of my place in life. If what you see with such a gracious and good sympathy is calculated to rouse my pride, there are other considerations (and those you do not see) urging me to quiet endurance. The latter are by far the stronger."

"I think I have noticed, Mr. Rokesmith," said Bella, looking at him with curiosity, as not quite making him out, "that you repress yourself, and force yourself, to act a passive part."

"You are right. I repress myself and force myself to act a part. It is not in tameness of spirit that I submit. I have a settled purpose."

"And a good one, I hope," said Bella.

"And a good one, I hope," he answered, looking steadily at her.

"Sometimes I have fancied, Sir," said Bella,

turning away her eyes, "that your great regard for Mrs. Boffin is a very powerful motive with you."

"You are right again; it is. I would do any thing for her, bear any thing for her. There are no words to express how I esteem that good, good woman."

"As I do too! May I ask you one thing more, Mr. Rokesmith?"

"Any thing more."

"Of course you see that she really suffers when Mr. Boffin shows how he is changing?"

"I see it, every day, as you see it, and am grieved to give her pain."

"To give her pain?" said Bella, repeating the phrase quickly, with her eyebrows raised.

"I am generally the unfortunate cause of it."

"Perhaps she says to you, as she often says to me, that he is the best of men, in spite of all."

"I often overhear her, in her honest and beautiful devotion to him, saying so to you," returned the Secretary, with the same steady look, "but I can not assert that she ever says so to me."

Bella met the steady look for a moment with a wistful, musing little look of her own, and then, nodding her pretty head several times, like a dimpled philosopher (of the very best school) who was moralizing on Life, heaved a little sigh, and gave up things in general for a bad job, as she had previously been inclined to give up herself.

But for all that they had a very pleasant walk. The trees were bare of leaves, and the river was bare of water-lilies; but the sky was not bare of its beautiful blue, and the water reflected it, and a delicious wind ran with the stream, touching the surface crisply. Perhaps the old mirror was never yet made by human hands, which, if all the images it has in its time reflected could pass across its surface again, would fail to reveal some scene of horror or distress. But the great serene mirror of the river seemed as if it might have reproduced all it had ever reflected between those placid banks, and brought nothing to the light save what was peaceful, pastoral, and blooming.

So, they walked, speaking of the newly filled-up grave, and of Johnny, and of many things. So, on their return, they met brisk Mrs. Milvey coming to seek them, with the agreeable intelligence that there was no fear for the village children, there being a Christian school in the village, and no worse Judaical interference with it than to plant its garden. So, they got back to the village as Lizzie Hexam was coming from the paper-mill, and Bella detached herself to speak with her in her own home.

"I am afraid it is a poor room for you," said Lizzie, with a smile of welcome, as she offered the post of honor by the fireside.

"Not so poor as you think, my dear," returned Bella, "if you knew all." Indeed, though attained by some wonderful winding narrow stairs,

which seemed to have been erected in a pure white chimney, and though very low in the ceiling, and very rugged in the floor, and rather blinking as to the proportions of its lattice window, it was a pleasanter room than that despised chamber once at home, in which Bella had first bemoaned the miseries of taking lodgers.

The day was closing as the two girls looked at one another by the fireside. The dusky room was lighted by the fire. The grate might have been the old brazier, and the glow might have been the old hollow down by the flare.

"It's quite new to me," said Lizzie, "to be visited by a lady so nearly of my own age, and so pretty, as you. It's a pleasure to me to look at you."

"I have nothing left to begin with," returned Bella, blushing, "because I was going to say that it was a pleasure to me to look at you, Lizzie. But we can begin without a beginning, can't we?"

Lizzie took the pretty little hand that was held out in as pretty a little frankness.

"Now, dear," said Bella, drawing her chair a little nearer, and taking Lizzie's arm as if they were going out for a walk, "I am commissioned with something to say, and I dare say I shall say it wrong, but I won't if I can help it. It is in reference to your letter to Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, and this is what it is. Let me see. Oh yes! This is what it is."

With this exordium Bella set forth that request of Lizzie's touching secrecy, and delicately spoke of that false accusation and its retractation, and asked might she beg to be informed whether it had any bearing, near or remote, on such request. "I feel, my dear," said Bella, quite amazing herself by the business-like manner in which she was getting on, "that the subject must be a painful one to you, but I am mixed up in it also; for—I don't know whether you may know it or suspect it—I am the willed-away girl who was to have been married to the unfortunate gentleman, if he had been pleased to approve of me. So I was dragged into the subject without my consent, and you were dragged into it without your consent, and there is very little to choose between us."

"I had no doubt," said Lizzie, "that you were the Miss Wilfer I have often heard named. Can you tell me who my unknown friend is?"

"Unknown friend, my dear?" said Bella.

"Who caused the charge against poor father to be contradicted, and sent me the written paper."

Bella had never heard of him. Had no notion who he was.

"I should have been glad to thank him," returned Lizzie. "He has done a great deal for me. I must hope that he will let me thank him some day. You asked me has it any thing to do—"

"It or the accusation itself," Bella put in.

"Yes. Has either any thing to do with my wishing to live quite secret and retired here? No."



"THREEPENNY OETH RUM."—[SEE PAGE 118.]

As Lizzie Hexam shook her head in giving this reply and as her glance sought the fire, there was a quiet resolution in her folded hands, not lost on Bella's bright eyes.

"Have you lived much alone?" asked Bella.

"Yes. It's nothing new to me. I used to be always alone many hours together, in the day and in the night, when poor father was alive."

"You have a brother, I have been told."

"I have a brother, but he is not friendly with me. He is a very good boy though, and has raised himself by his industry. I don't complain of him."

As she said it, with her eyes upon the fire-glow, there was an instantaneous escape of dis-

treass into her face. Bella seized the moment to touch her hand.

"Lizzie, I wish you would tell me whether you have any friend of your own sex and age."

"I have lived that lonely kind of life that I have never had one," was the answer.

"Nor I neither," said Bella. "Not that my life has been lonely, for I could have sometimes wished it lonelier, instead of having Ma going on like the Tragic Muse with a face-ache in majestic corners, and Lavvy being spiteful—though of course I am very fond of them both. I wish you could make a friend of me, Lizzie. Do you think you could? I have no more of what they call character, my dear, than a canary-bird, but I know I am trust-worthy."

The wayward, playful, affectionate nature, giddy for want of the weight of some sustaining purpose, and capricious because it was always fluttering among little things, was yet a captivating one. To Lizzie it was so new, so pretty, at once so womanly and so childish, that it won her completely. And when Bella said again, "Do you think you could, Lizzie?" with her eyebrows raised, her head inquiringly on one side, and an odd doubt about it in her own bosom, Lizzie showed beyond all question that she thought she could.

"Tell me, my dear," said Bella, "what is the matter, and why you live like this."

Lizzie presently began, by way of prelude, "You must have many lovers—" when Bella checked her with a little scream of astonishment.

"My dear, I haven't one."

"Not one?"

"Well! Perhaps one," said Bella. "I am sure I don't know. I *had* one, but what he may think about it at the present time I can't say. Perhaps I have half a one (of course I don't count that Idiot, George Sampson). However, never mind me. I want to hear about you."

"There is a certain man," said Lizzie, "a passionate and angry man, who says he loves me, and who I must believe does love me. He is the friend of my brother. I shrank from him within myself when my brother first brought him to me; but the last time I saw him he terrified me more than I can say." There she stopped.

"Did you come here to escape from him, Lizzie?"

"I came here immediately after he so alarmed me."

"Are you afraid of him here?"

"I am not timid generally, but I am always afraid of him. I am afraid to see a newspaper, or to hear a word spoken of what is done in London, lest he should have done some violence."

"Then you are not afraid of him for yourself, dear?" said Bella, after pondering on the words.

"I should be even that, if I met him about here. I look round for him always, as I pass to and fro at night."

"Are you afraid of any thing he may do to himself in London, my dear?"

"No. He might be fierce enough even to do some violence to himself, but I don't think of that."

"Then it would almost seem, dear," said Bella, quaintly, "as if there must be somebody else?"

Lizzie put her hands before her face for a moment before replying: "The words are always in my ears, and the blow he struck upon a stone-wall as he said them is always before my eyes. I have tried hard to think it not worth remembering, but I can not make so little of it. His hand was trickling down with blood as he said to me, 'Then I hope that I may never kill him!'"

Rather startled, Bella made and clasped a gir-

dle of her arms round Lizzie's waist, and then asked quietly, in a soft voice, as they both looked at the fire:

"Kill him! Is this man so jealous, then?"

"Of a gentleman," said Lizzie. "—I hardly know how to tell you—of a gentleman far above me and my way of life, who broke father's death to me, and has shown an interest in me since."

"Does he love you?"

Lizzie shook her head.

"Does he admire you?"

Lizzie ceased to shake her head, and pressed her hand upon her living girdle.

"Is it through his influence that you came here?"

"O no! And of all the world I wouldn't have him know that I am here, or get the least clew where to find me."

"Lizzie, dear! Why?" asked Bella, in amazement at this burst. But then quickly added, reading Lizzie's face: "No. Don't say why. That was a foolish question of mine. I see, I see."

There was silence between them. Lizzie, with a drooping head, glanced down at the glow in the fire where her first fancies had been nursed, and her first escape made from the grim life out of which she had plucked her brother, foreseeing her reward.

"You know all now," she said, raising her eyes to Bella's. "There is nothing left out. This is my reason for living secret here, with the aid of a good old man who is my true friend. For a short part of my life at home with father I knew of things—don't ask me what—that I set my face against, and tried to better. I don't think I could have done more, then, without letting my hold on father go; but they sometimes lie heavy on my mind. By doing all for the best, I hope I may wear them out."

"And wear out too," said Bella, soothingly, "this weakness, Lizzie, in favor of one who is not worthy of it."

"No. I don't want to wear that out," was the flushed reply, "nor do I want to believe, nor do I believe, that he is not worthy of it. What should I gain by that, and how much should I lose!"

Bella's expressive little eyebrows remonstrated with the fire for some short time before she rejoined:

"Don't think that I press you, Lizzie; but wouldn't you gain in peace, and hope, and even in freedom? Wouldn't it be better not to live a secret life in hiding, and not to be shut out from your natural and wholesome prospects? Forgive my asking you, would that be no gain?"

"Does a woman's heart—that—that has that weakness in it which you have spoken of," returned Lizzie, "seek to gain any thing?"

The question was so directly at variance with Bella's views in life, as set forth to her father, that she said, internally, "There, you little mercenary wretch! Do you hear that? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" and unclasped the girdle

of her arms, expressly to give herself a penitential poke in the side.

"But you said, Lizzie," observed Bella, returning to her subject when she had administered this chastisement, "that you would lose, besides. Would you mind telling me what you would lose, Lizzie?"

"I should lose some of the best recollections, best encouragements, and best objects, that I carry through my daily life. I should lose my belief that if I had been his equal, and he had loved me, I should have tried with all my might to make him better and happier, as he would have made me. I should lose almost all the value that I put upon the little learning I have, which is all owing to him, and which I conquered the difficulties of, that he might not think it thrown away upon me. I should lose a kind of picture of him—or of what he might have been, if I had been a lady, and he had loved me—which is always with me, and which I somehow feel that I could not do a mean or a wrong thing before. I should leave off prizing the remembrance that he has done me nothing but good since I have known him, and that he has made a change within me, like—like the change in the grain of these hands, which were coarse, and cracked, and hard, and brown when I rowed on the river with father, and are softened and made supple by this new work as you see them now."

They trembled, but with no weakness, as she showed them.

"Understand me, my dear;" thus she went on. "I have never dreamed of the possibility of his being any thing to me on this earth but the kind of picture that I know I could not make you understand, if the understanding was not in your own breast already. I have no more dreamed of the possibility of *my* being his wife than he ever has—and words could not be stronger than that. And yet I love him. I love him so much, and so dearly, that when I sometimes think my life may be but a weary one, I am proud of it and glad of it. I am proud and glad to suffer something for him, even though it is of no service to him, and he will never know of it or care for it."

Bella sat enchained by the deep, unselfish passion of this girl or woman of her own age, courageously revealing itself in the confidence of her sympathetic perception of its truth. And yet she had never experienced any thing like it, or thought of the existence of any thing like it.

"It was late upon a wretched night," said Lizzie, "when his eyes first looked at me in my old river-side home, very different from this. His eyes may never look at me again. I would rather that they never did; I hope that they never may. But I would not have the light of them taken out of my life for any thing my life can give me. I have told you every thing now, my dear. If it comes a little strange to me to have parted with it, I am not sorry. I had no thought of ever parting with a single word of it

a moment before you came in; but you came in, and my mind changed."

Bella kissed her on the cheek, and thanked her warmly for her confidence. "I only wish," said Bella, "I was more deserving of it."

"More deserving of it?" repeated Lizzie, with an incredulous smile.

"I don't mean in respect of keeping it," said Bella, "because any one should tear me to bits before getting at a syllable of it—though there's no merit in that, for I am naturally as obstinate as a Pig. What I mean is, Lizzie, that I am a mere impertinent piece of conceit, and you shame me."

Lizzie put up the pretty brown hair that came tumbling down, owing to the energy with which Bella shook her head; and she remonstrated while thus engaged, "My dear!"

"Oh, it's all very well to call me your dear," said Bella, with a pettish whimper, "and I am glad to be called so, though I have slight enough claim to be. But I *am* such a nasty little thing!"

"My dear!" urged Lizzie again.

"Such a shallow, cold, worldly, Limited little brute!" said Bella, bringing out her last adjective with culminating force.

"Do you think," inquired Lizzie with her quiet smile, the hair being now secured, "that I don't know better?"

"Do you know better though?" said Bella. "Do you really believe you know better? Oh, I should be so glad if you did know better, but I am so very much afraid that I must know best!"

Lizzie asked her, laughing outright, whether she ever saw her own face or heard her own voice?

"I suppose so," returned Bella; "I look in the glass often enough, and I chatter like a Magpie."

"I have seen your face, and heard your voice, at any rate," said Lizzie, "and they have tempted me to say to you—with a certainty of not going wrong—what I thought I should never say to any one. Does that look ill?"

"No, I hope it doesn't," pouted Bella, stopping herself in something between a humored laugh and a humored sob.

"I used once to see pictures in the fire," said Lizzie, playfully, "to please my brother. Shall I tell you what I see down there where the fire is glowing?"

They had risen, and were standing on the hearth, the time being come for separating; each had drawn an arm around the other to take leave.

"Shall I tell you," asked Lizzie, "what I see down there?"

"Limited little b?" suggested Bella with her eyebrows raised.

"A heart well worth winning and well won. A heart that, once won, goes through fire and water for the winner, and never changes, and is never daunted."

"Girl's heart?" asked Bella, with accompanying eyebrows.

Lizzie nodded. "And the figure to which it belongs—"

"Is yours," suggested Bella.

"No. Most clearly and distinctly yours."

So the interview terminated with pleasant words on both sides, and with many reminders on the part of Bella that they were friends, and pledges that she would soon come down into that part of the country again. Therewith Lizzie returned to her occupation, and Bella ran over to the little inn to rejoin her company.

"You look rather serious, Miss Wilfer," was the Secretary's first remark.

"I feel rather serious," returned Miss Wilfer.

She had nothing else to tell him but that Lizzie Hexam's secret had no reference whatever to the cruel charge, or its withdrawal. Oh yes though! said Bella; she might as well mention one other thing; Lizzie was very desirous to thank her unknown friend who had sent her the written retraction. Was she, indeed? observed the Secretary. Ah! Bella asked him, had he any notion who that unknown friend might be? He had no notion whatever.

They were on the borders of Oxfordshire, so far had poor old Betty Higden strayed. They were to return by the train presently, and, the station being near at hand, the Reverend Frank and Mrs. Frank, and Sloppy and Bella and the Secretary, set out to walk to it. Few rustic paths are wide enough for five, and Bella and the Secretary dropped behind.

"Can you believe, Mr. Rokesmith," said Bella, "that I feel as if whole years had passed since I went into Lizzie Hexam's cottage?"

"We have crowded a good deal into the day," he returned, "and you were much affected in the church-yard. You are over-tired."

"No, I am not at all tired. I have not quite expressed what I mean. I don't mean that I feel as if a great space of time had gone by, but that I feel as if much had happened—to myself, you know."

"For good, I hope?"

"I hope so," said Bella.

"You are cold; I felt you tremble. Pray let me put this wrapper of mine about you. May I fold it over this shoulder without injuring your dress? Now, it will be too heavy and too long. Let me carry this end over my arm, as you have no arm to give me."

Yes she had though. How she got it out, in her muffled state, Heaven knows; but she got it out somehow—there it was—and slipped it through the Secretary's.

"I have had a long and interesting talk with Lizzie, Mr. Rokesmith, and she gave me her full confidence."

"She could not withhold it," said the Secretary.

"I wonder how you come," said Bella, stopping short as she glanced at him, "to say to me just what she said about it!"

"I infer that it must be because I feel just as she felt about it."

"And how was that, do you mean to say, Sir?" asked Bella, moving again.

"That if you were inclined to win her confidence—any body's confidence—you were sure to do it."

The railway, at this point, knowingly shutting a green eye and opening a red one, they had to run for it. As Bella could not run easily so wrapped up, the Secretary had to help her. When she took her opposite place in the carriage corner, the brightness in her face was so charming to behold, that on her exclaiming, "What beautiful stars and what a glorious night!" the Secretary said "Yes," but seemed to prefer to see the night and the stars in the light of her lovely little countenance to looking out of window.

O boofer lady, fascinating boofer lady! If I were but legally executor of Johnny's will! If I had but the right to pay your legacy and to take your receipt!—Something to this purpose surely mingled with the blast of the train as it cleared the stations, all knowingly shutting up their green eyes and opening their red ones when they prepared to let the boofer lady pass.

## CHAPTER X.

### SCOUTS OUT.

"AND SO, Miss Wren," said Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, "I can not persuade you to dress me a doll?"

"No," replied Miss Wren, snappishly; "if you want one, go and buy one at the shop."

"And my charming young goddaughter," said Mr. Wrayburn, plaintively, "down in Hertfordshire—"

("Humbughshire you mean, I think," interposed Miss Wren.)

"—is to be put upon the cold footing of the general public, and is to derive no advantage from my private acquaintance with the Court Dress-maker?"

"If it's any advantage to your charming godchild—and oh, a precious godfather she has got!" replied Miss Wren, pricking at him in the air with her needle, "to be informed that the Court Dress-maker knows your tricks and your manners, you may tell her so by post, with my compliments."

Miss Wren was busy at her work by candle-light, and Mr. Wrayburn, half amused and half vexed, and all idle and shiftless, stood by her bench looking on. Miss Wren's troublesome child was in the corner in deep disgrace, and exhibiting great wretchedness in the shivering stage of prostration from drink.

"Ugh, you disgraceful boy!" exclaimed Miss Wren, attracted by the sound of his chattering teeth, "I wish they'd all drop down your throat and play at dice in your stomach! Boh, wicked child! Bee-baa, black sheep!"

On her accompanying each of these reproaches

with a threatening stamp of the foot, the wretched creature protested with a whine.

"Pay five shillings for you indeed!" Miss Wren proceeded; "how many hours do you suppose it costs me to earn five shillings, you infamous boy?—Don't ery like that, or I'll throw a doll at you. Pay five shillings fine for you indeed. Fine in more ways than one, I think! I'd give the dustman five shillings to carry you off in the dust cart."

"No, no," pleaded the absurd creature. "Please!"

"He's enough to break his mother's heart, is this boy," said Miss Wren, half appealing to Eugene. "I wish I had never brought him up. He'd be sharper than a serpent's tooth, if he wasn't as dull as ditch water. Look at him. There's a pretty object for a parent's eyes!"

Assuredly, in his worse than swinish state (for swine at least fatten on their guzzling, and make themselves good to eat), he was a pretty object for any eyes.

"A muddling and a swipecy old child," said Miss Wren, rating him with great severity, "fit for nothing but to be preserved in the liquor that destroys him, and put in a great glass bottle as a sight for other swipecy children of his own pattern—if he has no consideration for his liver, has he none for his mother?"

"Yes. Deration, oh don't!" cried the subject of these angry remarks.

"Oh don't and oh don't," pursued Miss Wren. "It's oh do and oh do. And why do you?"

"Won't do so any more. Won't indeed. Pray!"

"There!" said Miss Wren, covering her eyes with her hand. "I can't bear to look at you. Go up stairs and get me my bonnet and shawl. Make yourself useful in some way, bad boy, and let me have your room instead of your company for one half minute."

Obeysing her, he shambled out, and Eugene Wrayburn saw the tears exude from between the little creature's fingers as she kept her hand before her eyes. He was sorry, but his sympathy did not move his carelessness to do any thing but feel sorry.

"I'm going to the Italian Opera to try on," said Miss Wren, taking away her hand after a little while, and laughing satirically to hide that she had been crying; "I must see your back before I go, Mr. Wrayburn. Let me first tell you, once for all, that it's of no use your paying visits to me. You wouldn't get what you want of me, no, not if you brought pincers with you to tear it out."

"Are you so obstinate on the subject of a doll's dress for my godchild?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Wren, with a hitch of her chin, "I am so obstinate. And of course it's on the subject of a doll's dress—or *address*—whichever you like. Get along and give it up!"

Her degraded charge had come back, and was standing behind her with the bonnet and shawl.

"Give 'em to me and get back into your corner, you naughty old thing!" said Miss Wren, as she turned and espied him. "No, no, I won't have your help. Go into your corner, this minute!"

The miserable man, feebly rubbing the back of his faltering hands downward from the wrists, shuffled on to his post of disgrace; but not without a curious glance at Eugene in passing him, accompanied with what seemed as if it might have been an action of his elbow, if any action of any limb or joint he had would have answered truly to his will. Taking no more particular notice of him than instinctively falling away from the disagreeable contact, Eugene, with a lazy compliment or so to Miss Wren, begged leave to light his cigar, and departed.

"Now you prodigal old son," said Jenny, shaking her head and her emphatic little forefinger at her burden, "you sit there till I come back. You dare to move out of your corner for a single instant while I'm gone, and I'll know the reason why."

With this admonition she blew her work candles out, leaving him to the light of the fire, and, taking her big door-key in her pocket and her crutch-stick in her hand, marched off.

Eugene lounged slowly toward the Temple, smoking his cigar, but saw no more of the dolls' dress-maker, through the accident of their taking opposite sides of the street. He lounged along moodily, and stopped at Charing Cross to look about him, with as little interest in the crowd as any man might take, and was lounging on again, when a most unexpected object caught his eyes. No less an object than Jenny Wren's bad boy trying to make up his mind to cross the road.

A more ridiculous and feeble spectacle than this tottering wretch making unsteady sallies into the roadway, and as often staggering back again, oppressed by terrors of vehicles that were a long way off or were nowhere, the streets could not have shown. Over and over again, when the course was perfectly clear, he set out, got half-way, described a loop, turned, and went back again, when he might have crossed and re-crossed half a dozen times. Then he would stand shivering on the edge of the pavement, looking up the street and looking down, while scores of people jostled him, and crossed, and went on. Stimulated in course of time by the sight of so many successes, he would make another sally, make another loop, would all but have his foot on the opposite pavement, would see or imagine something coming, and would stagger back again. There, he would stand making spasmodic preparations as if for a great leap, and at last would decide on a start at precisely the wrong moment, and would be roared at by drivers, and would shrink back once more, and stand in the old spot shivering, with the whole of the proceedings to go through again.

"It strikes me," remarked Eugene, coolly, after watching him for some minutes, "that my friend is likely to be rather behind time if he

has any appointment on hand." With which remark he strolled on, and took no further thought of him.

Lightwood was at home when he got to the Chambers, and had dined alone there. Eugene drew a chair to the fire by which he was having his wine and reading the evening paper, and brought a glass, and filled it for good fellowship's sake.

"My dear Mortimer, you are the express picture of contented industry, reposing (on credit) after the virtuous labors of the day."

"My dear Eugene, you are the express picture of discontented idleness not reposing at all. Where have you been?"

"I have been," replied Wrayburn, "—about town. I have turned up at the present juncture with the intention of consulting my highly intelligent and respected solicitor on the position of my affairs."

"Your highly intelligent and respected solicitor is of opinion that your affairs are in a bad way, Eugene."

"Though whether," said Eugene, thoughtfully, "that can be intelligently said, now, of the affairs of a client who has nothing to lose and who can not possibly be made to pay, may be open to question."

"You have fallen into the hands of the Jews, Eugene."

"My dear boy," returned the debtor, very composedly taking up his glass, "having previously fallen into the hands of some of the Christians, I can bear it with philosophy."

"I have had an interview to-day, Eugene, with a Jew, who seems determined to press us hard. Quite a Shylock, and quite a Patriarch. A picturesque gray-headed and gray-bearded old Jew, in a shovel-hat and gaberdine."

"Not," said Eugene, pausing in setting down his glass, "surely not my worthy friend Mr. Aaron?"

"He calls himself Mr. Riah."

"By-the-by," said Eugene, "it comes into my mind that—no doubt with an instinctive desire to receive him into the bosom of our Church—I gave him the name of Aaron!"

"Eugene, Eugene," returned Lightwood, "you are more ridiculous than usual. Say what you mean."

"Merely, my dear fellow, that I have the honor and pleasure of a speaking acquaintance with such a Patriarch as you describe, and that I address him as Mr. Aaron, because it appears to me Hebraic, expressive, appropriate, and complimentary. Notwithstanding which strong reasons for its being his name, it may not be his name."

"I believe you are the absurdest man on the face of the earth," said Lightwood, laughing.

"Not at all, I assure you. Did he mention that he knew me?"

"He did not. He only said of you that he expected to be paid by you."

"Which looks," remarked Eugene, with much

gravity, "like *not* knowing me. I hope it may not be my worthy friend Mr. Aaron, for, to tell you the truth, Mortimer, I doubt he may have a prepossession against me. I strongly suspect him of having had a hand in spiriting away Lizzie."

"Every thing," returned Lightwood, impatiently, "seems, by a fatality, to bring us round to Lizzie. 'About town' meant about Lizzie, just now, Eugene."

"My solicitor, do you know," observed Eugene, turning round to the furniture, "is a man of infinite discernment!"

"Did it not, Eugene?"

"Yes it did, Mortimer."

"And yet, Eugene, you know you do not really care for her."

Eugene Wrayburn rose, and put his hands in his pockets, and stood with a foot on the fender, indolently rocking his body and looking at the fire. After a prolonged pause he replied: "I don't know that. I must ask you not to say that, as if we took it for granted."

"But if you do care for her, so much the more should you leave her to herself."

Having again paused as before, Eugene said: "I don't know that either. But tell me. Did you ever see me take so much trouble about any thing as about this disappearance of hers? I ask, for information."

"My dear Eugene, I wish I ever had!"

"Then you have not? Just so. You confirm my own impression. Does that look as if I cared for her? I ask, for information."

"I asked *you* for information, Eugene," said Mortimer, reproachfully.

"Dear boy, I know it, but I can't give it. I thirst for information. What do I mean? If my taking so much trouble to recover her does not mean that I care for her, what does it mean? 'If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper, where's the peck,' etc.?"

Though he said this gayly, he said it with a perplexed and inquisitive face, as if he actually did not know what to make of himself. "Look on to the end—" Lightwood was beginning to remonstrate, when he caught at the words:

"Ah! See now! That's exactly what I am capable of doing. How very acute you are, Mortimer, in finding my weak place! When we were at school together I got up my lessons at the last moment, day by day and bit by bit; now we are out in life together, I get up my lessons in the same way. In the present task I have not got beyond this: I am bent on finding Lizzie, and I mean to find her, and I will take any means of finding her that offer themselves. Fair means or foul means are all alike to me. I ask you—for information—what does that mean? When I have found her I may ask you—also for information—what do I mean now? But it would be premature in this stage, and it's not the character of my mind."

Lightwood was shaking his head over the air with which his friend held forth thus—an air so

whimsically open and argumentative as almost to deprive what he said of the appearance of evasion—when a shuffling was heard at the outer door, and then an undecided knock, as though some hand were groping for the knocker. “The frolicsome youth of the neighborhood,” said Eugene, “whom I should be delighted to pitch from this elevation into the church-yard below, without any intermediate ceremonies, have probably turned the lamp out. I am on duty to-night, and will see to the door.”

His friend had barely had time to recall the unprecedented gleam of determination with which he had spoken of finding this girl, and which had faded out of him with the breath of the spoken words, when Eugene came back, ushering in a most disgraceful shadow of a man, shaking from head to foot, and clothed in shabby grease and smear.

“This interesting gentleman,” said Eugene, “is the son—the occasionally rather trying son, for he has his failings—of a lady of my acquaintance. My dear Mortimer—Mr. Dolls.” Eugene had no idea what his name was, knowing the little dress-maker’s to be assumed, but presented him with easy confidence under the first appellation that his associations suggested.

“I gather, my dear Mortimer,” pursued Eugene, as Lightwood stared at the obscene visitor, “from the manner of Mr. Dolls—which is occasionally complicated—that he desires to make some communication to me. I have mentioned to Mr. Dolls that you and I are on terms of confidence, and have requested Mr. Dolls to develop his views here.”

The wretched object being much embarrassed by holding what remained of his hat, Eugene airily tossed it to the door and put him down in a chair.

“It will be necessary, I think,” he observed, “to wind up Mr. Dolls before any thing to any mortal purpose can be got out of him. Brandy, Mr. Dolls, or—?”

“Threepenn’orth Rum,” said Mr. Dolls.

A judiciously small quantity of the spirit was given him in a wine-glass, and he began to convey it to his mouth with all kinds of falterings and gyrations on the road.

“The nerves of Mr. Dolls,” remarked Eugene to Lightwood, “are considerably unstrung. And I deem it on the whole expedient to fumigate Mr. Dolls.”

He took the shovel from the grate, sprinkled a few live ashes on it, and from a box on the chimney-piece took a few pastiles, which he set upon them; then with great composure began placidly waving the shovel in front of Mr. Dolls to cut him off from his company.

“Lord bless my soul, Eugene!” cried Lightwood, laughing again, “what a mad fellow you are! Why does this creature come to see you?”

“We shall hear,” said Wrayburn, very observant of his face withal. “Now then. Speak out. Don’t be afraid. State your business, Dolls.”

“Mist Wrayburn!” said the visitor, thickly

and huskily. “—’Tis Mist Wrayburn, ain’t?” With a stupid stare.

“Of course it is. Look at me. What do you want?”

Mr. Dolls collapsed in his chair and faintly said, “Threepenn’orth Rum.”

“Will you do me the favor, my dear Mortimer, to wind up Mr. Dolls again?” said Eugene. “I am occupied with the fumigation.”

A similar quantity was poured into his glass, and he got it to his lips by similar circuitous ways. Having drunk it, Mr. Dolls, with an evident fear of running down again unless he made haste, proceeded to business.

“Mist Wrayburn. Tried to nudge you, but you wouldn’t. You want that drection. You want t’know where she lives. Do you Mist Wrayburn?”

With a glance at his friend, Eugene replied to the question sternly, “I do.”

“I am er man,” said Mr. Dolls, trying to smite himself on the breast, but bringing his hand to bear upon the vicinity of his eye, “er do it. I am er man er do it.”

“What are you the man to do?” demanded Eugene, still sternly.

“Er give up that drection.”

“Have you got it?”

With a most laborious attempt at pride and dignity, Mr. Dolls rolled his head for some time, awakening the highest expectations, and then answered, as if it were the happiest point that could possibly be expected of him: “No.”

“What do you mean then?”

Mr. Dolls, collapsing in the drowsiest manner after his late intellectual triumph, replied: “Threepenn’orth Rum.”

“Wind him up again, my dear Mortimer,” said Wrayburn; “wind him up again.”

“Eugene, Eugene,” urged Lightwood in a low voice, as he complied, “can you stoop to the use of such an instrument as this?”

“I said,” was the reply, made with that former gleam of determination, “that I would find her out by any means, fair or foul. These are foul, and I’ll take them—if I am not first tempted to break the head of Mr. Dolls with the fumigator. Can you get the direction? Do you mean that? Speak! If that’s what you have come for, say how much you want.”

“Ten shillings—Threepenn’orths Rum,” said Mr. Dolls.

“You shall have it.”

“Fifteen shillings—Threepenn’orths Rum,” said Mr. Dolls, making an attempt to stiffen himself.

“Yon shall have it. Stop at that. How will you get the direction you talk of?”

“I am er man,” said Mr. Dolls, with majesty, “er get it, Sir.”

“How will you get it, I ask you?”

“I am ill-used vidnal,” said Mr. Dolls. “Blown up morning t’night. Called names. She makes Mint money, Sir, and never stands Threepenn’orth Rum.”

"Get on," rejoined Eugene, tapping his palsied head with the fire-shovel as it sank on his breast. "What comes next?"

Making a dignified attempt to gather himself together, but, as it were, dropping half a dozen pieces of himself while he tried in vain to pick up one, Mr. Dolls, swaying his head from side to side, regarded his questioner with what he supposed to be a haughty smile and a scornful glance.

"She looks upon me as mere child, Sir. I am not mere child, Sir. Man. Man talent. Lerrers pass betwixt 'em. Postman lerrers. Easy for man talent er get drection as get his own drection."

"Get it then," said Eugene; adding very heartily under his breath, "—You Brute! Get it, and bring it here to me, and earn the money for sixty threepenn'orths of rum, and drink them all, one atop of another, and drink yourself dead with all possible expedition." The latter clauses of these special instructions he addressed to the fire, as he gave it back the ashes he had taken from it, and replaced the shovel.

Mr. Dolls now struck out the highly unexpected discovery that he had been insulted by Lightwood, and stated his desire to "have it out with him" on the spot, and defied him to come on, upon the liberal terms of a sovereign to a half-penny. Mr. Dolls then fell a crying, and then exhibited a tendency to fall asleep. This last manifestation as by far the most alarming, by reason of its threatening his prolonged stay on the premises, necessitated vigorous measures. Eugene picked up his worn-out hat with the tongs, clapped it on his head, and, taking him by the collar—all this at arm's-length—conducted him down stairs and out of the precincts into Fleet Street. There, he turned his face westward, and left him.

When he got back, Lightwood was standing over the fire, brooding in a sufficiently low-spirited manner.

"I'll wash my hands of Mr. Dolls—physically—" said Eugene, "and be with you again directly, Mortimer."

"I would much prefer," retorted Mortimer, "your washing your hands of Mr. Dolls, morally, Eugene."

"So would I," said Eugene; "but you see, dear boy, I can't do without him."

In a minute or two he resumed his chair, as perfectly unconcerned as usual, and rallied his friend on having so narrowly escaped the prowess of their muscular visitor.

"I can't be amused on this theme," said Mortimer, restlessly. "You can make almost any theme amusing to me, Eugene, but not this."

"Well!" cried Eugene, "I am a little ashamed of it myself, and therefore let us change the subject."

"It is so deplorably underhanded," said Mortimer. "It is so unworthy of you, this setting on of such a shameful scout."

"We have changed the subject!" exclaimed

Eugene airily. "We have found a new one in that word, scout. Don't be like Patience on a mantle-piece frowning at Dolls, but sit down, and I'll tell you something that you really will find amusing. Take a cigar. Look at this of mine. I light it—draw one puff—breathe the smoke out—there it goes—it's Dolls—it's gone—and being gone you are a man again."

"Your subject," said Mortimer, after lighting a cigar, and comforting himself with a whiff or two, "was scouts, Eugene."

"Exactly. Isn't it droll that I never go out after dark but I find myself attended always by one scout, and often by two?"

Lightwood took his cigar from his lips in surprise, and looked at his friend, as if with a latent suspicion that there must be a jest or hidden meaning in his words.

"On my honor, no," said Wrayburn, answering the look and smiling carelessly; "I don't wonder at your supposing so, but on my honor, no. I say what I mean. I never go out after dark but I find myself in the ludicrous situation of being followed and observed at a distance, always by one scout, and often by two."

"Are you sure, Eugene?"

"Sure? My dear boy, they are always the same."

"But there's no process out against you. The Jews only threaten. They have done nothing. Besides, they know where to find you, and I represent you. Why take the trouble?"

"Observe the legal mind!" remarked Eugene, turning round to the furniture again, with an air of indolent rapture. "Observe the dyer's hand, assimilating itself to what it works in—or would work in, if any body would give it any thing to do. Respected solicitor, it's not that. The schoolmaster's abroad."

"The schoolmaster?"

"Ay! Sometimes the schoolmaster and the pupil are both abroad. Why, how soon you rust in my absence! You don't understand yet? Those fellows who were here one night. They are the scouts I speak of, as doing me the honor to attend me after dark."

"How long has this been going on?" asked Lightwood, opposing a serious face to the laugh of his friend.

"I apprehend it has been going on ever since a certain person went off. Probably it had been going on some little time before I noticed it: which would bring it to about that time."

"Do you think they suppose you to have inveigled her away?"

"My dear Mortimer, you know the absorbing nature of my professional occupations; I really have not had leisure to think about it."

"Have you asked them what they want? Have you objected?"

"Why should I ask them what they want, dear fellow, when I am indifferent what they want? Why should I express objection, when I don't object?"

"You are in your most reckless mood. But

you called the situation just now a ludicrous one; and most men object to that, even those who are utterly indifferent to every thing else."

"You charm me, Mortimer, with your reading of my weaknesses. (By-the-by, that very word, Reading, in its critical use, always charms me. An actress's Reading of a chamber-maid, a dancer's Reading of a hornpipe, a singer's Reading of a song, a marine-painter's Reading of the sea, the kettle-drum's Reading of an instrumental passage, are phrases ever youthful and delightful.) I was mentioning your perception of my weaknesses. I own to the weakness of objecting to occupy a ludicrous position, and therefore I transfer the position to the scouts."

"I wish, Eugene, you would speak a little more soberly and plainly, if it were only out of consideration for my feeling less at ease than you do."

"Then soberly and plainly, Mortimer, I goad the schoolmaster to madness. I make the schoolmaster so ridiculous, and so aware of being made ridiculous, that I see him chafe and fret at every pore when we cross one another. The amiable occupation has been the solace of my life since I was balked in the manner unnecessary to recall. I have derived inexpressible comfort from it. I do it thus: I stroll out after dark, stroll a little way, look in at a window, and furtively look out for the schoolmaster. Sooner or later I perceive the schoolmaster on the watch; sometimes accompanied by his hopeful pupil, oftener pupil-less. Having made sure of his watching me, I tempt him on, all over London. One night I go east, another night north, in a few nights I go all round the compass. Sometimes I walk; sometimes I proceed in cabs, draining the pocket of the schoolmaster who then follows in cabs. I study and get up abstruse no Thororoughfares in the course of the day. With Venetian mystery I seek those No Thororoughfares at night, glide into them by means of dark courts, tempt the schoolmaster to follow, turn suddenly, and catch him before he can retreat. Then we face one another, and I pass him as unaware of his existence, and he undergoes grinding torments. Similarly, I walk at a great pace down a short street, rapidly turn the corner, and, getting out of his view, as rapidly turn back. I catch him coming on post, again pass him as unaware of his existence, and again he undergoes grinding torments. Night after night his disappointment is acute, but hope springs eternal in the scholastic breast, and he follows me again to-morrow. Thus I enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and derive great benefit from the healthful exercise. When I do not enjoy the pleasures of the chase, for any thing I know he watches at the Temple Gate all night."

"This is an extraordinary story," observed Lightwood, who had heard it out with serious attention. "I don't like it."

"You are a little hipped, dear fellow," said Eugene; "you have been too sedentary. Come and enjoy the pleasures of the chase."

"Do you mean that you believe he is watching now?"

"I have not the slightest doubt he is."

"Have you seen him to-night?"

"I forgot to look for him when I was last out," returned Eugene, with the calmest indifference; "but I dare say he was there. Come! Be a British sportsman, and enjoy the pleasures of the chase. It will do you good."

Lightwood hesitated; but, yielding to his curiosity, rose.

"Bravo!" cried Eugene, rising too. "Or, if Yoicks would be in better keeping, consider that I said Yoicks. Look to your feet, Mortimer, for we shall try your boots. When you are ready, I am—need I say with a Hey Ho Chivey, and likewise with a Hark Forward, Hark Forward, Tantivy?"

"Will nothing make you serious?" said Mortimer, laughing through his gravity.

"I am always serious, but just now I am a little excited by the glorious fact that a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting evening. Ready? So. We turn out the lamp and shut the door, and take the field."

As the two friends passed out of the Temple into the public street, Eugene demanded with a show of courteous patronage in which direction Mortimer would like the run to be? "There is a rather difficult country about Bethnal Green," said Eugene, "and we have not taken in that direction lately. What is your opinion of Bethnal Green?" Mortimer assented to Bethnal Green, and they turned eastward. "Now, when we come to St. Paul's church-yard," pursued Eugene, "we'll loiter artfully, and I'll show you the schoolmaster." But they both saw him before they got there; alone, and stealing after them in the shadow of the houses on the opposite side of the way.

"Get your wind," said Eugene, "for I am off directly. Does it occur to you that the boys of Merry England will begin to deteriorate in an educational light if this lasts long? The schoolmaster can't attend to me and the boys too. Got your wind? I am off!"

At what a rate he went, to breathe the schoolmaster; and how he then lounged and loitered, to put his patience to another kind of wear; what preposterous ways he took, with no other object on earth than to disappoint and punish him; and how he wore him out by every piece of ingenuity that his eccentric humor could devise; all this Lightwood noted with a feeling of astonishment that so careless a man could be so wary, and that so idle a man could take so much trouble. At last, far on in the third hour of the pleasures of the chase, when he had brought the poor dogging wretch round again into the City, he twisted Mortimer up a few dark entries, twisted him into a little square court, twisted him sharp round again, and they almost ran against Bradley Headstone.

"And you see, as I was saying, Mortimer," remarked Eugene aloud with the utmost cool-

ness, as though there were no one within hearing but themselves: "and you see, as I was saying—undergoing grinding torments."

It was not too strong a phrase for the occasion. Looking like the hunted and not the hunter, baffled, worn, with the exhaustion of deferred hope and consuming hate and anger in his face, white-lipped, wild-eyed, draggle-haired, seamed with jealousy and anger, and torturing himself with the conviction that he showed it all and they exulted in it, he went by them in the dark, like a haggard head suspended in the air: so completely did the force of his expression cancel his figure.

Mortimer Lightwood was not an extraordinarily impressive man, but this face impressed him. He spoke of it more than once on the re-

mainder of the way home, and more than once when they got home.

They had been abed in their respective rooms two or three hours when Eugene was partly awakened by hearing a footstep going about, and was fully awakened by seeing Lightwood standing at his bedside.

"Nothing wrong, Mortimer?"

"No."

"What fancy takes you, then, for walking about in the night?"

"I am horribly wakeful."

"How comes that about, I wonder?"

"Eugene, I can not lose sight of that fellow's face."

"Odd!" said Eugene, with a light laugh, "I can." And turned over, and fell asleep again.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 10th of May. Within the six weeks commencing with the 25th of March are comprised more important events than in any other period of the same length in human history.

Before the middle of March it was evident that the Confederate capital must be abandoned. It was merely a question of time—a few days more or less. Lee's vigorous attack upon Fort Steadman, on the 25th, was less an effort to avoid this necessity than a movement to mask its execution. The disastrous failure of this attempt determined Grant to strike the enemy on his retreat. Sheridan was therefore dispatched, by a wide detour, to strike Lee's right. The series of actions which ensued during the last days of March and the first days of April were noted in our last Record, together with our occupation of Petersburg and Richmond. On Sunday, April 2, Davis, while at church, received tidings from Lee that his lines had been pierced, and that his position was no longer tenable. He left the church, and before night he and his cabinet departed from Richmond, taking with them such specie as they were able to gather from the banks. They left by the Danville Railroad for North Carolina. From Danville, on the 5th of April, Davis issued a proclamation, of which the following are the most important passages:

"The General-in-Chief found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from the occupation of our capital by the enemy.... For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy, under command of a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and the people, has been greatly trammelled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital, and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise.... We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it and we are free.... I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any one of the States of the Confederacy;.... that Virginia, with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory. If by the stress of numbers we

should ever be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other Border State, again and again will we return, until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free."

Proceeding to North Carolina, Davis remained for three weeks in the neighborhood of Raleigh, awaiting the course of events. These proving wholly disastrous, he again set off southward. At the latest intelligence Stoneman's cavalry were hard upon his track.

The army of Lee, abandoning Petersburg and Richmond, struck almost due south, with the apparent purpose of gaining Lynchburg, which had been strongly intrenched, and where were large supplies of stores. Before abandoning Richmond, the city was set on fire; the damage done was much greater than was indicated in our last Record. General Ewell, in a published letter, affirms that the conflagration was caused by a mob, against which the city authorities had ample time to make provision by the organization of a competent police force, since they were forewarned that the city would be abandoned; but there seems to be abundant evidence that the place was fired by the rear-guard of the army—whether acting with or without orders may still be considered a matter of doubt. Lee's retreat was made by several roads; and Grant pushed forward his forces in pursuit. The retreat, though somewhat disorderly, was still far from an absolute rout. There was great demoralization and much desertion in the rear and on the flanks; but there was always a solid central core, which opposed a stout resistance whenever assailed. It is yet too early, in the absence of official reports, to undertake to give a detail of the movements of the three days which followed the abandonment of Richmond, or to assign to each officer and division of the army the credit to which they are entitled. The main object of the movements on both sides is, however, evident: Lee wished to gain Lynchburg, and Sheridan wished to intercept him. Lynchburg lies 116 miles almost due west from Richmond. On the morning of the 5th the main body of the Confederate army was gathered near Amelia Court House, 47 miles on its way; while Sheridan, by a wide detour, had reached Burkesville, about 15 miles further west, and directly in the way to Lynchburg. Sheridan

then sent a brigade, which made a sharp and successful attack upon the enemy's flank; several corps of Meade's army were close at hand; and in the middle of the afternoon Sheridan wrote to Grant, "I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the army of Northern Virginia if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for Lee." Meade, having ascertained the precise position of Lee, on the morning of the 6th moved the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps upon his retreating columns. The Fifth made a long march, but its position prevented it from striking the enemy until he had passed. The Second and the Sixth struck the Confederates near Deatonville, and, after the most severe encounter of the retreat, routed them completely, capturing several thousand prisoners, among whom were Generals Ewell, Kershaw, and Custis Lee. Lee's position was now desperate. His army, reduced by more than a half, was fairly surrounded. Grant, acting upon Sheridan's desire, had come to the front. He saw the state of affairs at once, and knew that it must be equally apparent to Lee. On the 7th he addressed the following letter to Lee:

"GENERAL.—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the C. S. army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

To this Lee replied, that while he was not entirely of Grant's opinion of the "hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia," he reciprocated the desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and asked the terms which would be offered on condition of surrender. Grant replied, on the 8th, that peace being his first desire, he should insist upon only one condition: "That the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged." He offered to meet any officer appointed by Lee for the purpose of definitely arranging the terms of surrender. Lee rejoined that he did not intend to propose to surrender his army, for he "did not think the emergency had arisen to call for surrender;" he had merely asked the terms of Grant's proposition; "but," he added, "as the restoration of peace should be sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals will tend to that end." He could not, he said, meet him with a view to surrender; but so far as Grant's propositions might affect the Confederate forces under his own command, and lead to a restoration of peace, he should be pleased to meet him at a designated place. Grant rejoined that he had no authority to treat on the subject of peace, and so a meeting for that special object could do no good. The whole North desired peace, and "the terms on which it can be had were well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. I sincerely hope that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life." Lee then requested an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in this letter. The meeting took place on the 9th, when Grant proposed his terms, which were accepted. The negotiation, though conducted verbally, took the formal shape of a written proposition and reply. Grant wrote:

"In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant I propose to receive the surrender of

the Army of Northern Virginia, on the following terms, to wit:

"Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

"The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

"The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

"This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside."

Lee replied:

"I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you; as they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect."

The personal parole given by the officers was in these words:

"We, the undersigned, prisoners of war belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having been this day surrendered by General R. E. Lee, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding the armies of the United States, do hereby give our solemn parole of honor that we will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities."

Each officer also signed a parole, in nearly the same words, attached to a list of the men under his command. These paroles then received a countersign that the persons embraced in them "will not be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside." The number of men embraced in the various rolls is unofficially stated at something more than 26,000. The entire number of prisoners captured from the army of Lee in the various operations from March 25 to April 3 is estimated at about 30,000, and their loss in killed and wounded is put down at fully 10,000; besides these there were some thousands of stragglers during the retreat. The army of Lee, at the close of March, therefore probably numbered from 70,000 to 80,000, all of whom were actually brought into action. Grant's entire force is roughly estimated at twice the number, of which probably not more than half was brought into actual conflict, though the dispositions were such that in case of need the whole might have been employed.

Our last Record left Sherman in possession of the real point aimed at in his long march from Savannah. This was Goldsborough, North Carolina, 51 miles from Raleigh, and almost in the centre of the State. Two railroads running from this place to Wilmington and Beaufort afforded ample facilities for conveying full supplies to his army. Sherman thought it important to have an interview with the General-in-Chief. Leaving Schofield in command he set off for Grant's head-quarters, near Richmond, which he reached on the 27th. Here he found not only Grant, Meade, and the other leaders of the Army of the Potomac, but the President. His stay was brief: a single day was sufficient to acquaint him with the state of affairs in the region beyond the sphere of his own action, from a knowledge of which he had been in a great measure cut off since January, and to concert future operations. On the

30th he was again at Goldsborough, finding that full supplies of food and clothing had been brought to his army. On the 10th of April his army set out for Raleigh, which was reached on the 13th, and occupied after a slight skirmish, Johnston falling back northwest toward Hillsborough. Sherman was informed on the 12th of the surrender of Lee; he announced it to his army, adding, "All honor to our comrades in arms, to whom we are now marching. A little more labor, a little more toil on our part and the great race is won, and our Government stands regenerated after its four years of bloody war." Vance, the Governor of North Carolina, was captured on the 13th. It is said that he had been dispatched by Johnston to surrender the State, but the order had been countermanded by Davis, who had by this time reached Hillsborough. There could, however, be no doubt that Johnston would surrender upon the same terms that had been accepted by Lee; and a meeting was appointed to be held on the 15th to make definite arrangements. Before these were completed tidings reached Sherman and Johnston that the President of the United States had been assassinated in a theatre at Washington, by a disreputable actor named John Wilkes Booth.

On the evening of Good Friday, April 14, President Lincoln visited Ford's theatre in Washington. He was accompanied by his wife, Major Henry R. Rathbone, and Miss Clara L. Harris. The box occupied by the party is approached by a narrow passage, with a door opening inward. At the end of this passage is a door opening into the box. The box is about twelve feet above the stage, looking directly upon it. Booth, being well known as an actor, having also performed in the theatre, had free access to all parts of the building at any hour, and was perfectly acquainted with all its arrangements, and the ways of entrance and exit. His preparations were carefully made; whether he was aided by accomplices belonging to the theatre yet remains to be shown. Outside of the theatre, near the private entrance to the stage, he had a horse in waiting, and close by was an accomplice, named Harold, mounted and ready to accompany him after his escape from the theatre. A small hole had been bored in the door opening from the passage into the box, through which any one in the passage could have a complete view of the interior of the box. A stout bar of wood was also placed in the passage, by which the outer door could be fastened. During the early part of the performance Booth was seen by one or two persons who recognized him, although he was not dressed in his usual elegant style. He stood for a few moments near the door of the passage, near which was no one who knew him. He then went to the door. As he was opening it the sentinel asked if he knew what box he was entering. He coolly replied that he did: it was the box of the President, who wished to see him. He entered the passage and fastened the door behind him. The box-door had been left open, so that the precaution of boring a hole for observation was not needed, and Booth had a full view of the persons within. Whether by accident or design, the chairs had been so arranged that the inmates were in the positions best suited for his purpose. The President was at the end of the box nearest the door; Mrs. Lincoln sat near him; Major Rathbone was at the other end of the box, at a distance of two or three yards. The faces of all were turned to the stage, and directly away from the door. How long the assassin

remained in the passage is not certainly known; probably only a few minutes. It was about half past nine. At this time, as Booth knew, the action of the piece (which was *The American Cousin*) requires the stage to be vacant for a moment. All eyes were turned to the stage, waiting for the entrance of the next actor. At that instant the report of a pistol was heard, and Rathbone turning saw through the smoke a man between the door and the President. He sprang up and grappled him; but the man, making a thrust with a large knife and inflicting a severe wound, wrested himself away and rushed to the front of the box. Rathbone endeavored to seize him again, but only caught hold of his clothes as he leaped over the railings upon the stage. His spur caught in the folds of a flag, and was torn off, and he fell nearly prostrate, receiving, as was afterward discovered, a severe injury. Notwithstanding this he sprang to his feet, brandished his knife, shouted, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," the motto on the great seal of Virginia, and rushed through the coulisses, by passages well known to him, to the rear exit from the stage, before the spectators were aware of what had occurred. The man, however, was identified as Booth by several actors who saw him from the wings. The interval between the shot and the leap of Booth to the stage was hardly thirty seconds. But he had done his work thoroughly. Booth was an expert marksman, and at the short distance could hardly fail in his aim. The ball entered just behind the left ear, driving fragments of bone before it, and lodged in the brain. The President was carried to a private house opposite the theatre. He was unconscious from the moment of the shot. He died at twenty-two minutes past seven on the morning of the 15th of April.

Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, had been, some weeks before, thrown from his carriage; an arm was broken, the jaw fractured, and he lay in a very critical condition. Just about the time when the President was assassinated, a man presented himself at his residence, saying that he had brought a prescription from his physician, which he must see administered in person. Pushing abruptly past the servant, who hesitated to admit him, he made his way toward the sick-room. Before reaching the room the slight disturbance had aroused several persons in the house. Foremost of these was Frederick Seward, son of the Secretary, himself Assistant Secretary of State. He received a blow from a heavy pistol, which fractured his skull and left him insensible. The man then reached the door of Mr. Seward's room. Within were a daughter of the Secretary and George Robinson, a soldier, who was attending the invalid. Robinson, hearing the disturbance, opened the door and received a passing stab from the assassin, who rushed to the bedside of Mr. Seward and endeavored to strike him with a knife. Robinson grappled with him and a severe struggle ensued. The assailant, a very powerful man, seemed bent upon reaching Mr. Seward. He succeeded in striking him slightly two or three times; but the wounded man managed to roll from the bed to the floor. The struggle had now aroused the house, and the assassin broke away, rushed down stairs, mounted a horse at the door and made his escape. The whole was the work of a few moments. The Secretary of State received wounds, slight in themselves, but dangerous when added to his former injuries; Frederick Seward was unconscious for days; Robinson was severely wounded, as was also a Mr.

Hansell, a messenger from the State Department, who happened to be present.

The whole detective force of the Government was at once called into requisition to arrest the assassins and unravel the intricacies of the plot. Various circumstances had led to the belief that the assailant of Mr. Seward was John Suratt, whose mother, a resident of Washington, had made her house a rendezvous for disloyalists. Her house was seized. Before daylight on the morning of the 18th a man dressed as a laborer came to the door and was arrested. He said his name was Payne; that he was a common laborer, born in Virginia, and had been engaged to repair a gutter at the house. His statements were unsatisfactory and contradictory. He was found to be in disguise, his light hair dyed black. He was in the end fully identified as the man who attacked Mr. Seward. His true name and character remain to be developed upon his trial.

Meanwhile the energies of the Government were directed to the arrest of Booth. Large rewards were offered for him and his accomplices. After many false starts the detectives, under charge of Colonel L. C. Baker, got upon the true scent. It was ascertained that Booth, in leaping from the box to the stage, had fractured a bone in his leg. Still he was able to rush across the stage, escape from the theatre, mount his horse, and ride off, followed by Harold, who was in waiting for him. He rode some thirty miles into a part of Maryland where the inhabitants are notoriously disloyal. His wounded leg was dressed by Doctor Samuel Mudd, who furnished him with a crutch. Crippled as he was, Booth worked his way for ten days, hiding in swamps by day, and more than once narrowly escaping discovery, accompanied all the while by Harold, who appears to be a weak creature, following Booth as a dog does his master. The pair at length got across the Potomac into Virginia; a few miles more would place them under the protection of Mosby's guerrillas. But the pursuers were now on their track. By means of information volunteered by blacks and extorted from whites the fugitives were traced to the house of a man named Garratt, near Bowling Green. The pursuers, 27 in number, were led by Colonel Conger. Among them was Boston Corbett, a sergeant in the cavalry. Booth and Harold were hidden in a barn. They were called upon to surrender. A long parley ensued, for the pursuers wished to take the fugitives alive. Harold gave himself up and came out; Booth refused; fire was set to the dry straw in the barn. Booth, brought to bay, wished to sell his life dearly. Leaning upon his crutch, he was in the act of aiming at one of his pursuers, when his fire was anticipated by a pistol-shot from Corbett, who had watched his movements through an opening in the boarding. The ball, striking almost in the place where Lincoln had been struck, passed downward, and, instead of piercing the brain, shattered the spinal column, paralyzing all the nerves of motion, but leaving untouched those of sensation. The assassin lived for four hours, body and limbs paralyzed, yet suffering intensely. After his death the corpse was brought to Washington, fully identified, and then disposed of—how and where no one knows except two persons who had it in charge. He was born in Maryland, and died at the age of 26.

There is every reason to believe that the assassination of the President was only a part of a plan to murder all the leading members of the Government. This plot appears to have been formed by

persons holding high positions in the Confederacy. So fully convinced is the Government of this fact that on the 2d of May the President issued the following proclamation:

"Whereas, it appears, from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice, that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada: Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverly Tucker; and Ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late clerk of Clement C. Clay."

Tucker, Sanders, and Cleary have put forth in the Canadian newspapers a denial that they had any complicity in the assassination. How far they and the others are implicated will be developed upon the trial of the many persons now under arrest.

The murder of President Lincoln aroused a feeling of regret deeper than was ever before known in our history. Men and papers who had opposed his policy and vilified him personally, now vied with his adherents and friends in lauding the rare wisdom and goodness which marked his conduct and character. It was decided that his body should be interred at his home in Springfield, Illinois. The long journey was one great funeral procession, lasting from the 21st of April, when the embalmed body left Washington, till the 4th of May, when it was entombed at Springfield. The ceremonies at New York, on the 25th, were by far the most imposing ever known in that city. It was estimated that 60,000 people marched in the procession. The streets through which it passed were shrouded in black. There was hardly a house in the city without an emblem of mourning. By the death of Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, elected as Vice-President, became President of the United States, taking the oath of office on the 15th of April.

The news of the assassination reached the army in North Carolina while negotiations were pending between Sherman and Johnston, Mr. Breckinridge, the Confederate Secretary of War, being present. Thereupon the following "basis of agreement" was entered upon:

"First—The contending armies now in the field to maintain their *statu quo* until notice is given by the commanding General of either one to its opponent, and reasonable time, say forty-eight hours, allowed.

"Second—The Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to the several State capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war and abide the action of both State and Federal authorities. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington city, subject to future action of the Congress of the United States, and in the mean time to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

"Third—The recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several State Governments on their officers and Legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States; and where conflicting State Governments have resulted from the war the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Fourth—The re-establishment of all Federal courts in

the several States, with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

"*Fifth*—The people and inhabitants of all States to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchise, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of States respectively.

"*Sixth*—The Executive authority of the Government of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey laws in existence at any place of their residence.

"*Seventh*—In general terms, war to cease, a general amnesty, so far as the Executive power of the United States can command, upon condition of disbandment of the Confederate armies, and the distribution of arms and resumption of peaceful pursuits by officers and men, as hitherto composing the said armies. Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain necessary authority, and to carry out the above programme."

This agreement was at once repudiated by the Government for the following reasons: *First*, It was an exercise of authority not vested in General Sherman; *Second*, It was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel Government; *Third*, It undertook to re-establish the rebel State governments, and placed arms and munitions of war in the hands of the rebels at their respective capitals, which might be used as soon as the armies of the United States were disbanded, and used to conquer and subdue the loyal States; *Fourth*, By the restoration of the rebel authority in their respective States they would be enabled to re-establish slavery; *Fifth*, It might furnish a ground of responsibility by the Federal Government to pay the rebel debt, and certainly subjects loyal citizens of the rebel States to the debt consummated by the rebels in the name of the State. *Sixth*, It puts in dispute the existence of loyal State governments, and the new State of Western Virginia; *Seventh*, It practically abolished the confiscation laws; *Eighth*, It gave terms that had been deliberately, repeatedly, and solemnly rejected by President Lincoln, and better terms than the rebels had ever asked in their most prosperous condition; *Ninth*, It formed no basis of true and lasting peace.—Sherman was ordered to give immediate notice of the termination of the truce; the commanders of other departments were notified to regard no truce or order from him respecting hostilities, his action being binding only upon his own command; and Grant hurried on to North Carolina to take charge of matters there. Johnston saw at once that his case was hopeless. He therefore accepted terms similar in effect to those offered to Lee, the main point of difference being that the paroled prisoners were allowed to retain their horses, except those belonging to artillery, their wagons, and five per cent. of their small-arms, in order to protect themselves on their way home. The surrender was made on the 29th of April. It is supposed that the surrender embraces about 30,000 men. The Union army of North Carolina at once set out on its return; two corps reaching Richmond on the 8th of May.

Among the other important events which have marked the month of April is the capture of Mobile, which was surrendered on the 13th, after a combined naval and military attack, which was commenced upon the outer defenses on the 2d. The defenses were captured after hard fighting. In all, the enemy lost about 1500 men killed and wounded, 6000 prisoners, and 150 guns. Maury, the commander, escaped with about 9000 men. Our entire loss during the siege was about 2000.—General Stoneman, of Thomas's Department of the Cumber-

land, rode into North Carolina and struck the North Carolina Railroad. The most brilliant operation in this raid of 500 miles was the capture of Salisbury on the 13th, after a short and sharp encounter, with 1400 prisoners, and an immense quantity of provisions and stores, which were destroyed.—General Wilson, also of Thomas's Department, starting from Chickasaw, in Alabama, on the 22d of March, rode for 650 miles through portions of Alabama and Georgia, which the war had hardly touched. Selma, in Alabama, a great dépôt, was captured on the 2d of April, with 2400 prisoners and more than 100 cannon. Montgomery, the first Confederate capital, was peaceably surrendered on the 12th. Columbus, Georgia, was captured, after a sharp fight, on the 16th, with 2000 prisoners and 70 guns. Macon was approached on the 21st. Here Wilson was met by a flag of truce from Howell Cobb, announcing the armistice between Sherman and Johnston. This stopped military operations, and before orders for their resumption were received Johnston had surrendered. This brilliant raid, in which 6000 prisoners and 200 cannon were taken, and Confederate property estimated at hundreds of millions was destroyed, cost us in all less than 500 men.

General Halleck, who had assumed the command of the Division of the James, under date of May 3, orders that

"All persons, without regard to their rank or employment in the civil or military service of the late rebel Government, will be permitted to take the amnesty oath, and will receive the corresponding certificate. Those excluded from the benefit of such oath can make application for pardon and restoration to civil rights, which applications will be received and forwarded to the proper channels for the action of the President of the United States. The fact that such persons have voluntarily come forward and taken the oath of allegiance will be evidence of their intention to resume the status of loyal citizens, and constitute claim for Executive clemency."

General Schofield, in command of the Department of North Carolina, under date of April 28, thus defines the status of the late slaves:

"To remove a doubt which seems to exist in the minds of some of the people of North Carolina, it is hereby declared that by virtue of the Proclamation of the President of the United States, dated January 1, 1863, all persons in this State heretofore held as slaves are now free; and that it is the duty of the army to maintain the freedom of such persons. It is recommended to the former masters of the freedmen to employ them as hired servants at reasonable wages. And it is recommended to the freedmen that, when allowed to do so, they remain with their former masters, and labor faithfully so long as they shall be treated kindly and paid reasonable wages; or that they immediately seek employment elsewhere in the kind of work to which they are accustomed. It is not well for them to congregate about towns or military camps. They will not be supported in idleness."

On the 29th of April the President issued a proclamation removing all restrictions upon commerce, with the exception of articles contraband of war, in such portions of the Southern States lying east of the Mississippi, embraced within the lines of national military occupation.—Another proclamation of May 9 enjoins upon all naval and military officers, now that the rebellion on land is ended, increased diligence in capturing the rebel cruisers afloat; and adds that, after this proclamation shall become known in foreign ports, retaliatory measures will be adopted against the ships of such nations as extend hospitality to these piratical vessels.—An Executive order of the same date recognizes as the only Government of the State of Virginia (not, of course, including the State of West Virginia) that by which Mr. Pierrepont is Governor, and annuls all the acts of the late rebel State Government.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

A MOST genial and friendly letter to the Easy Chair, dated simply "Home," and speaking tenderly of the late President, reminds us that our great loss is a blow to every home in the country. This peculiar personal affection for Mr. Lincoln was so evident that every orator spoke of it, and with the emotion that attends a private sorrow. No tribute could be so pathetic and so suggestive of the character of the man who had more deeply endeared himself to the heart and fixed himself in the confidence of the American people than any man in our history. Among the inscriptions that were displayed during the days of mourning in the city there was one hung out upon a shop which was touching in its very baldness. "Alas! alas! our father Abraham Lincoln is dead." That was the feeling in all true hearts and homes. It was a feeling which no Cæsar, no Charlemagne, no Napoleon ever inspired. The Netherlands wept with a sorrow as sore for the Prince of Orange, France bewailed with romantic grief the death of Henry Fourth. But the people of Holland and of France were comparatively few, and the relation between the victims and the mourners was that of Prince and subjects. Our leader was one of the poorest of the people. He was great with their greatness. They felt with him and for him as one of themselves; and in his fall more truly than Rome in that of Cæsar, we all fell down.

The month of April, 1865, was curiously eventful in the annals of this country. General Grant moved upon the enemy's works, and Petersburg and Richmond fell. He pursued and fought the retreating army, and the rebel commander-in-chief surrendered. In the very jubilee of national joy the President was murdered. While yet his body was borne across the country by the reverent hands of a nation, his murderer was tracked, brought to bay, shot, and buried in a nameless spot to protect his corpse from wild popular fury. In the midst of the tragical days General Sherman, whom, only last month, the Easy Chair was celebrating as so skillful and resistless a soldier, instead of summoning Johnston to a surrender upon the terms granted to Lee, allowed himself to sign a recognition of the rebel government and to open a future of political discord, while he was yet able to prescribe the simple surrender of an army. The shock of disappointment and regret was universal. The authorities unanimously disapproved his convention. The Lieutenant-General went immediately to the front, and the month which had opened with President Lincoln trusted and beloved, with Davis defended by Lee and his army in the rebel capital, and Sherman confronted by Johnston, and Mobile holding out, closed with the rebel capital in possession of the Government, Lee a paroled prisoner, his army disbanded, Davis a skulking fugitive, Johnston and his army paroled prisoners, Mobile captured, President Lincoln dead, President Johnson at the head of the Government, and the assassin dead and buried.

Through such a succession of great events this country had never so rapidly passed. It swept the scale of emotion. From the height of joyful triumph it sank to the very depths of sorrow; from confidence and pride in a military leader it passed to humiliating amazement, yet not for a moment

paused in its work or shook in its purpose, and was never so calm, so strong, so grand, as in that tumult of emotion.

Every man who has been proud of his country hitherto has now profounder cause for pride. Our system has been tried in every way, and rises purified from the fire. No one man is essential to her, however dearly beloved, however generously trusted. The history of the war from May, 1861, to May, 1865, proves that she can not be hopelessly bereaved. The skeptics who have sneered, the timid who have feared, the shrewd who have doubted, must now see that the principles of popular government have been amply vindicated. We have only clearly to understand and fearlessly to trust those principles, and the future, like the past, is secure.

In the earlier days of the war a sagacious foreign observer, resident in the country, said that he feared we were making mistakes perilous to the American principle. The suspension of the *habeas corpus* he thought was a very dangerous political, however necessary a military experiment it might be. But he was answered by another European, who had been a political pupil of Cavour's, that, unlike such an act in other countries, it was here done by the people themselves, and they must be trusted in it, or else the whole American experiment failed. Such power must be used, he said; the crucial test is the way in which it is used. If the people can not use it in a way which shall be permanently harmless, then they are not capable of self-government. O wise young judge! In the whole world no heart will be more sincerely glad, no face more bright with joy, or sadder with sorrow, at the strange April news from America, than yours!

What a May-day! Stricken as all hearts are, what a May-day! Budding and blooming on every hand, hill-side, and meadow, and wood, flushing and glittering with the lavish beauty of the spring, softly gliding over grieving hearts, and with her royal touch healing our varied sorrow, came the Queen of May, for whom the people sighed and the land yearned, came the well-beloved, the long desired, palms in her hand and doves flying before her, and the name of that May-day Queen was Peace.

"Cross the Fulton Ferry and follow the crowd," was the direction given by one who knew, to an inquirer who asked how to find Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn. The Easy Chair remembered it on the Sunday morning after the return of the Fort Sumter party, and crossing at an early hour in the beautiful spring day he stepped ashore and followed the crowd up the street. That at so early an hour the current would set strongly toward the church he did not believe. But he was mistaken. At the corner of Hicks Street (if that is the name) the throng turned and pushed along with hurrying eagerness as if they were already too late. There were perhaps thirty persons, and it was but a little past nine o'clock. The street was disagreeable like a street upon the outskirts of a city, but the current turned from it again in two streams, one flowing to the rear and the other to the front of Plymouth Church. The Easy Chair drifted along with the first, and as he went around the corner observed just before him a low brick tower below which was an iron gate.

The gate was open and we all passed rapidly in, going through a low passage smoothly paved and echoing, with a fountain of water midway and a chained mug—a kind thought for the wayfarer—and that little cheap charity seemed already an indication of the humane spirit which irradiates the image of Plymouth Church. The low passage brought us all to the narrow walk by the side of the church, and to the back-door of the building. The crowd was already tossing about all the doors. The street in front of the building was full, and occasionally squads of enterprising devotees darted out and hurried up to the back-door to compare the chances of getting in.

The Easy Chair pushed forward, and was wheeled by a courteous usher into a convenient seat. The church is a large white building, with a gallery on both sides, two galleries in front, and an organ loft and choir just behind the pulpit. It is spacious and very light, with four long windows on each side. The seats upon the floor converge toward the pulpit, which is a platform with a mahogany desk, and there are no columns. The view of the speaker must be unobstructed from every part. The plain white walls and entire absence of architectural ornamentation inevitably, and not unpleasantly, suggests the bare cold barns of meeting-houses in early New England. But this house is of a very cheerful, comfortable, and substantial aspect.

There were already dense crowds wedged about all the doors upon the inside. The seats of the pew-holders were protected by the ushers, the habit being, as the Easy Chair understood, for the holders who do not mean to attend any service, to notify the ushers that they may fill the seats. Upon the outside of the pews along the aisles there are chairs which can be turned down, enabling two persons to be seated side by side, yet with a space for passage between, so that the aisle is not wholly choked. On this Sunday the duties of the ushers were very difficult and delicate, for the pressure was extraordinary. There was still more than an hour before the beginning of the service, but the building was rapidly filling; and every body who sank into a seat from which he was sure that he could not be removed, wore an edifying expression of beaming contentment which must have been rather exasperating to those who were standing and struggling and dreadfully squeezed around the doors.

Presently the seats were all full. The multitude seemed to be solid above and below, but still the new-comers tried to press in. The platform was fringed by the legs of those who had been so lucky as to find seats there. There was loud talking and scuffling, and even occasionally a little cry at the doors. One boy struggled desperately in the crowd for his life, or breath. The ushers, courteous to the last, smiled pitifully upon their own efforts to put ten gallons into a pint pot. As the hour of service approached a small door under the choir and immediately behind the mahogany desk upon the platform opened quietly, and Mr. Beecher entered. He stood looking at the crowd for a little time, without taking off his outer coat, then advanced to the edge of the platform and gave some directions about seats. He indicated with his hands that the people should pack more closely. The ushers evidently pleaded for the pew-holders who had not arrived; but the preacher replied that they could not get in, and the seats should be filled that the service might proceed in silence. He turned and opened the door. Then he removed his coat,

sat down, and opened the Hymn-Book, while the organ played. The impatient people meantime had climbed up to the window sills from the outside, and the great white church was like a hive, with the swarming bees hanging in clusters upon the outside.

The service began with an invocation. It was followed by a hymn, by the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and a prayer. The congregation joined in singing; and the organ, skillfully and firmly played, prevented the lagging which usually spoils congregational singing. The effect was imposing. The vast volume filled the building with solid sound. It poured out at the open windows and filled the still morning air of the city with solemn melody. Far upon every side those who sat at home in solitary chambers heard the great voice of praise. Then amidst the hush of the vast multitude the preacher, overpowered by emotion, prayed fervently for the stricken family and the bereaved nation. There was more singing, before which Mr. Beecher appealed to those who were sitting to sit closer, and for once to be incommoded that some more of the crowd might get in; and as the wind blew freshly from the open windows, he reminded the audience that a handkerchief laid upon the head would prevent the sensitive from taking cold. Then opening the Bible he read the story of Moses going up to Pisgah, and took the verses for his text.

The sermon was written, and he read calmly from the manuscript. Yet at times, rising upon the flood of feeling, he shot out a solemn adjuration or asserted an opinion with a fiery emphasis that electrified the audience into applause. His action was intense but not dramatic; and the demeanor of the preacher was subdued and sorrowful. He did not attempt to speak in detail of the President's character or career. He drew the bold outline in a few words, and leaving that task to a calmer and fitter moment, spoke of the lessons of the hour. The way of his death was not to be deplored; the crime itself revealed to the dullest the ghastly nature of slavery; it was a blow not at a man but at the people and their government; it had utterly failed; and, finally, though dead the good man yet speaketh. The discourse was brief, fitting, forcible, and tender with emotion. It was a manly sorrow and sympathy that cast its spell upon the great audience, and it was good to be there. When words have a man behind them, Emerson says, they are not to be forgotten. There was another hymn, a peal of pious triumph, which poured out of the heart of the congregation, and seemed to lift us all up, up into the sparkling, serene, inscrutable heaven.

THE beautiful new building of the National Academy of Design was opened this spring with the fortieth annual exhibition of pictures. The festival of the opening was one of the most striking spectacles we have ever seen. The white building, even upon the outside, sparkled with the flood of light that poured from the door and windows; and ascending the stately steps and entering at the door, which seems the exquisitely-wrought gateway to a realm of romance, the scene was dazzling and picturesque. A noble staircase—such as we imagine in the finest palaces and see in the most sumptuous paintings of Paul Veronese—occupies the heart of the building, and ascends to a range of columns of various marble, which sustain the centre of the roof. A gallery, with a massive balustrade between the columns, extends around the area of the staircase,

and out of this gallery open the exhibition-rooms. There are five of these; one very large and spacious—a truly magnificent room—along the length of the Twenty-third Street side. The others are smaller, but all convenient and full of the best light. The pictures are hung upon the walls of all these, excepting one, which is devoted to sculpture, and the sides of the outer gallery are also covered with them. But the evening of the opening was devoted to other duties than the study of pictures. Here were throngs of the loveliest toilets—for “full dress” was the prescribed rule of the festival—and here were two thousand people constantly moving through the brilliant rooms. If some group paused before a picture it was as picturesque and bright as the canvas upon which it looked; and the occasional bits of Venice, the palaces, the canals, the sunsets, the gondolas, that flashed upon the walls, seemed only the syllabled refrain of the Venetian poem which the evening was.

Indeed, as you stepped out of the rooms to descend the staircase, the laughing groups in gay dresses coming up and going down, the jeweled ladies in airy laces and brilliant silks and satins leaning upon the balustrades beneath the marble columns, looking over silent, or chatting and laughing, while the band played passionate waltzes below, presented the very scene that the Venetian Paul loved to paint, and which all his lovers so vividly remember.

At nine o'clock President Huntington, of the Academy, with Mr. Bryant and the Rev. Dr. Adams, stepped upon a little temporary dais in the large room, immediately opposite the door and in front of Bierstadt's “Yo Semite Valley,” and the hum of the crowd was hushed, while in a fervent prayer the clergyman invoked the Divine blessing upon so fair a work accomplished, and upon the beginning of such influences for the future. He did not say Amen without a touching reference to the common sorrow, and to the universal love for him who had taken his place among the martyrs. And when he sat down President Huntington delivered the address of inauguration and welcome. It was wisely brief, barely alluding to the circumstances under which the building had been erected; but it was cheerful and bright, and ended with a proper compliment to Mr. Bryant. The poet was greeted warmly as he arose and declared frankly that retorting compliments was an art which had been neglected in his education. He then made a very pleasant response, adorned with references to many of the traditional names of the Academy, and to incidents in the lives of some of the noted dead whom he personally knew.

The following passage is a proper introduction to the study of the present exhibition:

“I congratulate you all, therefore, on the completion of a building not one stone of which, from the foundation to the roof, was laid, and not one beam or rafter framed into its place, for any other purpose than the glory of Art. A little while since I was here, and admired the spacious halls and saloons, with their lofty ceilings and the pure light admitted only from the zenith, bringing with it no tinge of color from surrounding objects. Since that time Art has entered with the works of the pencil and chisel, covering the bare walls and occupying the floors with imitations of nature which we view this evening with wonder and delight—the spring, the summer, the autumn, the winter of our brilliant climate disputing the palm of splendor; the blaze

of the tropics and the cold light of icebergs brought into a New York saloon; Italian skies glowing beside them; the wild grandeur of our own Rocky Mountains confronting the majestic scenery of Switzerland; manly faces and the eyes of fair women and fresh-cheeked children looking down upon us; scenes from the domestic fireside; glimpses of camp life and the tumult of war, drawn from our own civil strife; and on pedestals, among the crowd of spectators, the works of the statuary, busts that seem to think, and groups which are tragedies and comedies in miniature. When I look round upon these productions of the genius of our countrymen, and compare them with what we produced forty years since, I can not help imagining to myself what must have been the astonishment of a New Yorker of that day, could he have been transported to a spectacle like this from one of the meagre exhibitions of the old and now forgotten Academy of the Fine Arts, made up mostly of pictures which had appeared on its walls from year to year till they palled upon the eye.”

The audience hummed and buzzed while Mr. Bryant was speaking, not from any disrespect or indifference, but simply because the throng in the neighboring rooms were moving and murmuring, and perfect silence was impossible. It was a beautiful scene, and no one who was there will ever forget the spectacle of the poet standing in the spacious pictured hall speaking to the brilliant throng, our venerable high-priest of poetry dedicating this noble temple of art upon the eve of a glorious peace.

A CRITIC is a formidable creature, and yet all of us who go to see pictures are really critics. We look at the paintings; we have opinions; we express them. That is criticism. Some of us know very little of nature or art, but we have opinions nevertheless, and the more we do not know, the more vehement we are apt to be. The art-criticisms which we brethren of the pen write for newspapers and magazines are our opinions of the pictures. Some of the artists who do not like what we say tell us gravely that we have no business to have opinions. Alas! alas! that is very probable. But we *do* have them, and what are we to do?

If they tell us not to express them, how are they themselves to become known? how is the excellence of their works to be set forth? Fame is but opinion. That kind familiarity of certain names which the proverb describes as like household words, is only the common consent of good opinion. No, we must speak, we must write, we can not avoid opinions. Criticism is, therefore, a foregone conclusion; and, dear brothers of the pencil and pen, whether we make books or pictures, or merely trace such evanescent lines as these, we must lay our account with favorable or adverse judgments of our work. Let us do all we can to make unfavorable judgments impossible. Then, if they come, our withers are unwrung.

These reflections and exhortations are not difficult for an old Easy Chair who comes tugging and blowing up that splendid staircase at the Academy, and who has no pictures upon the walls. If he had—let him pause a moment to take breath and to decide—if he had, which one of all these six hundred and forty-seven pictures and sculptures would he wish to be his? That is a tremendous question to ask as you reach the top of the staircase and peer curiously around you. It is a question so tremendous that no Easy Chair, who does not wish to

make six hundred and forty-six enemies, will think of answering aloud.

In a very low whisper, then, let us say that the fortieth exhibition is not a remarkably good one. Some of the artists whose names are very familiar appear in great force; but the number of fine works is not large. The number also of works interesting from their subjects simply appears to us to be small. The war, for instance, so fruitful of picturesque incident, has inspired very few; and some of those lack that patient and complete elaboration which distinguishes such a work as that of Gerome, "the Almek," which we have all seen with delight at Goupil's Gallery during the spring. Of the smaller works of this year we recall most pleasantly Mr. William M. Hunt's "Listeners" (204), and "The Singers" (210), and Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Christmas Time" (376). Mr. Hunt's method is Couture's, which is the very reverse of Gerome's; but the sweetness, the delicacy, the tenderness, the subtle grace of the two works we name are evident to very dull eyes and hearts. They are mellow and rich, and full of imagination. There are no more purely poetic pictures upon the walls. The interior and figures of Mr. Johnson are evidently portraits; but the treatment is so felicitous that there is no sense of figures posing. We see them as Santa Claus might as he peeps through the Christmas-tree. It is a scene of happy, domestic life; and the conscientious care with which the details are wrought is characteristic of the painter of the "Old Kentucky Home." There is another of the smaller pictures which the loiterer will remember. It is Mr. Lambdin's "Love and Loyalty" (224), a scene of the war. It represents a maiden holding her lover's sword to her lips and kissing the blade. He stands by, with a Captain's shoulder-straps, ready to receive it consecrated by her lips; ready to use the sword in the holiest of wars—ready to die rather than yield it. In the outer gallery there is Darley's drawing of "Dahlgren's Cavalry Charge at Fredericksburg" (29). This, too, is admirable. It is full of the wild tumult of the scene. You hear the clatter, the dash, the shouting, the shot. The men and horses live before the eye; yet in all the whirl there is no obscurity or bewilderment for the spectator. It is a thrilling episode of the war from the hand of a master.

But by a curious infelicity the most interesting war picture is hoisted into a panel over the door by which you enter the main hall, and therefore entirely out of sight. From the head of the stairs you look across and see that there is a picture there which is worth attention. You then go to the spot whence you can see it—and it can not be seen. You must stand with your back to the railing, strain your eyes upward, and then you discover that the light glistens across it so as to shut it out from view effectually. If you could possibly see it you would discover it to be a scene in "General Sherman's March through Georgia—his Advance arriving at a Plantation" (86). It is painted by Thomas Nast, and is full of interesting incident and expression. Indeed, its charm is its dramatic expression, and that is entirely invisible in the height and light in which it is placed. At the right of the picture is the mansion-house. The ladies stand upon the piazza and look curiously and disdainfully at the group of officers who approach, cap in hand, evidently full of amused doubt as to their reception. Under the trees upon the right the soldiers and the slaves are fraternizing. One brilliant fellow in red

Zouave trousers imposes by his melodramatic swagger upon the negroes. An old gray-headed Uncle Tom bows low before him; others are bringing forage to offer to their friends; and the women with lifted hands and glistening eyes are plainly saying, "Bress de Lord ob heaven, de Yanks is come!" The contrast of the group of officers and ladies with that of the soldiers and slaves is most effective. The eye steals away between them to the fields and river meadows beyond, covered with busy little parties of foragers and troops and slaves, and full of characteristic incident and landscape. Even the universal military bustle is evidently temporary. The languor and luxuriance of Southern nature is hardly disturbed, and seems with placid disdain to await the departure of the intruders.

There are other delightful pictures, upon which we can not dwell. We expatiate upon Mr. Nast's because he has but the one, and it is entirely impossible for those who have not seen it elsewhere to appreciate its interest here. Mr. Kensett comes out this year in great force. His "Ullswater" (91) is not often surpassed for delicate detail and happy expression. Mr. Cranch's Venetian scenes have a charm for which the romantic city itself may be largely responsible; but his poetic nature is attracted to such subjects by the deepest sympathy. The novelty of form in Mr. Bierstadt's "Looking down Yo Semite Valley, California" (436), and the ease and power of his treatment give the picture an interest which is, however, hardly equal to so large a canvas. The eye and the imagination each ask for a little more.

But a garrulous Easy Chair must stop somewhere, and here perhaps as well as any where.

"HAPPY the bride the sun shines on," is the pleasant old proverb that the heart utters to friends married in June and summer. And when they are young and fair, and the soft skies and the bright flowers and the singing birds are truly the outward signs of their own lives and temper, what gifts but roses and pearls seem fit for them?

That is a question for poets only to answer, and sometimes a poet answers it. Pearls may be bought and roses may be plucked, but a poet who would bring a special offering to a bridal which his whole heart blesses will go beyond gems and flowers. "Love will find out a way." What if he should make robins and bobolinks sing a song of his teaching at the bride's window? Better still, who but he can make other poets sing for her alone? And what would their carols be, peculiar, individual, special, beyond their common singing, but "Over-Songs?"

Such a poet there was; and once when, in the full flush of June, a bridal bower was built upon the green banks of a tranquil river, far inland, such was the choir with which he sang his epithalamium. Preluding tenderly, with a thoughtful, inward, musing music, as if he played softly upon his own heart-strings, he murmured:

"Who giveth of his song's estate  
Receiveth larger than he gives;  
No lover's privilege so great  
As Laureate's self-rewarding fate  
While love inviolate lives."

After a while there followed a strain like that of the English nightingale—a note that we had all lately heard clear and gushing—now a sweet minor melody whose sadness was only the unsatisfied longing of the heart in spring:

"When in a May-day hush  
Chanteth the missel-thrush  
The harp o' the heart makes answer with murmurous stirs;  
When robin-redbreasts sing,  
We sigh for tardy spring,  
And Culvers, when they coo, are Love's remembrancers.

But thou in the trance of light  
Stayest the fading Night,  
And Echo makes sweet her lips with utterance wise,  
And casts at our glad feet,  
In a wisp of fancies fleet,  
Life's fair, life's unfulfilled, impassioned prophecies.

Her central thought full well  
Thou hast the art to tell,  
To take the sense o' the night and to yield it so;  
To set in a cadence bright  
The moral of moonlight,  
And sing our loftiest dreams that we thought none did know.

I have no nest as thou,  
Bird on the blossoming bough,  
Yet forth on thy tongue outfloweth the song o' my soul,  
Chanting, 'Forego thy strife,  
The spirit outacts the life,  
And *much* is seldom theirs who can perceive the *whole*.

'Thou drawest a perfect lot  
All thine, but holden not;  
Lie low at the feet of beauty that ever shall bide;  
There might be sorer smart  
Than thine, far-seeing heart,  
Whose fate is still to yearn and not be satisfied.'

That is a nightingale which has sung in all our hearts and homes for two years past. You have not heard this song before. You will not hear it again. Listen, then, once more, and answer, if the first part of the singer's name be *Jean*, what is the last?

Is it too low and sad for the bridal choir? Yet it is not sombre: it is only the deep, dark red of the rose's heart. But here is manly music in another tone:

"Good heart, that ownest all!  
I ask a modest boon and small:  
Not of lands and towns the gift,  
Too large a load for me to lift,  
But for one proper creature,  
Which geographic age,  
Sweeping the map of Western earth,  
Or th' Atlantic coast from Maine  
To Powhatan's domain,  
Could not descry.  
Is't much to ask, in all thy huge creation,  
So trivial a part—  
A solitary heart?"

Does it sound strange still, this "Concord" of sweet sounds, too sub a bass for a hymeneal hymn? Yet sturdy pines make the fairest landscape fairer; and here breaks in a firm, clear tenor:

"The day that hears the bridal bell  
Should break in cloudless blue;  
Its rosier sunset leave behind  
A night of stars and dew;  
From East to West, o'er all the land,  
The jarring noises cease,  
And 'mid the nuptial blossoms brood  
The sacred dove of peace."

\* \* \* \* \*

"These distant thunders shall not cloud  
The sunshine of the hour;  
These gales of battle withering blow  
Across your bridal bower:  
From heavens of peace, above the storm,  
God's blessing still shall fall  
On Love that binds, on Love that heals,  
On Love that conquers all."

So might Bayard have sung, hearing afar the hum of battle.

And next a singer with heart's-ease in his hand, musing as he sings:

"A flower worth all the gardens of the East,  
And rich enough to be thy husband's dower—  
For, having heart's-ease, hath he not enough?  
But heart's-ease is a perishable stuff—  
A fading flower that hath not long to live—  
A mocking gift that is not mine to give.  
Yet as I give the emblem I uplift  
A prayer that God will add the perfect gift."

Look high: if it were a bird you might see him Tilt on an upper spray, an independent singer, nor heed the thin treble that comes piping in beside him:

"What shall I say? The blithe birds sing  
In every bush, on every tree;  
And the June air is murmuring  
A bridal song for thee."

And as the epithalamium closes a tender voice summons the violets and roses to mingle in the choir:

"O Rose-bud, breathe your breath  
Into the soul of June;  
And in that fragrant death  
Strike living Love's true tune;  
Sure that such giving is  
Receiving, high above;  
For love is sacrifice,  
And life is love."

Might this not be Wordsworth's Lucy who sings? And then the poet who had summoned and led the choir joined hands with them as they surrounded the bower, and sang for them all:

"Ah! life is sweeter than life,  
O lover and friend! for her sharing;  
And the world's sweetest title of Wife  
Will be sweeter than all for her wearing.  
Think of her sweet-hearted nature,  
And forever exquisite ways!  
Child-heart of womanhood's stature,  
Born to perennial Mays!  
Yes, there is semblance of Eden  
For some, here and there;  
Angels these lovers are leading  
Homeward unaware."

—Was it only a dream of summer? Was it only a vision of the Easy Chair?—these lovers and their bridal bower; this poet drawing the singers into a hymeneal choir; these songs of which some strains are here recorded—was it i' the air only? Was the river nameless, in a region never seen? Or did hands of flesh and blood clasp before the altar, and were these "Over-Songs" from the fullness of sympathy actually sung?

Perhaps—perhaps a delicate, exquisite, illuminated memento of that bower, with all the songs complete, exists, telling no secret but to those who know.

### Editor's Drawer.

AT Oskaloosa, Iowa, there is an old gentleman by the name of Ballard, who for several years had been justice of the peace. He resolved to take one of the many positions open for public service in the army, and enlisted as a private in the celebrated "gray-beard" regiment. He was on duty several months in St. Louis, and was detailed as sentinel in front of General Curtis's head-quarters, where he paced his silent beat faithfully during rain and storm. Afterward the Squire was mustered

out, and General Curtis was "stumping" the State for recruits for the army. The latter had just finished a speech when the Squire approached him very familiarly, saying,

"General, if I was not so old I would enter the service again."

"Ah," says the General, "have you been in the army?"

"Yes, General; you and I occupied the same building in St. Louis."

"Indeed! I don't remember."

"I expect not; for you had the inside and I the out."

It is not often that articles appear in the Drawer from Sherman's web-footed cavalry, but here is something too good to keep. In the battle of March 19, 1865, when four little divisions stood the assault of Johnston's entire army, the Seventeenth New York Volunteers, a portion of Morgan's Second Division of the Fourteenth Corps, were at one time completely surrounded. A reb going from our front toward their line in our rear was astounded at running into a line of Yanks. He was handed over to a soldier as guard over him—a genuine "Bowery boy." The following conversation ensued:

REB. "Take me to the rear, quick."

YANK. "Can't."

REB. "Take me behind a tree, then."

YANK. "What's the use; they are firing from both sides."

REB. "Take me behind two trees, then" (*imploringly*)—"take me to your rear. My good man, don't you know where your rear is?"

YANK (*carelessly*). "No, shoot me if I do; do you?"

THE inclosed clip is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of a decision rendered in a justice's court, and can be vouched for as a fact. Any one acquainted with the justice would need no voucher to establish the fact of its occurrence:

Swoitzer v. Pearsons *et al.*, Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin.

B. Bull for Plaintiff.

Wm. Dutcher for Def. }

Before Justice BAKER.

Action brought against defendants for shooting plaintiff's Goose and Gander. Defendants admit the killing, and justified that it was accidental. Court, after hearing the evidence, gave the following able and lucid opinion: It is best always not to be too severe on damages, and yet it is best to give damages to the amount of the plaintiff's claim, and inasmuch as the killing of those geese was wrong by the boys. It is the opinion of the court that the two geese were worth two dollars apiece in the SPRING OF THE YEAR, and in all probabilities they would have had twelve goslings, and probably about one half of them would have lived and the other half would have died; and it would not have cost the plaintiff much to keep them until fall, and the goslings would then be worth one dollar apiece, which would be six dollars, and the two old ones two dollars, which would make ten dollars, which is the judgment of the court.

April 4, 1865.

ONE of our officers in Memphis writes:

We have an Irishman in our regiment who, strange to say, is very fond of "commissary," as the poor substitute for whisky furnished the army is called. He often contrives funny ways to get it. For instance, not long since he brought me a slip of greasy paper, containing a request that my "commissary sergeant would issue to the bearer one glass

of whisky, to be used by him to make some medicine." Said Pat: "Will your Honor approve that?" I read it and wrote my approval, and thought no more about it until in the latter part of the day I had occasion to visit the barracks of Pat's company, when I saw a huge glass tumbler, which would hold about a quart, and found Pat and his companions a little set up. I went back to my quarters and called for my commissary sergeant, who soon confirmed my suspicions. Pat had produced his "glass" and his approved order and had demanded the whisky, and it had been honored.

The next day Patrick was detailed for fatigue-duty. He came to me all crouched over, with his arms pressed hard across his stomach, and with one of the most sorrowful-looking faces I ever saw.

Said I: "What is the matter with you?"

"Och! an' it's nearly gone dead I am intirely in me poor stomach."

"Ah, you rascal!" said I, "you have your pay now for the joke you played off on me about that whisky yesterday."

"Yes, yer Honor, indade I have; it's the 'rot gut' I've got that will be the death o' me;" and he gave another awful twist of his body, and made another awful face; but all the time I saw the rogue lurking in his eye, and I knew he was trying to sell me again.

Said I: "Pat, you need not put on that *rye* face; you can't fool me again."

"Yer Honor must be mistaken, for doesn't me eyes look *glassy*?"

That was too much for me, and I had to laugh; but Pat did his work.

THE keeper of a well-known eating-saloon at the dépôt on a branch road running from the "Erie" north, was some years since, and is still, afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. Several of his friends visited him, one at a time, and told him that unless he gave up drinking it would kill him. At last the doctor, by arrangement, said the same thing, and mine host began to cry, and said, "Jim has been here talking to me about drinking so much, and then Tom came, and after him Sam, and all [boo-hoo!] talking to me about drinking [boo-hoo!], and now you've come; and there isn't nary one of you that considers how dreadful *dry* I am!"

MR. M——, who lives in the town adjoining this, in Broome County, is very much in the habit of "drawing the long bow." One of his stories is as follows: "Did you never see one of these here hoop-snakes?" "No," says his listener; "I didn't think there was any such thing." "Oh yes," says Mr. M——, "I've seen one. Me and my hired man was down there in the home lot, by the side of the road, and we seen something rolling down the hill, and says I, 'I guess that are must be one of them hoop-snakes coming along.' My hired man he was afeard, and clim up a tree; but I took my hoe in my hand, and went out and stood side of a tree in the road, and when he come along I stuck out the hoe-handle, and he hit it *slap*, and made a noise jes like a pistol; and, Sir, it warn't mor'n a minute afore that are hoe-handle was swelled up as big as my leg!"

ONE day early in the session of the Nebraska Legislature a motion was made, in Committee of the Whole, that the committee rise and report pro-

gress. The motion was adopted. Immediately after Mr. M——, from one of the rural districts, assumed a standing position and remained up. The Speaker recognized him, but the standing member said nothing until some one who wanted the floor asked him what he was up for. "Why," said he, "the motion carried for the committee to *rise*, and I'm waiting for the rest to get up!" His manifest knowledge of parliamentary tactics brought all hands down.

MRS. JONES died a few weeks ago. Upon the day of the funeral the house was visited, as often happens, by numbers of persons unacquainted with the deceased or family. One of these strangers stepped to the coffin, with others, to take a last look at the dead, and exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "I'm so disappointed: I thought it was Mrs. Colonel Jones," an estimable lady of the same name, but another family.

IN your March Number a California Sheriff has a place. I offer you now a California Justice:

Squire W—— resided near Chico, in 1852. A man was sued before his Honor by a neighbor in the matter of a disputed account of some two or three hundred dollars. Counsel was obtained from a distance, and the case duly called on, evidence heard, and the law and facts earnestly presented by respective counsel. It so happened that the two litigants owned what was considered fast "quarter horses," and by chance, on the day of the trial, each came on their race nags.

The Squire was very fond of the sports of the turf, and after the case was closed and submitted, he observed that the evidence was so nearly balanced that he was in doubt, and, to settle the question, his decision was that the parties go down on a track near by and run their horses—judgment to go in favor of the winning horse!

The idea was so novel, and withal so amusing, that attorneys and clients at once consented, and proceeded to try the case, as the Squire expressed it in his instructions to the riders when up, "by the Lever-Power Act, from which there was no appeal."

JUSTICES there have jurisdiction to try cases of assault and battery. Two persons having a quarrel in presence of the Squire, one struck the other, and was at once ordered under arrest. In due time the trial came on, and the defendant was ordered to stand up, and asked to plead whether he was guilty or not guilty. The defendant answered, Not Guilty. This was too much for the Justice, who fancied that his own veracity was officially called in question by the plea, and the poor culprit was fined \$100 on the spot for the breach of the peace, and another \$100 for contempt, the Justice remarking that he "would learn people how to call the Court a liar!"

LITTLE STELLA is just beginning to talk. Our minister has engaging manners, and is especially a favorite of children. During a sociable call he sang one of those touching, simple melodies which Stella is so fond of hearing. She was very attentive, and stood quite motionless, gazing on his face with her bright, wondering eyes. As he proceeded tears began to glisten beneath the lids, and glide down her dimpled cheeks. After a few minutes of silence, he asked, "Stella, how do you like

it!" She answered, promptly, "Oh, very much, Mr. Young, but it hurts my eyes!"

A LOUD call having been made for army surgeons by the examining boards of our State, our ambitious and patriotic young friend, Dr. P——, gave up his lucrative (?) practice, and reported himself at Columbus for examination. The applicants, who were numerous, were each handed a list of printed questions, and they were required to write out answers and hand them in to the Board, who voted on their cases according to the correctness of the answers. Our young aspirant got on swimmingly with his list until he came to Question 23: "Where and what is Scarpa's triangle?" This was a poser. He scratched his head in vain for any recollection of such an anatomical structure. He finally approached the President of the Board, and, pointing to the question, said, "Sir, did you mean to ask that question?" To which the president blandly replied in the affirmative. Our young doctor, putting on a look of fierce indignation, exclaimed, "Will you tell me, Sir, what is the use of asking such a question as that when our country's flag is trailing in the dust?"

CAPTAIN JOHNSON, of our army, home on leave, was telling his aunt (a kind-hearted, simple-minded old lady) about his marches, etc., up and down the Valley, and in the course of conversation happened several times to speak of his men "winning" chickens, fruit, etc., from the way-side farmers. The old lady, being utterly unacquainted with army slang, anxiously inquired what the Captain meant by "winning." The Captain was momentarily taken aback at this question, for he knew the good dame had the greatest horror of any thing like stealing; but recovering, he straightened out his face like a Supreme Court judge's, and says he: "Ah, yes, you don't quite understand, I see. Did you ever read the Army Regulations? No, I suppose not. Well, my dear aunt, paragraph 1677 of the 63d edition provides that when an army is passing through a country the farmers shall not be deprived of their live-stock or other property, except in cases of necessity, and even then they are given a chance for their possessions in this way: If a soldier needs a chicken, for instance, he is bound to 'toss up' with the farmer to decide which shall have it, and" (impressively) "it is really surprising how very generally the 'boys' win."

A WORTHY master of the rod in Maine writes:

During the past winter I have been teaching in the little village of B——, in the lower part of this county, and one day caught my youngest boy, aged twelve, in the act of throwing some paper balls at one of the larger boys. I called him out at once, and taking my pointer in one hand and holding one of his hands in my other, explained to him the painful necessity I was under of administering proper punishment. After duly impressing him with this fact I dropped his hand and wound up as follows: "Now, Arthur, I don't want to whip you, so I'll give you your choice between a whipping and sitting with one of the girls." Quick almost as lightning his hand came up, and in a voice cager as one asking a great favor he exclaimed, "Please to whip me! Oh, please to whip me, Sir!" The effect was instantly perceived on the school.

GOVERNOR A. G. CURTIN paid a visit in 1862 to the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps.

While with the — Regiment, talking to the officers and men in front of the colonel's tent, Company D drum beat the call for dinner. The men, ever ready, fell in in single file for their rations. The Governor, wishing to dine with the boys, called for plate, knife, fork, and tin cup—dishes used at that time by the soldiers—walked toward the head of the company to get in the line, that he might not have to wait until the last to be served. He attempted to get into the line, when a fellow took him by the shoulder and politely pushed him away, saying, "No you don't, old fellow; you take your turn here." The Governor saw the joke, as well as the force of the fellow's argument, and retired with a hearty laugh to the rear of the company, got his dinner (when his turn came), ate it like a true soldier, then left us. Since that time he has had the pleasure of giving the same soldier a lieutenant's commission, and I know he never signed one for a braver or better man.

THIS comes from Portland, Oregon:

Charles Hone is a druggist in this place, and is a first-rate, genial, good-fellow, and would be decidedly good-looking but for his nose, which is of Titanic proportions, and is the occasion of numerous jokes. A short time since Charley visited the flourishing little town of Salem, and one day while standing on the sidewalk an honest-looking farmer came near, and looking intently at Charley, stopped; then came nearer and stopped again; presently he spoke:

"Say, Mister, ain't you from Portland?"

"Certainly," replied Charley.

"Well, I thought I seen that nose down there," was the answer.

HERE is a rather cool letter from a loving wife, yet by no means among the coolest that we constantly receive:

DEAR HARPER,—It is Bob's birthday the — of —, and I have taken a fancy to give him a present, not purchased with his money. You see he is constantly giving me presents, and I can not return it, not even the value of a new handkerchief, unless with the money he gives me. And although I have enough at any time, unquestioned, to buy what I would like to give him, still I thought it would be so different if I could only feel that it was my money.

This is why I have written this little story, and if you will please send me something for it, *whether you publish it or not*, why then I can get Bobby's present.

There's a dear old Harper! Do be generous. I shall spend just what you send and no more; and then I will write and tell you what I bought, and what Bob said, and all about it. And you will not wait, will you? for I want to buy it this month. What shall it be?

P.S.—Bob must not know any thing about it.

It strikes *us* that if we should "send something" in case we did not publish the story the present to Bob would be from us, not from the affectionate wife.

PRENTICE, of the *Louisville Journal*, has had many a good joke at other people's expense, and he will excuse us for telling of an incident that occurred in the village of Canterbury, Connecticut, while he was pursuing his law-studies with Judge Judson.

The farmers were accustomed to have evening parties during the winter season, to which the Judge's students were invited, Prentice among them, when the young men "went home with the

girls." One evening they had a party something more than a mile from the village, and among the girls was one E— S—, who was not particularly interesting; and while the guests were "putting on their things" in the entry with only one candle, Prentice, eager to go home with one of the pretty girls, locked in with E— S—, supposing he had the arm of one of the most interesting girls of the place, and rushed out of the house, followed by the rest of the company. While walking along Prentice tried all the means in his power to engage his lady in conversation, but to no avail. Her answers were Yes or No—none other could he get. Finally, giving up in despair, he turned round to one of his companions and asked, "Who have I got here?" His companion, seeing the joke, left him as wise as ever. So on they went till they got to the village, and on through the village till they had walked something more than half a mile beyond, when Prentice made bold to ask his lady where she lived. "Oh! we live back at the village." So they turned about, and Prentice took her home. But that was not the last that he heard of it; the circumstance was thrown in his teeth very often, and he was obliged to cry for quarter.

ONE of the "escort corps" with the Western emigrant trains writes to the Drawer from Oregon:

Those who have crossed the plains can not have failed to notice these two facts, viz., the extreme scarceness of wood and prevalence of high winds. Consequently it was often difficult to pitch the tents, and still more difficult to keep them so, especially when tent-pins were scarce. The breakage or loss of a tent-pin was a serious casualty. One afternoon there arose one of those sudden gusts of wind so common on the plains, and away went the tents, snapping the tent-pins as if they had been pipe-stems. One of the escort proceeded to gather up the broken fragments of the pins, and lay them in a row; then, with mock solemnity and head uncovered, said to those who had gathered round, "An opportunity is now given to those who wish to see the remains." The laugh which followed the undertaker's happy hit put us in a good humor again, if it did fill our mouths with sand.

INCLOSED please find a correct copy of notice posted at Muncy Station, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania:

"Feare notes on all hoo consorn we as supervisor from clinton township give notes that all hoo hald them loaks in the road bittwen Peter Bergers house and Peter Keltner store have to moove them within six day from this day march the 9 1865 and if thare are not mooved till the 20 or then we will sellem on that day for township purpos all what is within 17 feet the supervisors."

THE Act of Congress of May 6, 1864, prescribing a new system for ascertaining the tonnage of vessels, causes considerable perplexity, not only among ship-owners and seamen, but also Government officials. At a port on the east end of Long Island is an inspector of customs—a king among his fellows, if not a Solomon in wisdom—who visited the port of New York and learned it all. Upon his return he condescended to explain the mode of measurement to several intimate friends, and had a great deal to say about the "transversaria." Our good and worthy Postmaster, a more *lettered* man, told him there was no such word as "transversaria" to be found either in Webster or Worcester, and asked an explana-

tion, but received only ridicule for his want of knowledge. Another friend coming in also questioned the correctness of the word, when our "Coast-wise Inspector," as he sometimes signed himself, gravely informed him that it was a "legal term," and consequently not much used. Our friend, the inspector, when in New York, had heard the two words *transverse area* pronounced rapidly, and, supposing them one word, had been betrayed by the euphonism into using the "legal term" too often.

A FORMER Colonel of one of the bravest veteran regiments from Indiana, when just out, had occasion once to march his regiment, then in column, through an opening in a fence a little to the right of the point in front of them. The order, fresh in his mind from Hardee, came thundering forth, "Right or left OB-LI-QUE, as the case may be—march!"

ANOTHER order, from the commander of a Kentucky regiment, though perhaps exhibiting less recollection of "The Tactics," was given in a form to be understood. The idea was to deploy at skirmishers: the order was, "Get up there on the hill, and scatter out as you did yesterday!"

A LOT of us were sitting, one fine spring day, in the office of Dr. W——, in the city of B——. We were talking and smoking quietly, when suddenly a something rushed in, gesticulating violently, and giving utterance to the most outlandish sounds. This individual—for we found out he *was* a man—merits a little description. He was a cross, evidently, between a Jew, a Dutchman, a Gorilla, and a Lunatic; and he looked like an old clo'man, a peddler, a tinker, a confidence man, and a dollar-jewelry man, massed and rolled into one. And what a nose he had!—*too long* for any description.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor!"—he spoke in the vernacular this time—"I bese in a heap of troubles! Yes, a big heap!"

"What is it, Snitz?" said Dr. W——. "Baby sick?"

"Oh no, Doctor, worser'n dat!"

"Any of your children sick?"

"Worser'n dat!"

"Then your wife must be very sick?"

"No, no, Doctor; tousand times worser'n dat!"

"Snitz, my friend," said Dr. W——, "if there is any thing the matter, and you want help, you will have to be cool, and tell me the tronble direct and to the point."

"Vell, my goot Doctor, I tells you my troubles, and sees if you helps me. Doctor, you knows I bese one goot, hard working, honest man. I picks up rags, and scraps, and things, and I bese one goot man. One day, down on the wharf, I finds one pair old pants, and I puts 'em in my pag, and I goes on, and when it comes night I goes home, and I looks over my tings what I finds; and den, Doctor, vat you tink, in de pocket, de watch-pocket, of de old pair pants, I finds one piece paper, and, my goot Doctor, he bese one hunder tollar greenback. Oh, den I feels so goot! and I says to me, Now, Snitz, I makes your fortunes! And de next morning I goes down to de wharf, to Mr. Smit and Brown's; and Mr. Brown he know me, and he say, 'Vell, old rags, vat can I do for you?' and I say, Mr. Brown, I want to buy one hunder tollar wort stock; and I buys my stock of ginger-bread, and Bolong sausage, and combs, and congh medicine, and lots

of tings, and I goes up to W——, where de army is, and I sells every ting tear, and I cheats de soldiers, and I makes 250 tollar, and den—"

"Stop a minute, Snitz," said the Doctor; "what sort of stuff was that cough mixture?"

"Very goot medicine, Doctor; I never tastes him. I buys him for four tollar for one tozen bottles, and I sells him for one tollar a bottle, and de soldiers all likes him, and ven dey trinks him dey laughs and dey sings, and sometimes, ven dey trinks too much of de medicine, dey don't walk straight, and—"

"Oh!" says the Doctor, "'Tangle-foot.' Go on."

"Vell, Doctor, I goes back to de city, and I buys more stock, and comes back again, and I makes more monies; and I keeps on so a long times, and all de times I sells very tear; and after while I goes down to buy more stock, and I have plenty monies, plenty, my tear Doctor. I has dree tousand five hunder tollar, and I goes down to Mr. Smit and Brown, and I tells Mr. Brown I buys so much stock, and *dis* time Mr. Brown he say, my tear Mr. Snitz, I am so glad to see you. You takes a glass goot wine with me, and I takes him. Vell, I comes back, and I'ze very lucky, and I sells every ting, and I has six tousand tollar. My goot Doctor, I tells you every ting. I has my money, and I gets on de train to come home, and we starts, and all is well; but pretty soon, bime-by, someting goes just like this—Boomp!—and we stops still, and then about one hunder tousand peeble on de great big white horses, with a great big brass band, who plays dis song:

"'Who's been here since I been gone?

Who's been here since I been gone?"

"Oh, Doctor, it was de blame *Secesh!* and pretty soon one big man come to me, and he say, 'Who are you?' and I say, 'My goot frient, I am a poor, hard-working, goot man, and I lives in B——, where I supports my wife and my thirteen childers, and my faders and my mudders, and my grandfaders and my grandmudders.' And he say, 'What are you doin' h'yar?' and I say, 'My goot frient, I bese the Sanitary Commission, and I comes up to W—— to help the soldiers what be shot.' And *den I lie a little*, and I say, 'I'm all right; when I gits de chance I helps de gray soldier better than de blue soldier.' And den he look in my eye, and he say, 'Gammon!' and den, my goot Doctor, I shake, and den he say, 'Nosey, whar's yer pockit-book?' Oh, den, mit a big brass pistol he takes my six tousand tollar!"

Is it necessary for me to say that we all contributed, and in a moment raised the sum so cruelly stolen, and made Mr. Snitz once more serene? Oh no; of course not. But I'm in error. Tom Shunt didn't give any thing—except his advice. Said he, "Snitz, son of thy father, hearken unto me; be not cast down, but let thy heart rejoice. Why, old cock," says Tom, lapsing into everyday English, "you've got a fortune about you now; it's right before your eyes. Don't you see it?"

Snitz shakes his head.

"He knows it not!" cries Thomas. "Why, with that nose you ought to smell out every thing in the world, and under it either, for that matter. An idea strikes me—go in the oil business; with your nose you can find the petroleum, and I can say you are a *good borer*—in fact, I consider you a great *bore!* Take my blessing, Snitz, and go in for 'ile!'"

A CORRESPONDENT in Idaho Territory sends to

the Drawer some sketches to illustrate the beauties of legal practice in that embryo State:

Peter B. Smith is one of the judges in Idaho Territory, and in his peculiar way is a very original and eccentric personage. During a term of court held by him at Idaho City, in Boise County, not long since, a number of laughable incidents occurred, in which his Honor figured as the most prominent personage.

On one occasion two attorneys had an important motion to argue before the Court. Long before the first had concluded his two-and-a-half-hours' argument the Judge began to show evident signs of weariness; and soon after the second had commenced to reply the judicial head, upon which the hopes of both contestants were solely placed, declined upon the Judge's breast, and remained *in statu quo* for about half an hour. Silence prevailed in the court-room, and an occasional faint sound, suspiciously resembling a semi-snore, was the only audible interruption to the legal gentleman who was arguing his client's case. Finally arousing to consciousness, the Judge slowly raised his head, rubbed his eyes, and, after an apparently vain effort to comprehend the condition of affairs, slowly and dubiously asked the counsel speaking: "Judge S——, which side of this case are you argerin on?" It is needless to add *that* argument was not much farther "in linked sweetness long drawn out."

He was an excellent Judge for applicants for divorces, seldom or never failing to grant a decree to the party applying, particularly if a woman. One case of this nature coming on for trial before him, after repeated efforts of counsel for the defense to obtain a continuance, the evidence given by one of the witnesses for the plaintiff being trivial and immaterial, the plaintiff's counsel persisted in asking leading questions. To one of these one of the attorneys for the defendant objected.

"State the grounds of your objection," said the Court.

"May it please your Honor, I have fourteen distinct and separate grounds of objection to that question in the form in which it is put by the learned counsel, any one of which, if decided in my favor, will be fatal to the question in that form, the first and least of which is that it is leading the witness," replied the attorney.

"The Court will hear you argue those grounds of objection, Mr. M——," urbanely replied the Judge.

"I do not desire to consume unnecessarily the time of the Court, and would therefore prefer not to argue all the grounds of objection stated at length," answered the counsel.

"The Court will *compel* you to argue," responded the Judge, with severe dignity.

"In that case I have only to observe, preliminarily, that the argument of each of those fourteen grounds of objection will require two and a half hours. The first, may it please the Court, as already stated, is—"

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn this Court; the Court is going to the theatre to-night, and it is now past the time," exclaimed the Judge in dismay; and Court was accordingly adjourned.

THERE was a very large calendar of civil causes, and one attorney was extremely pertinacious in making repeated applications to have a particular case in which he was interested set for trial. At

length, the Judge becoming wearied with him, said, "The Court will sit to hear that case, Sir, at precisely twelve o'clock to-night." When twelve o'clock P.M. arrived the anxious attorney repaired to the court-house, but all was as dark as the tomb of the Capulets. The Judge was at the theatre, and could never be prevailed upon again during the term to set that case.

IN a New England village they hold a monthly prayer-meeting for our gallant soldiers, taking contributions for the sick, etc. At one of these, while the first Wilmington expedition to take Fort Fisher was under way, it was proposed to offer prayer for its success; but one enthusiastic brother, who was a great believer in Butler, arose and remarked, in substance, that it was well enough to pray for some of the other objects of the war, but as for the Wilmington expedition, *that* was a sure thing! The poor man must have felt bad at the result, but he was right at last—and "all's well that ends well."

A CORRESPONDENT in Omaha, Nebraska, writes to the Drawer:

In the District Court Records of Douglas County are the proceedings of a meeting of the bar, which was convened to express their views and pass resolutions in reference to the death of Judge Hall, Chief Justice of Nebraska. After eloquent eulogies, and the usual resolutions of condolence, it was resolved that the proceedings and resolutions be spread on the journal of the court by the secretary, which was accordingly done. The entry concluded as follows: "On motion of J. M. W——, Esq., the *funeral* adjourned *sine die!*"

FROM Dubuque, Iowa, a friend writes:

A well-known lawyer of this city being sent for to counsel some men accused of horse-stealing, in the jail at Waverley, Bremer County, in this State, was sent for also by an Irishman in another room in the same prison.

"Well, Pat, what do you want with me?"

"Your Honor, I just heard there was a lawyer in jail, and sure I wanted to see him."

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"An' what should I want wid you but to get me me out of this."

"And what are you here for?"

"Just for burglary I belave they call it?"

"And what is the testimony against you?"

"And niver a bit at all. Only I tould the Justice of the Pace meself that I did it."

"Well, if you have confessed it, I don't see but what you'll have to stay here."

"An' is it that you say? Sure, now, and in the counthry I came from niver a bit would they kape any body in jail on *such a thrifling ividence as that!*"

I AM an old resident of Oregon, and was for many years a constituent of Jo L——, at one time Oregon's greatest politician. I propose telling the readers of the Drawer one of his electioneering dodges, and how nicely he got caught at it. Uncle Jo was about to make a speech to the terrified on Long Tom, and stopped at Tom Brown's for dinner. He knew Tom to be a little shaky—in fact, quite inclined to be anti-L——, and Uncle Jo determined to bring him over. As soon as he entered the house he commenced his usual tactics: "Well, God bless you, Mrs. Brown! how do you do, and how are all the little ones?" After kissing the dirty brood all round,

he asks for mother's pipe. "If there is any thing I do like, it is to smoke mother's pipe; it's got some strength into it, and does a feller some good. By-the-by, Mrs. Brown, they say Tom is going to vote agin me. I hope he won't. He and I have fit Indians together up on Rogue River, and camped out in the mountains, and been good friends and Dimercrats ever sence we came to Oregon."

Presently dinner is ready, and they have pork and beans, of course. Mrs. Brown is sorry they have nothing better. But says Uncle Jo, "You could not have any thing better; bless your soul, we don't have any thing half so good in Washington. Why my friend the President would give half his salary to get such beans as these. Have you got a pint you could spare?—I would so like to take them to him for seed!"

"We've got bushels of them," says Mrs. Brown.

"Well, now, how lucky! If you will do up a pint of them, I will put them in my saddle-bags and take them on to Mr. Buchanan, and I would not be surprised if it were the means of Tom getting one of the best offices in the State."

So the beans were put up and stowed away in Uncle Jo's saddle-bags, and Tom's vote and influence were made all sure.

In about a week Tom and his wife go up to Eugene, to visit Tom's sister, Mrs. Smith. Uncle Jo had been there, and made a first-rate impression. Mrs. Smith tells Mrs. Brown "What a nice gentleman Squire L—— is; so kind and sociable like; and then he thinks so much of Smith! Would you believe it, he brought us a pint of beans all the way from Washington, the very kind the President has on his table!"

At this Mrs. Brown begins to smell a very big mice. Says she,

"Mrs. Smith, what kind of beans is them he brought you from Washington?"

"Oh they are nice beans; twice as large as our white ones, with a pinkish eye."

"I thought so!" says Mrs. Brown. "May I see them beans?"

"Certainly," says Mrs. Smith. "I have them in the bag with the garden-seeds."

The beans were produced, still tied up in a piece of Jane Brown's calico dress. This produced an explosion. Brown and Smith at once became anti-L——, and worked hard to defeat him. Messrs. Brown and Smith were a host in themselves. They canvassed Long Tom and Eugene so thoroughly that Uncle Jo had not the ghost of a chance in those precincts.

WHEN the rebels began this fight they thought they had us, and it was a safe thing. Now they are in the same fix with the men who caught a bear. Two men were out hunting, and a bear came on them so suddenly that they dropped their guns and took to their heels. One of them climbed a tree, and the other managed to get the bear by the tail, and ran round and round as the bear turned and tried to get him. At length the man cried out to his friend in the tree, "I say, John, come down and help!" "Help! What can I do?" "Why, help me let go of this bear!"

THE Rev. G—— B——, whose wit and eccentricity gave him a wide notoriety in these parts, was an inveterate smoker. At one time, being in attendance on a Convention at Quincy, he fell in company with the Rev. C——, who was an intense

hater of the weed. The latter, after delivering himself freely to a company of the brethren about tobacco chewers and smokers, in ignorance of B——'s weakness, appealed to him to sustain his views. "Certainly," said B——; "you are right, brother; I agree with you entirely; for I never see a cigar that I don't feel just like *burning it up!*"

IN 1854 and 1855 Colonel C. A. May, U.S.A., was in command of the frontier post Fort M'Kavitt, Texas, about two miles from which place there was a settler named Shellenberger, who was as verdant a specimen of the genus *homo* as could be found in the State. The said Shellenberger was very troublesome to the Colonel, often begging him to send out scouting parties to hunt up horses, etc., stolen from him by the Indians. The Colonel, after several attempts to recover his stolen property without success, finally refused to be humbugged any more by him.

One morning (after the Lipan Indians *had* stolen two fine horses from old Shellenberger) I was accosted by him, and after relating the facts of the theft of his horses he said, in a very emphatic manner, "Tell Colonel May that if he don't send out a scout after my horses I will write to General Washington, and he will make him do it."

THE following was told to the Drawer by a friend who says he was an eye-witness to the affair:

Just before the capture of Savannah General Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the dépôt at Chicago, one fine morning, to take the cars east, on his way to rejoin his command. The General, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car, about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman with,

"Yees 'll not be goin' in there."

"Why not, Sir?" asked the General.

"Because thims a leddies caer, and no gentleman 'll be goin' in there widout a leddy. There's wan sate in that caer over there, ef yees want it," at the same time pointing to it.

"Yes," replied the General, "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?"

"Oh! bother your schtaff!" was the petulant reply. "Go you and take the sate, an' schtick yer schtaff out the windy."

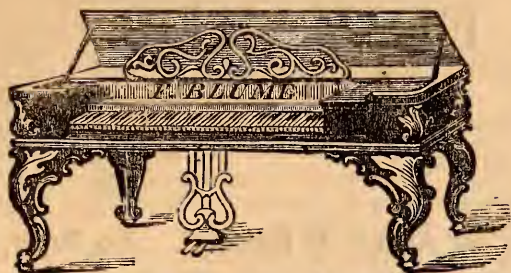
CAPTAIN C——, of Hadlyme, Connecticut, had a very clever man in his employ, by the name of Marsh. One day he came alongside the ship in a small boat; a line was thrown to assist him in reaching the deck. When nearly up the rope parted, and he fell back into the boat. Says the Captain, "Marsh, did it hurt you much?" He replied, whining, "I never was hurt so bad *in so short a time!*"

ANDY K—— was a butcher in Louisville some years ago, and supplied steamboats on the river with meat. One day he was met by Captain John M'D——, a steamboat agent, who informed him that the steamer *J. H. Done* (which was indebted to Andy a large amount) would be down the next day, as he (M'D——) had just received a telegraphic dispatch from Brooks, the clerk, to that effect.

"I don't believe it," said Andy.

"Well, there is the dispatch," said Captain M'D——, showing it.

"That's a fact," said Andy; "*that's Brooks's handwriting as sure as a gun!*"



## PIANO-FORTES.

New scale rosewood, 7 oct., iron frame, overstrung..\$250  
Full round, with carved mouldings.....\$350 to \$425  
Elegantly carved, finished back and front....\$450 to \$800  
Second-hand, at great bargains.....\$60 to \$275

### MELODEONS.

Portable case, with divided swell, etc.....\$50 to \$195  
Piano case, single and double reeds.....\$150 to \$300  
Patent Automatic Organs.....\$110 to \$500

**NEW MUSIC.** President Lincoln's Funeral March, with portrait, 40c.; plain, 30c. A Nation in Tears, song or quartette, with vignette of the Martyr President, 30c. Battle Hymn of the Republic, 30c. Soldiers' Happy Return Mazourka, 30c. It was my Mother's Voice, 35c. Have you seen her lately? (comic), 35c. Mailed, free of postage.

**EXCELSIOR MUSIC,** for violin, flute, fife, clarinet, or cornet—the newest and most popular tunes: 12 books, 15 cents each, mailed.

**MUSIC OMNIBUS.** For violin, or any treble instr't. Omnibus No. 1.—700 tunes, 40 sets of quadrilles, 100 contra and fancy dances with calls and figures, 100 opera melodies, polkas, marches, waltzes, etc. \$1 25. Mailed.

Omnibus No. 2.—\$50 tunes; 200 Irish, 200 Scotch, and 200 opera airs; 100 duets for violin and flute, \$1 25. Mailed.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.** Brass and German Silver Band Instruments of superior tone and workmanship. ACCORDEONS, VIOLINS, GUITARS, FLUTES, FIFES, DRUMS, BANJOS, TAMBOURINES, etc. Warranted. STRINGS, 25c., 40c., 50c. Mailed, free of postage. Send stamp for price-list of musical instruments.

FREDERICK BLUME, 203 Bowery, New York.

## E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Manufacturers of Photographic Material

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are Headquarters for the following, viz:  
**STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,**  
Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary etc., etc. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to \$50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER.  
CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz: about  
100 Major-Generals, 100 Lieut.-Colonels, 550 Statesmen,  
200 Brig.-Generals, 250 Other Officers, 130 Divines,  
275 Colonels, 75 Navy Officers, 125 Authors,  
40 Artists, 125 Stage, 50 Prominent Women,  
3,000 Copies of Works of Art,  
including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen Pictures from our Catalogue will be filled on the receipt of \$1.80, and sent by mail, FREE.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.

The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

TRADE



MARK.

PATENT.

## THE MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY

Begs leave to call attention to the above Trade-Mark, to be found on each box and each piece of

### Genuine Magic Ruffle.

All Ruffles, of whatever name, not having this TRADE-MARK, are worthless imitations and infringements on the Company's Patents.

### The Genuine Magic Ruffles

are put up full six yards in each piece, and twelve pieces in each box. They are carefully made; are of the best material; give perfect satisfaction in use; and are sold as low as goods of such quality can be afforded.

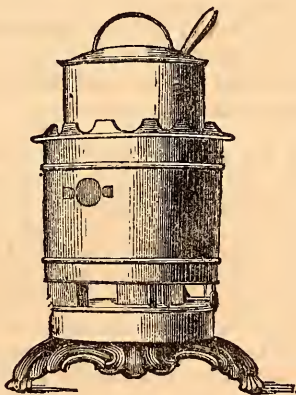
For sale by the principal jobbers and retailers throughout the United States. Manufactured only by

**THE MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY,**

No. 95 Chambers Street,

New York City.

## Economy and Comfort.



## Petroleum COOKING STOVES.

The cooking, washing, and ironing of a small family can be done at less expense than with wood or coal. This you can do, and at the same time keep your rooms cool and comfortable.

Think of the great red-hot stove on washing and ironing days in summer. All that can be done away with by purchasing one of our unrivaled Petroleum Stoves, with which you can use the ordinary stove furniture.

Circulars free. Address

**KEROSENE LAMP HEATER COMPANY,**

206 Pearl Street,

New York.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

---

## *Barbara's History.*

BARBARA'S HISTORY. A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

## *The Ladder of Life.*

THE LADDER OF LIFE: A Heart-History. A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

## *My Brother's Wife.*

MY BROTHER'S WIFE. A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

## *Hand and Glove.*

HAND AND GLOVE. A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. 8vo, Paper. (*In Press.*)

## *Half a Million of Money.*

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY. A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. (*In course of publication in HARPER'S WEEKLY, where it was commenced in Number 436, for May 6, 1865.*)

At this day, when so many indifferent namby-pamby novels are thrust upon the public—novels which it is a wearisome waste of time to read—we are quite sure that it is a kindly act to direct our readers' attention to such beautifully written, and in many cases superior, works of fiction as are these by Miss Edwards.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Miss Edwards has won an enviable reputation as a writer of fiction. Her novels are far superior to the average of such productions, inasmuch as they evince a highly cultivated intellect, a wide range of reading, and an apparently thorough knowledge of art. Add to these a graceful and sometimes eloquent style, sparkling dialogue, and a genuine depth of feeling, and we have some important essentials of a good novelist. The peculiar charm of her books to us consists in the beautiful enthusiasm with which she describes music and musicians, painting and painters, the dim interiors of ancient cathedrals, the golden gloom that pervades pillared aisles, the poetry and loveliness of the castled Rhine—all objects and associations that recall historic glories, or lighten up the life of to-day with the mellow hues of old romance.—*Brooklyn Daily Times.*

Her stories indicate vigor and taste.—*Chicago Journal.*

Miss Edwards's stories are all well written.—*Portland Transcript.*

Miss Edwards is a scholar and a poet, and gives us occasionally poems of much strength and sweetness.—*Boston Traveller.*

Thousands of the novels that are read at the present day, apologetic, imitative, and namby-pamby as they are, are not worth the paper they spoil, much less are they worth a quarter-hour's attention of any serious person. But Miss Edwards's works of fiction are of a high order, and represent, both in the subjects chosen and the treatment of them, a deep tendency of our time—this, namely, of looking within and not abroad, writing what is personal and domestic rather than what is conventional, and, in short, dealing with spirit instead of mere custom and costume.

Miss Edwards always selects domestic subjects, and delineates characters as though she stood at their centre, and not on the outside or at a distance. We suspect there is much that is autobiographical in her books. They all have a charming style and wholesome tone, and betray a fine range of reading, observation, and reflection.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Miss Edwards is one of the most successful novelists of the day.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Miss Edwards has now a recognized position in literature.—*Toronto Globe.*

Miss Edwards, in point of power, conception of motive, and consistency of development, is not inferior to Charlotte Brontë, and far before Miss Braddon.—*New York Courier.*

Miss Edwards has a richly cultured mind, writes with rare grace and ease of expression, and has superior gifts both in the faculties of imagination and construction.—*Roxbury Journal.*

---

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Sent by Mail, postage free, on receipt of the price.

**The  
National**



**Art  
Association**

**OF NEW YORK**

Beg to announce the completion of THE SUPERB PAINTING of  
**"WASHINGTON RECEIVING A SALUTE ON THE FIELD OF TRENTON,"**

By those distinguished Artists,  
**J. FAED, R.S.A., AND R. ANSDELL, R.A.**

This noble work, which has called forth the unqualified admiration of all the leading artists, connoisseurs, and amateurs, has been several years in course of execution, and has been engraved in the Highest Style of Art, size 31×43 inches, by the celebrated Engraver WILLIAM HOLL, expressly for the National Art Association, who now announce it as the first of an Annual Series of first-class Engravings of *American subjects* to be issued in December of each year, all of which will be Original Works of the highest order of merit, at FIVE DOLLARS EACH COPY.

The Directors feel a very natural pride in inaugurating an undertaking having for its object the promotion and extension of true art among the general body of the people, and in presenting this, their *first publication* (the value of which is certainly four times the price at which it is issued), they feel justified in expressing the conviction that the great artistic excellence of the work will be accepted as a guarantee that each succeeding annual publication will be of equal *importance, beauty, originality, and value.*

The Directors point to the following opinions (selected from others equally eulogistic), in confirmation of their efforts:

**The Hon. Edward Everett**

Says:

"The engraving of 'Washington Receiving a Salute on the field of Trenton' is a very pleasing and happily executed work. The likeness is faithfully preserved, the expression characteristically serene but animated, the carriage and air dignified and noble. The action of the charger is admirable, nerve and fire, under perfect control, indicating at once blood in the animal and perfect horsemanship in the rider. It is an engraving of superior beauty."

*Boston, 1864.*

**Opinion of Hon. Wm. H. Seward.**

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1864.

*To the Secretary National Art Association, N. Y.*

SIR,—I have received your letter of the 12th inst., and also the beautiful engraving of "Washington Receiving a Salute on the Field of Trenton," to which it refers. The flattering terms with which the gift has been made are duly appreciated, and I will thank you to convey to the Association my congratulations upon the patriotism and good taste in the choice of so high a subject, and upon the successful manner in which it has been presented to the public.

I am, Sir, &c., &c.,

WM. H. SEWARD.

It is the intention of the Directors of the National Art Association to make an *annual expenditure* of  
**\$20,000**

For Original Paintings and Statuary, to be the work of American Artists, the whole of which will be on exhibition (Free to the Public) at the gallery of the Association, 561 and 563 Broadway, New York (next door to Ball, Black & Co's Jewelry Store), which works will be

**Annually presented to the Subscribers for the Current Year's Engraving.**

The Directors would further state that they are negotiating with American artists of great eminence, for original works to be engraved for future years issues, and that will shortly be announced a most important portion of their project, the establishment of an Art Journal.

Copies of the Engraving "WASHINGTON RECEIVING A SALUTE ON THE FIELD OF TRENTON" may be seen at

WILLIAMS & EVERETTS, 234 Washington St., Boston;  
 EARLE & SON, Philadelphia;

BUTLER, PERRIGO, & WAY, Baltimore;  
 PETTES & LEATHE, 103 4th Street, St. Louis.


*The Original Picture now on exhibition at the Association's Gallery, 561 & 563 Broadway.*


The Engraving will be forwarded to subscribers on receipt of Five Dollars, directed to the Secretary of the National Art Association, Box 4429, New York, or will be delivered at the galleries as above to personal applicants.

Responsible persons desiring Agencies, may address the Secretary as above.

**THE GALLERY FREE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS AT ALL TIMES.**

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

 *Mailing Notice.*—HARPER & BROTHERS will send their Books by Mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Price.

 HARPER'S CATALOGUE and new TRADE-LIST may be obtained gratuitously, on application to the Publishers personally, or by letter, enclosing Five Cents.

**DR. LIVINGSTONE'S ZAMBESI AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.** Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and the Discovery of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858-1864. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, M.D., and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE. With Maps and Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs. 8vo, uniform with *Dr. Livingstone's South Africa*. (*In Press.*)

**DR. DRAPER'S CIVIL POLICY.** Thoughts on American Civil Policy. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the N. Y. University, Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," "A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," &c., &c. 8vo. (*In Press.*)

**THE LIFE OF JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD;** From his Private Correspondence and Family Papers, in the Possession of Joseph Mayer, Esq., F.S.A., Francis Wedgewood, Esq., C. Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Miss Wedgewood, and other Original Sources. With an Introductory Sketch of the Art of Pottery in England. By ELIZA METEYARD. With Portrait and many Illustrations. (*In Press.*)

**CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.** History of Friedrich II., called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 6 vols., 12mo. (Vols. V. and VI. *in Press.*) Price, per Vol. \$2 00.

**MISS MACKENZIE.** A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Orley Farm," "The Small House at Allington," "Doctor Thorne," &c. 8vo, Paper. (*Nearly Ready.*)

**BRACKETT'S UNITED STATES CAVALRY.** History of the United States Cavalry from the Formation of the Federal Government to the 1st of June, 1863. To which is added a List of all the Cavalry Regiments, with the Names of their Commanders, which have been in the United States Service since the breaking out of the Rebellion. By ALBERT G. BRACKETT, Major First United States Cavalry, Colonel Ninth Illinois Volunteer Cavalry, late Chief of Cavalry of the Department of Missouri, Special Inspector of Cavalry, Department of the Cumberland. 12mo. (*In Press.*)

**LOOMIS'S TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY.** A Treatise on Astronomy. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College; Author of "An Introduction to Practical Astronomy," and of a Series of Mathematics for Schools and Colleges. 8vo, Sheep, \$2 00.

**THACKERAY'S VANITY FAIR.** Vanity Fair: a Novel without a Hero. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. With Illustrations by the Author, and a Portrait on Steel, engraved by Halpin after Lawrence's Picture. A new and elegant Library Edition, in Three Volumes, Post, 8vo, on Toned Paper. Cloth, \$7 50.

**THE CULTURE OF THE OB-SERVING FACULTIES** in the Family and the School; or, Things about Home, and How to make them Instructive to the Young. By WARREN BURTON. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

**CARRY'S CONFESSION.** A Novel. By the Author of "Mattie: a Stray." 8vo, Paper. (*In Press.*)

VÁMBÉRY'S CENTRAL ASIA.

Travels in Central Asia. Being the Account of a Journey from the Teheran across the Turkoman Desert, on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian, to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand, performed in the Year 1863. By ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, by whom he was sent on this Scientific Mission. With Map and Woodcuts. 8vo, Cloth, \$3 75.

KATE KENNEDY. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

NAPOLEON'S LIFE OF CÆSAR.

First Volume of the History of Julius Cæsar. By His Imperial Majesty NAPOLEON III. An elegant Library Edition (*accompanied by the Atlas*) on Superfine Calendered Paper, 8vo, Cloth, \$3 50. Also, just ready, A Cheap Duodecimo Edition, without the Maps, Paper, \$1 00.

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. A Novel.

By Miss MULOCK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

MARCH'S ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Method of Philological Study of the English Language. By FRANCIS A. MARCH, Professor of the English Language, and Lecturer on Comparative Philology, in Lafayette College, Pa. 12mo, 60 cents.

LYMAN BEECHER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Autobiography, Correspondence, &c., of Lyman Beecher, D.D. Edited by his Son, CHARLES BEECHER. With Three Steel Portraits and Numerous Engravings on Wood. Complete in two volumes. 12mo, Cloth, \$5 00.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD.

A Novel. By the Author of "The Laird of Norlaw," "The Days of My Life," "The Last of the Mortimers," "The House on the Moor," &c. 8vo, Paper, \$1 25; Cloth, \$1 75.

THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

A Novel. By the Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c. 8vo, Cloth, \$1 50; Paper, \$1 00.

QUEENS OF SONG: Being Memoirs of some of the most celebrated Female Vocalists who have performed on the Lyric Stage from the Earliest Days of Opera to the Present Time. To which is added a Chronological List of all the Operas that have been performed in Europe. By ELLEN CREATHORNE CLAYTON. With Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00; Half Morocco, \$4 75.

BELIAL. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, (*In Press.*)

CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC RESEARCHES AND LIFE AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux: Being the Narrative of an Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, in the years 1860, 1861, and 1862. By CHARLES FRANCIS HALL. With Maps and 100 Illustrations, after Sketches and Photographs. 8vo, Cloth, \$4 50; Half Morocco, \$6 50.

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA:

Or, the Land of Promise as it now Appears. Including a Description of the Boundaries, Topography, Agriculture, Antiquities, Cities, and Present Inhabitants of that Wonderful Land. With Illustrations of the Remarkable Accuracy of the Sacred Writers in their Allusions to their Native Country. By Rev. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D. Maps and Engravings. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

CRUSOE'S ISLAND: a Ramble in the Footsteps of Alexander Selkirk.

With Sketches of Adventure in California and Washoe. By J. ROSS BROWNE, Author of "Yusef," &c. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

HEIRESS OF THE BLACKBURN-FOOT.

A Tale of Rural Scottish Life. 8vo, Paper. (*In Press.*)

DENIS DONNE. A Novel.

By Miss ANNIE THOMAS. 8vo, Paper. (*In Press.*)

ON GUARD. A Novel.

By Miss ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "Denis Donne." 8vo, Paper. (*In Press.*)

THEO LEIGH. A Novel.

By Miss ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "Denis Donne" and "On Guard." 8vo, Paper. (*In Press.*)

## READE'S SAVAGE AFRICA.

Western Africa: Being the Narrative of a Tour in Equatorial, Southwestern, and Northwestern Africa; with Notes on the Habits of the Gorilla; on the Existence of Unicorns and Tailed Men; on the Slave Trade; on the Origin, Character, and Capabilities of the Negro, and of the future Civilization of Western Africa. By W. WINWOOD READE. With Illustrations and a Map. 8vo, Cloth, \$4 00.

**UNCLE SILAS.** A Story of Bartram-Haugh. By J. S. LE FANT, Author of "Wylder's Hand," "The House by the Church-yard," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

**SPEKE'S AFRICA.** Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. By J. HANNING SPEKE, Captain H. M. Indian Army. With Maps and Portraits, and numerous Illustrations, chiefly from Drawings by Captain GRANT. 8vo, Cloth, \$4 00, uniform with BARTH, LIVINGSTONE, BURTON, &c.

**LEVER'S LUTTRELL OF ARRAN.** Luttrell of Arran. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Barrington," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Daltons," "Charles O'Malley," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, \$1 50; Paper, \$1 00.

**CENTRAL RAILROAD GUIDE.** Guide-Book of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and its Connections through the Coal-Fields of Pennsylvania. 12mo, Flexible Cloth, \$1 00.

**HOOKE'S MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.** Science for the School and Family. Part III. Mineralogy and Geology. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D., Professor of Medicine in Yale College, Author of "The Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," &c. Illustrated by nearly 200 Engravings. 12mo, Half Roan, \$1 50.

\* \* Also, now ready, new editions of Dr. HOOKER'S "Natural Philosophy" and "Chemistry" ("Science for the School and Family," Parts I. and II.). Copiously Illustrated. 12mo, Half Roan, each, \$1 50.

**MY BROTHER'S WIFE: A Life-History.** By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Author of "Barbara's History," "The Ladder of Life," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

## VAUX'S VILLAS & COTTAGES.

Villas and Cottages: A Series of Designs Prepared for Execution in the United States. By CALVERT VAUX, Architect (late DOWNING & VAUX). New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Illustrated by nearly Five Hundred Engravings. 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

## KNAPP'S FRENCH GRAMMAR.

A Practical Grammar of the French Language: Containing a Grammar, Exercises, Reading-Lessons, and a Complete Pronouncing Vocabulary. By WILLIAM I. KNAPP, A.M., Professor of Modern Language and Literature in Madison University, N. Y., and Author of "A French Reading-Book." 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

## KNAPP'S FRENCH READING-BOOK.

Chrestomathie Française. A French Reading Book: Containing, I. Selections from the best French Writers, with copious References to the Author's French Grammar. II. The Masterpieces of Molière, Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire; with Explanatory Notes, Biographical Notices, and a Vocabulary. By WM. I. KNAPP, A.M., Author of "A Practical Grammar of the French Language." 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

## THE STUDENT'S HISTORIES.

**THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF GREECE** from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. With Supplementary Chapters on the History of Literature and Art. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Revised, with an Appendix, by Prof. GEO. W. GREENE, A.M. Engravings. Large 12mo, 738 pages, Cloth, \$2 00.

**A SMALLER HISTORY OF GREECE:** The above Work abridged for Younger Students and Common Schools. Engravings. 16mo, 272 pages, Cloth, \$1 00.

**THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ROME** from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. With Chapters on the History of Literature and Art. By HENRY G. LIDDELL, D.D. Engravings. Large 12mo, 778 pages, Cloth, \$2 00.

**DR. SMITH'S SMALLER HISTORY OF ROME** from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. With a Continuation to A.D. 476. By EUGENE LAWRENCE, A.M. Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00. (Just Ready.)

**THE STUDENT'S GIBBON.** The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By EDWARD GIBBON. Abridged. Incorporating the Researches of Recent Commentators. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Engravings. Large 12mo, 706 pages, Cloth, \$2 00.

**THE STUDENT'S HUME.** A History of England from the Earliest Times to the Revolution of 1688. By DAVID HUME. Abridged. Incorporating the Corrections and Researches of Recent Historians, and continued down to the Year 1853. Engravings. Large 12mo, 806 pages, Cloth, \$2 00.

**THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE** from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. Engravings. Large 12mo, 724 pages, Cloth, \$2 00.

**M**MARGARET DENZIL'S HISTORY. Annotated by her Husband. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

**O**UR MUTUAL FRIEND. A Novel. By CHARLES DICKENS. Part I. [Containing one half of the Work.] Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

**A** POPULAR HAND-BOOK OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By GEORGE CUMMING M'WHORTER. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

**T**ONY BUTLER. A Novel. 8vo, Cloth, \$1 50; Paper, \$1 00.

**T**HE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. With a Portrait of William of Orange. 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, \$9 00.

**H**ISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS: From the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort. With a Full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L., Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, \$6 00.

**H**ILDRETH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. FIRST SERIES.—From the Settlement of the Country to the Adoption of the Federal Constitution. SECOND SERIES.—From the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the End of the Sixteenth Congress. 6 vols., 8vo, Muslin, \$18 00.

**F**ANNY KEMBLE'S GEORGIA PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

**D**AILY WALK WITH WISE MEN; Or, Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Arranged, and specially Adapted, by Rev. NELSON HEAD. Large 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

**T**HE SOCIAL CONDITION AND EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE IN ENGLAND. By JOSEPH KAY, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law, and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

**U**NDER THE BAN. (*Le Maudit.*) Translated from the French of M. L'Abbé. \*\*\*. 8vo, Cloth, \$1 75; Paper, \$1 25.

**M**ATTIE: A STRAY. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

**H**ISTORY OF THE ORIGIN, FORMATION, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States. By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, \$6 00.

**L**INDISFARN CHASE. A Novel. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. 8vo, Cloth, \$2 00; Paper, \$1 50.

**S**TORY ON THE CONSTITUTION. A Familiar Exposition of the Constitution of the United States. Designed for the use of School Libraries and General Readers. With an Appendix, containing important Public Documents illustrative of the Constitution. By Judge STORY. 12mo, Muslin, \$1 50.

**C**APTAIN BRAND, OF THE "CENTIPEDE." A Pirate of Eminence in the West Indies: his Loves and Exploits, together with some Account of the singular Manner by which he Departed this Life. A Novel. By HARRY GRINGO (H. A. WISE, U. S. N.). With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, \$2 00; Paper, \$1 50.

**L**IVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Complete in 8 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$12 00.

**C**OUSIN PHILLIS. A Tale. By Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "Sylvia's Lover's," "Wives and Daughters," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

**G**ROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE. 12 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$18 00.

**N**OT DEAD YET. A Novel. By J. C. JEAFFRESON, Author of "Live it Down," "Olive Blake's Good Work," &c. 8vo, Cloth, \$1 75; Paper, \$1 25.

**D**ENIS DUVAL. A Novel. By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

## THE DEAD THAT MIGHT BE LIVING.

It is sad to think that thousands die annually with the means of life and health almost within arm's length. Many a weakling goes down to the grave every day whom the timely use of **HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS** would have saved. It is a consolation, however, to know that this glorious Tonic—a vitalizing Elixir without a single drawback—is preserving the lives of multitudes. In cases of general debility and prostration, it is producing effects that are perhaps more astonishing than any thing heretofore observed or recorded in the history of medical treatment. Feeble, emaciated, and despairing patients, whose powers of digestion seem to be actually extinguished, recover their appetite, strength, and spirits, under a course of the Bitters, with a rapidity that is positively amazing. All that the proprietors originally expected from the preparation was long ago thrown into the shade by its actual results. New virtues, which they had never thought of attributing to it, are continually being developed in its application to new cases. As a preventive of diseases of every class and a constitutional invigorant it stands alone and unapproachable.—New York Office, No. 59 Cedar Street.

## Photograph Albums

MAILED FREE OF POSTAGE  
TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

**Less than City Prices.**

ALBUMS FOR THE PEOPLE! THE ARMY!! AND  
THE NAVY!!!

Persons ordering will obtain the most approved Albums, rich Turkey Morocco Ornaments, Chased Edges, and beautiful Clasps. *Portraits of Generals and Statesmen at Ten Cents each.*

Photograph Album, Morocco, 30 Portraits.....	\$2 00
Photograph Album, Morocco, 40 Portraits.....	2 25
Photograph Album, Morocco, 50 Portraits.....	2 75
*Photograph Albums, Morocco, 50 Views, extra size	4 00
*Photo. Album, Turkey Mor., extra gilt, 50 Pictures	5 00
*Photo. Album, Turkey Mor., alto relief, 50 Views..	6 00
Photograph Album, Morocco, oblong, 80 Views....	5 50
Photo. Album, Turkey Mor., oblong relief, 100 Views	6 75
*Photo. do., Mor., relief and gold, oblong, 100 Views	8 50

### NEW QUARTO, FOUR VIEWS ON PAGE.

Photograph Album, Morocco, 160 Views.....	\$7 50
*Photograph Album, Turkey Morocco, in relief and gold, unique, full ornaments, 160 Pictures.....	9 00
*Photograph Album, Turkey Morocco, in relief and gold, unique, full ornaments, 200 Views.....	12 00

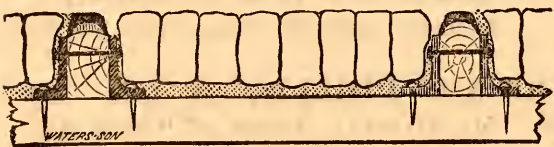
Those marked (\*) have French ornaments or rests and chased edges. The cheapest and best made.

Parties forming Clubs, or remitting to the amount of **TWENTY DOLLARS**, will have a **FOUR-DOLLAR Album** sent gratis.

**WILLIAM W. HARDING,**

MANUFACTURER OF ALBUMS, AND PUBLISHER OF  
FAMILY AND PULPIT BIBLES,  
No. 326 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

## Economical Railroads.



O'BRIEN'S PATENT CRESCENT OR ROOF RAIL for Horse, Dummy, or light Locomotive Railroads: with one-third the weight of iron, and one-half the quantity of timber, will sustain equal traffic and last longer than any form of rail hitherto invented.

Rights and Licenses sold, and contracts made for construction, and for the supply of all materials. Address, for circulars, &c., or apply personally to **W. D. O'BRIEN**, 32 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, New York.

**PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION**; or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By **BENSON J. LOSSING**. 2 vols., Royal 8vo, \$14 00; Sheep, 15 00; Half Calf, \$18 00; Full Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, \$22 00.

PUBLISHED BY **HARPER & BROTHERS**, New York.

Sent by Mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

## THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY.

**DR. J. W. POLAND'S  
WHITE PINE COMPOUND**



Has been proved in thousands of cases throughout the New England States to be the very best medicine for Throat and Pulmonary affections and all Kidney Complaints. This Compound cures Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Dyptheria, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and



Pulmonary affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, Hydrocele, &c., &c., &c. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found an invaluable remedy.



In most cases one bottle is sufficient to effect a cure. Give it a trial.

**BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK**, Chicago, Illinois, Agents for Northwestern States.

**JOHN D. PARK**, Cincinnati, Ohio, Agents for Southwestern States.

Sold by all Druggists.



**MESSRS. FOWLER & WELLS**, No. 389 Broadway, have all works on **PHONOGRAPHY**, **HYDROPATHY**, **PHRENOLOGY**, **PHYSIOLOGY**, **ANATOMY**, **Medicine**, **Mechanism**, and the Natural Sciences generally. Also **Photographic Views**, **Albums**, **Portraits**, **Busts**, **Microscopes**, &c. Agents, Teachers, Physicians, and the Trade supplied.

**ETHNOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY**, Physiognomy, and Psychology, with characters of nations and individuals, given in the **ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL**, 20 cents a Number or \$2 a year. New Volume begins in July. To secure the Pictorial Double Numbers, with all the portraits, send at once to **FOWLER & WELLS**, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

**EMPLOYMENT**, Pleasant and Profitable. Agents wanted to sell "Good Books." For particulars, address, with stamp, **FOWLER & WELLS**, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

**AN ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY and PHYSIOGNOMY** for 1865, with Almanac for 100 years, 12 cents, prepaid by post. **FOWLER & WELLS**, N. Y.

**BASHFULNESS**—How to overcome it. See **PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL**, Jan. No. 20 cts. **FOWLER & WELLS**, 389 Broadway, N. Y.


HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

*Have just published, from early proof-sheets, by exclusive arrangement,  
An elegant Library Edition (accompanied by the Atlas), on Superfine Calen-  
dered Paper, 8vo, Cloth, \$3 50.*

*First Volume of the*  
**HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.**

BY HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY,

**NAPOLEON III.**

 *The Atlas, which includes extensive colored Maps, Plans, &c., indis-  
pensable to the work, is furnished to purchasers of this  
edition without extra charge.*

The Emperor of France has once more succeeded in throwing the entire civilized world into excitement, and in concentrating upon himself the talk of a very large portion of mankind. His life of Cæsar is the great sensational book of our age. France, England, and Germany have received it on the same day. In a few more weeks every country of America and Europe will possess of it a translation, and among the thousands of newspapers in existence there is hardly a single one which has not, in some way or other, discussed, or, at least, referred to it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The book is a great book. Nobody capable of understanding it who reads it through will doubt that its au-

thor has a great brain, a head at once capable of invention and generalization, a mind which gazes on the great plain of history from an eminence, and not from an equal level.

Not one will deny that its perusal has given him new ideas; that through it runs a view consistent, intelligible, and great; that he has risen from it with his perceptions enlarged, his judgment of Roman history half unconsciously but still obviously modified.—*London Spectator.*


It is impossible to read this Imperial book without feeling very great interest in it from first to last.—*London Review.*

The Harpers have made a book worthy the authorship of an Emperor.—*Boston Post.*

HARPER & BROTHERS have also just ready,

**A CHEAP DUODECIMO EDITION,**

*Without the Atlas, at One Dollar a copy, in Paper.*

 HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Editions, by Mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Price.

**HARPER'S WEEKLY.**

HARPER'S WEEKLY proposes to present, by pen and pencil, a picture of the times. In Politics it will advocate the National cause, wholly irrespective of mere party grounds. In the view of its Editors and Proprietors the perpetuity of the Union and the maintenance of the Government of the United States are paramount to every other consideration. The National Administration will be supported as far as it honestly and wisely endeavors to accomplish these objects; and will be opposed whenever it fails to do so.

VOLUME 31. }  
NUMBER 181. }

## Harper's Magazine.

{ NEW YORK,  
JUNE, 1865.

### VOLUME THIRTY-ONE.

*This One Hundred and Eighty-first Number commences the Thirty-first Volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. For the fifteen years during which the Magazine has been issued its average monthly circulation has been fully One Hundred Thousand Copies. Its present circulation within the Loyal States is greater than at any former period.*

*The continuous demand for back Volumes evinces that the Magazine possesses a permanent as well as a temporary value. The Publishers have made arrangements which warrant them in promising that the ensuing Volume shall not be of less value or interest than any that have preceded it.*

*The Publishers return their warmest thanks to the Public for their liberal support, to the Press for its cordial appreciation, and to Contributors for articles which have enabled the Editors for fifteen years to render the Magazine worthy of the favor which it has received.*

#### Terms for Harper's Magazine and Weekly.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Copy for One Year ..... \$4 00

HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Copy for One Year ..... 4 00

An extra copy of either the Weekly or the Magazine will be supplied gratis to every Club of Five subscribers at \$4 00 each, in one remittance, or Six Copies for \$20 00.

Bound Volumes of the *Magazine*, each Volume containing the Numbers for six months, will be furnished for \$3 00 per volume, and sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the *Weekly*, each Volume containing the Numbers for one year, will be furnished for \$7 00 freight by express paid, the weight of the volumes being beyond that allowed in the mail.

\* \* A limited number of ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted in the *Magazine* at the following rates: One page, \$250; one half page, \$125; one quarter page, \$75. The circulation of the Magazine is larger than that of any similar periodical in the world. Advertisements will also be inserted in the *Weekly* at one dollar a line on the inside, and one dollar and fifty cents a line on the outside, for each insertion: where advertisements are displayed, the charge will be for the number of solid lines contained in the space which is occupied.

\* \* The Publishers have perfected a system of MAILING by which they can send the *Magazine and Weekly* promptly to Subscribers who find it more convenient to receive the periodicals directly from the Office. The POSTAGE on the Magazine is now 24 cents a year, and on the Weekly 20 cents a year, payable quarterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office where received.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires, as entered on our books. In renewing a subscription, it is desired that the Number with which it is to commence should be stated. The name of the subscriber, and full address, including County and State, should be distinctly written: Thus—"Renew subscription to [Magazine or Weekly] commencing with Number —. John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio."

In changing the direction, the old as well as the new address should be given: Thus—"Change address of [Magazine or Weekly] from John Adams, Jackson, Pike Co., Ohio, to Mary Adams, Franklin, Alleghany Co., Penn."

The Magazine and Weekly are always stopped when the term of subscription expires. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

It is desirable that renewals should be received a few weeks before the expiration of a subscription, so that our books may be kept properly adjusted.

Back Numbers of both Magazine and Weekly can always be supplied.

In remitting by Mail a POST-OFFICE ORDER or a DRAFT upon New York, payable to the order of Harper & Brothers, is preferable to bank notes, as, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Attention to the above will obviate nine-tenths of the errors which annoy both Publishers and Subscribers.